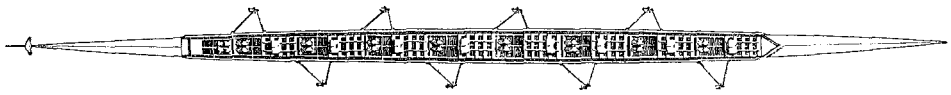
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LIX JUNE, 1916 NO. 6



ROWING AT AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES

BY LAWRENCE PERRY

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY H. HOWLAND

INTERCOLLEGIATE rowing antedates all sports in which our American universities engage. Students of Yale and Harvard first met in competition on Center Harbor, Lake Winnipiseogee, nearly sixty-four years ago—on August 3, 1852, to be precise. In the sixties and seventies aquatics reigned without a rival. In neither popularity nor scope were baseball, football, nor any other sport to be compared with it. Rowing is still the most important major sport in seats of learning where adequate facilities exist, important not alone in its tradition and present prestige, but in the part it is playing in the general campaign of eliminating from the undergraduate body the fashion of taking athletics by proxy.

Originally a sport in which the few came to row and the many to cheer, rowing to-day calls to the inept and to the mediocre as well as to the man qualified to sit in a university shell. As a muscle-builder, no sport equals the game of sweep and shell, and it holds poetry and pleasure, as well as physical benefit, for its devotees. At Harvard, Cornell, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Syracuse, Annapolis, Columbia, Wisconsin, Leland Stanford, California, and Washington, definite advances in aquatics have been marked each year, and at all the interests of the non-varsity oarsmen have been observed in varying degree as the support of generous alumni has permitted.

Following the lead of such schools as Saint Paul's, Groton, Exeter, and Middlesex, preparatory institutions throughout the country have done much to interest their students in rowing for its own sake, with the result that each year seats of higher learning receive large groups of boys who care for the sport not so much for the opportunities it may offer them to beat some one else as for the physical improvement and mental pleasure they derive therefrom.

With swift, mechanical ease a group of stalwart, sun-browned young men launched their eight-oared shell from the float and stepped gingerly into their places. The coxswain took his position, strapping his diminutive megaphone over his mouth, while the oarsmen, leaning forward, laced their feet into the shoes attached to the stretchers. On the float, watching them, stood the coach, his high-

Copyright, 1916, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

powered launch coughing and throbbing a few feet out in the river.

The silence was deep, broken only by the lazy slap of the wavelets against log and pile. On the faces of the men were expressions denoting that the afternoon was not to be one of play, but of serious business—a season of strenuous endeavor to be made none the easier by the grilling of the lynx-eyed coach. They were the "first varsity," the men who in a week or so, provided they were able to hold their places in the boat, would be sent away to New London to prepare for the supreme test.

As their craft shot away up the stream, another shell-load of sweep-swingers from a boat-house across the narrow river pulled out upon the course. There was no uniformity in their garb; some wore shirts of various color designs; others were bare to the waist. There was laughter in that boat, evidences of jovial good-fellowship and the sheer joy of living. This was a scrub crew of undergraduates out for a spell of exercise in the glorious, golden May afternoon.

An hour or so later, as their shell passed under a bridge on its way to the boat-house, the little coxswain straightened to rigidity.

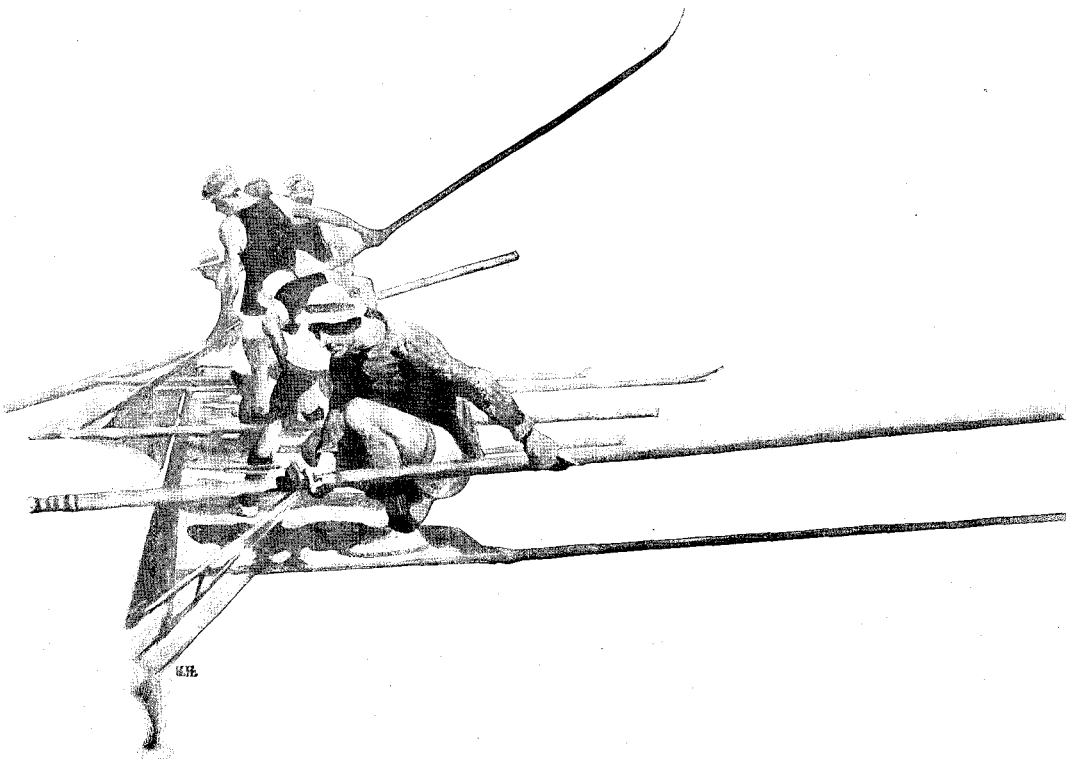
"Now, fellows," he cried, "come on—a slashing thirty-eight to the float."

Instantly arose a chorus of indignant expostulation:

"Oh, I say there, Whitey, have a heart." "A bit energetic, after all your hard work, old top!" "Look here, you hit up the stroke and we'll throw you off the float!"

As may be conjectured, the shell continued at a leisurely pace.

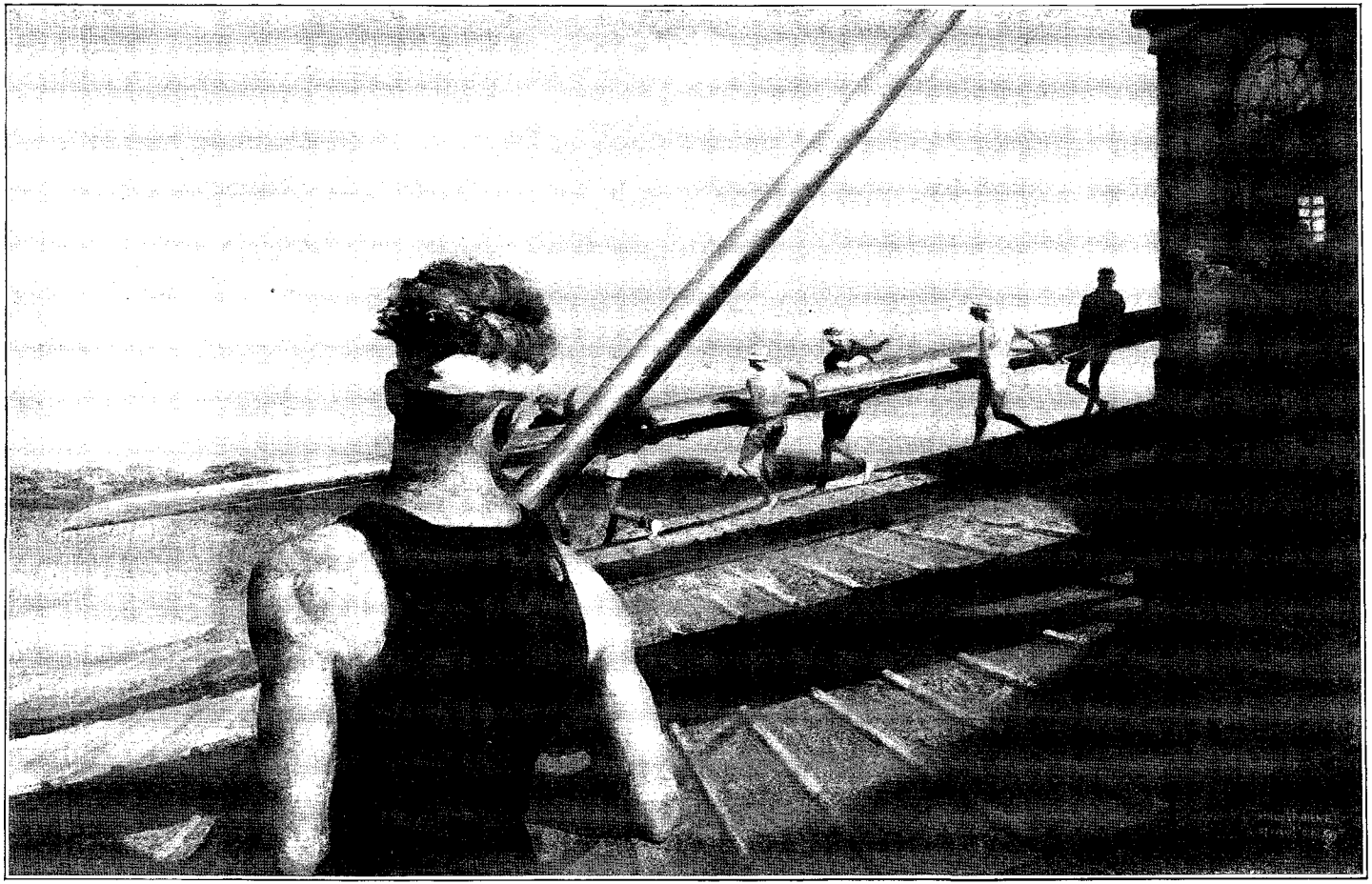
When the varsity boat boomed up to its float the men ceased their labor



Shipping the oars.

The sweeps are lighter in the hands of the oarsmen than they will be when the crew returns from its four-mile row against time.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by H. Howland.

"Carefully now, men."

The varsity eight carrying their shell to the float.

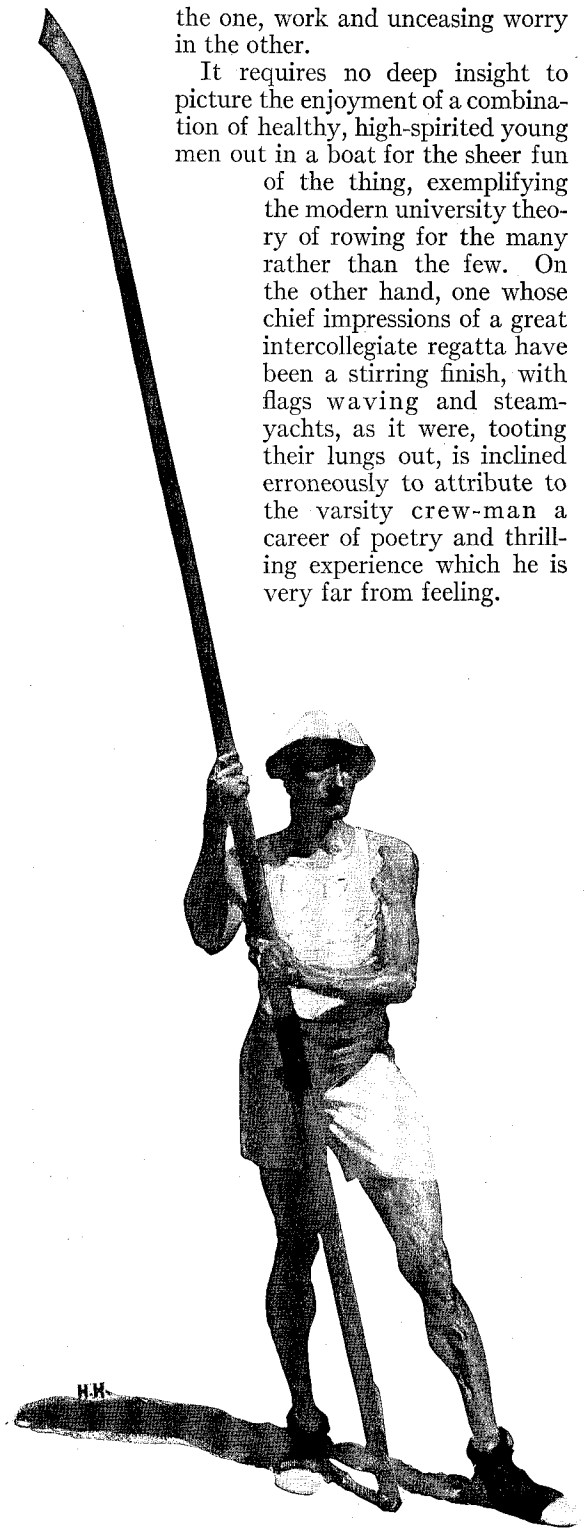
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

abruptly at a sharp "weigh all" from the coxswain. They leaned heavily upon their oars as though tired—they were tired—and their eyes turned toward the coach, who was standing in the bow of the swiftly advancing launch. His head was shaking, his face was sternly set.

"Not so good to-day," he said, signalling the launch-man to cease headway. "I wish you could carry one day's form over to the next. You are not together—understand? *Not* together. Stroke, you are finishing in the air; don't try to finish with your hands in the seat. No. 7, you—for Heaven's sake, No. 7, how often must I tell you about your delay at the catch? You can't catch up, you know; it simply can't be done. You must start with the rest. No. 6, you did well to-day; you're getting over that slashy habit. Keep it up. No. 5, what's the matter? Don't crumple so at the finish; pull it through, man. No. 3, you've got to stop feathering under water. You're studying in a scientific course; you ought to know you are stopping the boat. Pretty good to-day, No. 2—only look out about the angle of your blade in the water. Bow, all right for you. Cox, can't you steer? Some day soon, if you don't look out, we'll let you try your circling tendency in the second varsity. . . . All right. That'll do for to-day."

So here we have the two antitheses of university rowing—eight undergraduates out for the sheer sport and pleasure; another eight grinding away day after day in the process of transformation into a machine smoothly perfect in all its interlocking parts, delicate, if powerful, sensitive in its every component element, and yet indomitable and enduring. Fun and mental relaxation in the one, work and unceasing worry in the other.

It requires no deep insight to picture the enjoyment of a combination of healthy, high-spirited young men out in a boat for the sheer fun of the thing, exemplifying the modern university theory of rowing for the many rather than the few. On the other hand, one whose chief impressions of a great intercollegiate regatta have been a stirring finish, with flags waving and steam-yachts, as it were, tooting their lungs out, is inclined erroneously to attribute to the varsity crew-man a career of poetry and thrilling experience which he is very far from feeling.



The man who "makes the beat"—the varsity stroke oar.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Indeed, the graduate oarsman who can recall any phase of his rowing days without a reminiscent twinge down his back and along his legs, without the hardening of grim little lines about his mouth, may be regarded as an exceptional man.

The coxswain.

To the intramural boatman a rowing season may be, and usually is, a period of unalloyed delight, and, graduating, he bears away with him into life glowing memories of laughing waters, rushes nodding in the sunlight, good-fellowship, and abounding health and vitality. Compared to him the varsity man has been a galley slave, a being apart from the free, careless, pipe-smoking existence commonly ascribed to the alternately placid and embullient undergraduate.

It may be questioned whether that good old song, "Jolly Boating Weather," ever came from the pen of a varsity oar, who, in an American university at least, is too busy wielding a sweep to even think of inditing aquatic rhapsodies. He comes to college from his summer vacation late in September and is immediately confronted by the curt summons to report for crew work.

The first week in October sees him hurrying from classroom to boat-house,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by H. Howland.

The initiation. Throwing a new coxswain off the float.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where half a dozen shell-loads of candidates for the honor of representing the university in the varsity shell in the fall regattas—which in these modern days are beginning to come into vogue—are strenuously engaged in an effort to catch the eye and engage the fancy of the coach. Whether there is to be an autumn race or not makes no difference in the amount of work done; until the snow-flurries of November there is unceasing labor at the sweeps.

The oar-rack.

December brings a respite which endures until after the Christmas holidays, when the candidate is set to work on the rowing-machines in the gymnasium or in stationary shells in boat-house tanks. The ice has not disappeared from river and lake when craft are put overboard and the work of preparation for the April regattas begins amid snow and hail and grinding floe. Occasionally these early spring races are decided under the most distressing elemental conditions, the Yale-Pennsylvania contest of 1915 being rowed on the Schuylkill in a howling blizzard, wherein the Pennsylvanians lost their way and wandered blindly, giving one good oarsman an illness which removed him from the crew.

These contests settled, the crews are pointed for still more important regattas in May, with the great rowing classics at Poughkeepsie and New London coming toward the end of June. To recapitulate, only in one month of the college term, December, is the varsity or freshman rowing candidate free from work either on the machines or at the sweeps. While his fellows are loitering about the gridiron watching practise, or looking over the track and baseball candidates, or hugging their steam radiators, or doing merely nothing at all but being comfortable and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good-natured, he is grinding away to the end that on some brave, golden afternoon the most remarked feature of the shell of his university in the eyes of the coxswain of the rival boat shall be a slender, gleaming rudder.

Of course, if victory comes, all the preliminary concentration of mental and physical faculties is well worth while—twenty minutes of glory in return for seven months of travail; even in defeat we may all recognize the disciplinary effect of the long ordeal on habit, character, and temperament. Not long ago a man who had been a crew captain at Yale, a famous oarsman, was talking about this to the writer. He said:

"As I look back on my career at Yale, the four years of intercollegiate rowing stand out as the greatest thing that Yale did for me. Nothing in the curriculum, I feel, so fitted me for the hard give-and-take game of life that followed graduation, so qualified me for the struggle out in the world. When things have messed themselves up into the sort of tangle that makes for discouragement, when affairs have pressed and burdens have seemed almost too heavy to be borne—at such times the thought has come: 'You've got to keep at that stroke of yours until you get it right; for there *is* a right way which you haven't hit,' or 'Now we are abreast of the Navy Yard; two more hard miles to go. Stick it out; keep fighting; *never quit*.' What I learned at the sweeps is what made me."

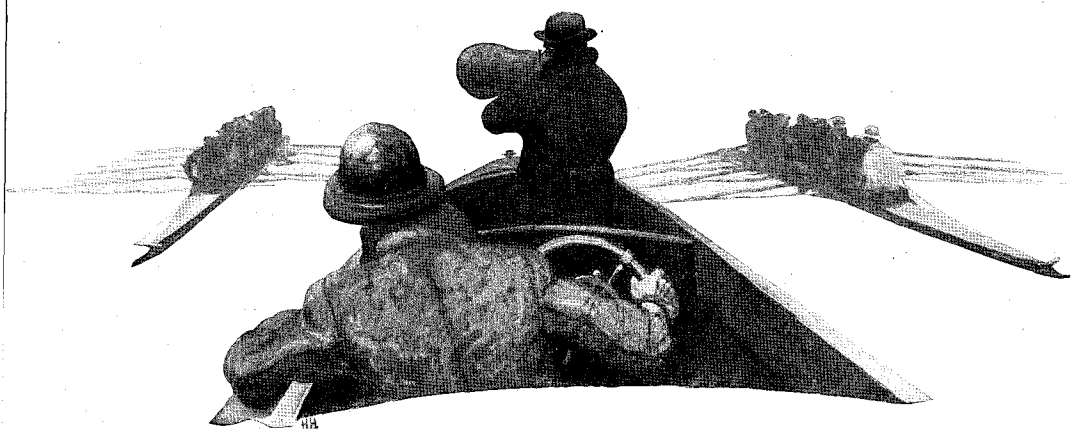
There will be very general assent to the assertion that this man, who served three years in the shell of his university, earned fully every benefit, moral or physical, that he derived from his career as an oarsman. As to the physical benefit he spoke with no degree of certainty, and, in truth, this

The March oarsman.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

point is open to debate—at least so far as the four-mile racing is concerned. Suffice to say that Annapolis and Princeton authorities refuse to permit their crews to row over courses of more than two miles in length, while Wisconsin has abandoned intercollegiate racing altogether.

But whether the distance be two or three or four miles, there is a vast amount of work entailed for the man who swings a varsity oar, and while he has his reward not only as above outlined, but in the way of prestige and undergraduate adulation, while the university through his efforts obtains a wide and not unsatisfactory publicity, the significant feature about rowing, as in other university sports, is the extraordinary increase in the intramural idea.



A brush between the varsity and junior varsity in the early spring.

Not so many years ago a graduate of Cambridge visited an American seat of learning in the rowing season and watched with interest the work of the varsity and second crew at practise. At length he turned to his companion and said: "How many crews of all sorts do you boat here?"

"Oh, three or four," was the proud reply. "Last year we had five."

"Indeed," the Cantabrigian said; "when I was at the university we had more than a hundred."

Since that time our seats of learning have formed more or less decided convictions as to the wisdom of permitting their undergraduates to indulge vicariously in athletics; and in ever-increasing degree opportunity and incentive are being offered the student to sit in a boat and swing an oar either in competition or for the sheer pleasure involved.

Intramural regattas are now an established feature at most of the great rowing universities, and inducements are offered in the way of boat-house privileges and equipment for competitive aquatics. These features of college rowing are, of course, subordinated in the public mind to the intercollegiate regattas which occur from time to time in the course of the rowing season. In truth, it is quite likely that the general public is not at all aware of the success which is attending the efforts of those university authorities who, looking beyond the horizon of interuniversity contests, have seen in the enlistment of large numbers of undergraduates in work on the water the real sanction of the sport.

We hear now that one of the chief functions of intercollegiate athletics—rowing as well as other sports—lies in their stimulus upon intracollege activity. And there is unquestionably a sound basis of truth in this. New London and Poughkeepsie, with their cheering thousands, the rumbling observation-trains, the general public interest; Lake Carnegie, with its idyllic pastoral environment made vivid by the enthusiasm and color of a re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gatta—all this stimulates the non-athletic mind to brave thoughts, inclines to emulation of the heroes of sweep and stretcher in whatever degree possible.

And yet, that prestige as a great rowing college is not altogether essential to interest in aquatics on the part of an undergraduate body is intimated in the recent experience of the University of Wisconsin, which has abandoned intercollegiate rowing because of the belief that the four-mile race is harmful to her oarsmen.

Since 1914, when Wisconsin withdrew from the Poughkeepsie regatta and from all contests against crews of other institutions, interest in rowing among the students has increased steadily. Instruction in watermanship is offered as one of the activities in which a freshman or sophomore can satisfy the university requirements in physical education. In 1913–14 there were 87 students registered in both the first and second semesters for this activity. The last time Wisconsin competed at Poughkeepsie was in the summer of 1914. In the year 1914–15, 99 men were registered the first semester and 139 the second semester. Last fall the first semester of 1915–16 found rowing with a registration of 148.

Systematic effort has been made for several years to promote intramural rowing, and each spring a regatta between crews representing the four classes and one between crews representing the various colleges have been held. Last spring this plan was extended by creating a light and heavy weight class, with the result that about twenty-two crews were organized, all of whom received training on the machines in the spring and in the boats as soon as the weather permitted. Elimination trials were held with finals in both classes. This year has seen a much greater development in this direction because of increased facilities. Last summer two eight-oared barges were added to the rowing equipment. Four war-canoes were also secured for the use of students who did not care to go in for formal rowing. These have proved tremendously attractive, being utilized for regular class work, and also for tournaments of various sorts, by young women of the university as well as by the men.

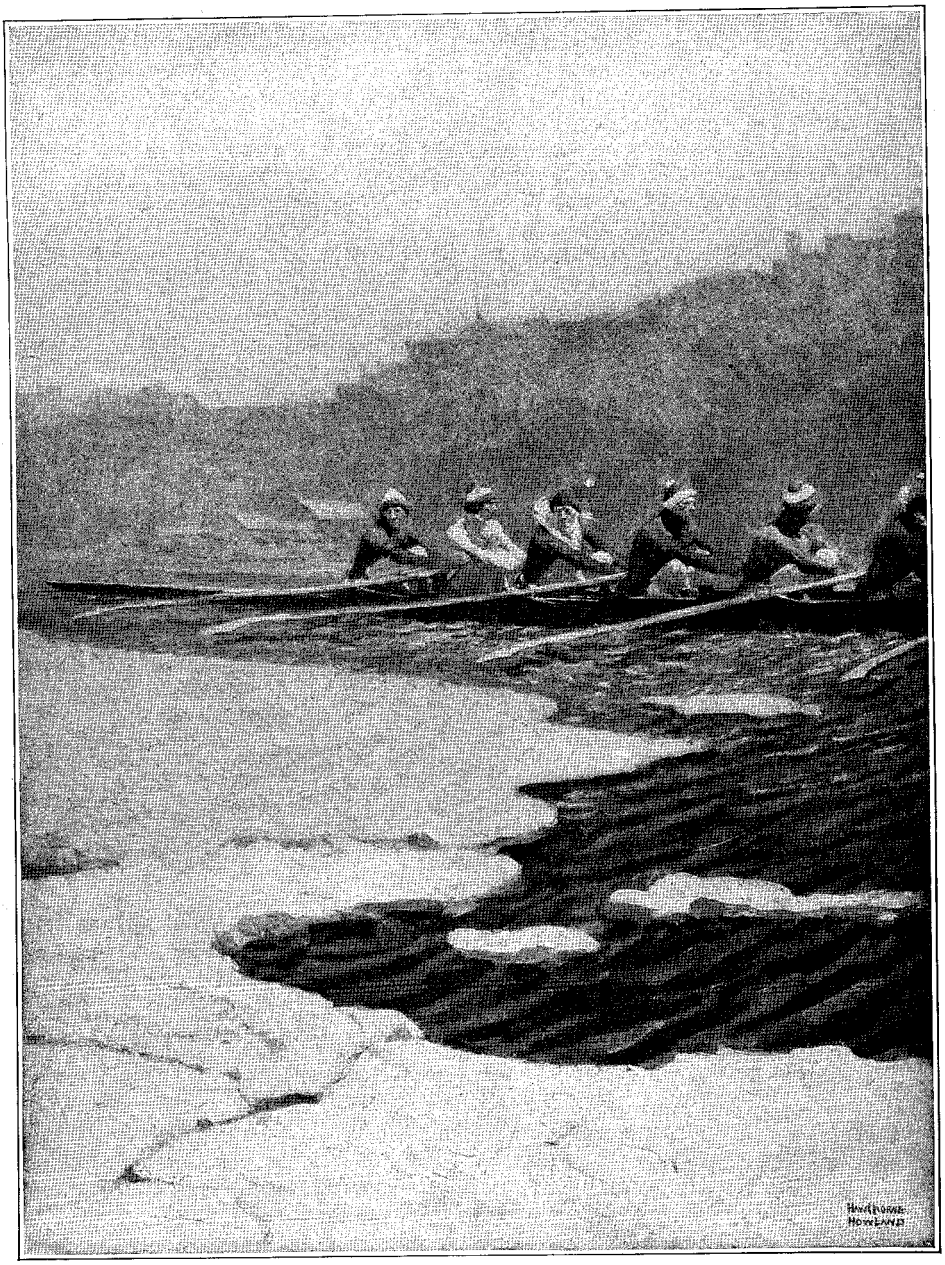
Boat-house facilities were radically increased last winter and many additional landing-stations were built. Now, so popular has sport on the water become that the university has added a high-speed launch to its equipment and has organized a life-saving service in order that safety may be insured to the great number of students who each afternoon are out on Lake Mendota at one time. Doctor George W. Ehler, until recently director of the development of physical education, believes that aquatic sport as established at this university will eventually run tennis and baseball a close race for primary popularity.

At Harvard, famous as a factor in intercollegiate rowing, a great many of the students go to the water merely as a matter of pleasure, some using canoes, but the larger number in open working-boats and single sculls. In addition, left-over shells are used a great deal by discarded men who are not at the time candidates for any particular crew. In addition to this, the development of the crews tends to bring out a lot of men who are by no possibility up to university caliber. For instance, last fall about ninety freshmen reported as candidates for the first-year crew. It was, of course, obvious at the outset that a large proportion of these men had no chance of getting into either university or freshmen combinations, but they were developed for the double purpose of doing them good and keeping the competition for both university and freshmen teams as sharp as possible.

It has been found that the students are quick to take advantage of every facility for rowing which is given to them. Harvard still lacks, however, sufficient boats of the type of compromise or working boats, half-way between the pleasure boat and the racing-shell, and these the athletic association is trying to get with the idea of encouraging the increased development of a large number of scrub crews who will row a race purely for the fun of it. At present there are at Cambridge two large boat-houses, the Weld and the Newell, from which about two hundred men can be handled in crews in the afternoon hours.

Harvard, casting thought from the days when rowing was confined entirely to university and freshmen crew candidates to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The first day outdoors.

Oarsmen will testify that the romance is all in the picture.

the present with its system of dormitory, group, and class crews aggregating nearly two hundred men, in addition to the large varsity and freshmen squads, is inclined to justifiable complacence.

Besides her regular intercollegiate contests and her class regattas for the famous Beacon Cup, Harvard gives an invitation regatta in which events are held for octopedes, wherries, single and double sculls, centipeds, freshman fours, and junior eights. The influence of affairs of this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sort in bringing non-varsity men to the oars may be imagined; in fact, one of the crews which competed in the junior-eight race at this regatta last year was made up of graduates of Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, and Syracuse who were studying in the Harvard Law School.

At Princeton rowing, in point of actual participation, stands as the most popular sport; nearly two hundred students rowed on Lake Carnegie in craft of various sorts during the season of 1915. Last fall a visitor to the lake could see twelve and thirteen crews on the water at one time; in fact, the number of men who wish to row exceeds the accommodations, and this spring it has been necessary to keep men who could not be boated waiting until two or more crews finish their work on the water. The present equipment of four eight-oared gigs, eight eight-oared shells, three pair-oared gigs and two four-oared gigs is entirely inadequate to meet the demands of the students, while the Princeton rowing authorities realize fully the need of single and pair-oared shells.

The proximity of beautiful Lake Carnegie to the university, the fact that the water is never too rough for rowing, combined with adequate boat-house facilities, make Princeton an ideal place for the further development of rowing among the students, while such remarkable growth as already has been seen is due to the clever and considerate management of Doctor J. Duncan Spaeth, the rowing coach, whose policy of never cutting a man off the squad, but of finding some sort of a combination into which he fits, while at the same time holding out hope of advancement, has been of enormous influence in the spread of the idea of aquatics for all.

There was intramural rowing at Yale long before intercollegiate contests were ever thought of. Aquatic tradition at New Haven goes back into the 1840's, when the first Yale shell, the *Pioneer*, used to show her "stern to everything on the harbor"; later, the students used to row in "dugouts" and "gigs," and a story survives of how one day a sophomore crew defeated a junior six by the simple expedient of surreptitiously attaching to the rudder-frame a rope which held at the other end a huge stone.

The annual spring regatta, rowed either on Lake Whitney or New Haven harbor, is devoted especially to the class crews. Last year, for example, the first freshman crew raced against an eight of the Rockrimmon Boat Club; the first junior eight raced the first sophomore eight; the second freshman crew rowed against the Springfield High School combination; the senior-class eight competed with a sophomore eight, and there were single and double scull events and an exhibition race between the first and second varsity crews attired in the beaver hats and long-tailed coats of the forty-niners. Interest in these events was enhanced because of the fact that the winning class crew was to receive the honor of racing against the winning eight of the Harvard interclass regatta.

In this way Yale furnishes incentive for what Doctor Hadley terms "the incomplete oarsman," who, after all, is the bed-rock foundation of the sport, since he rows, not as the varsity man rows, but merely for the love of the exercise and through devotion to sport as sport.

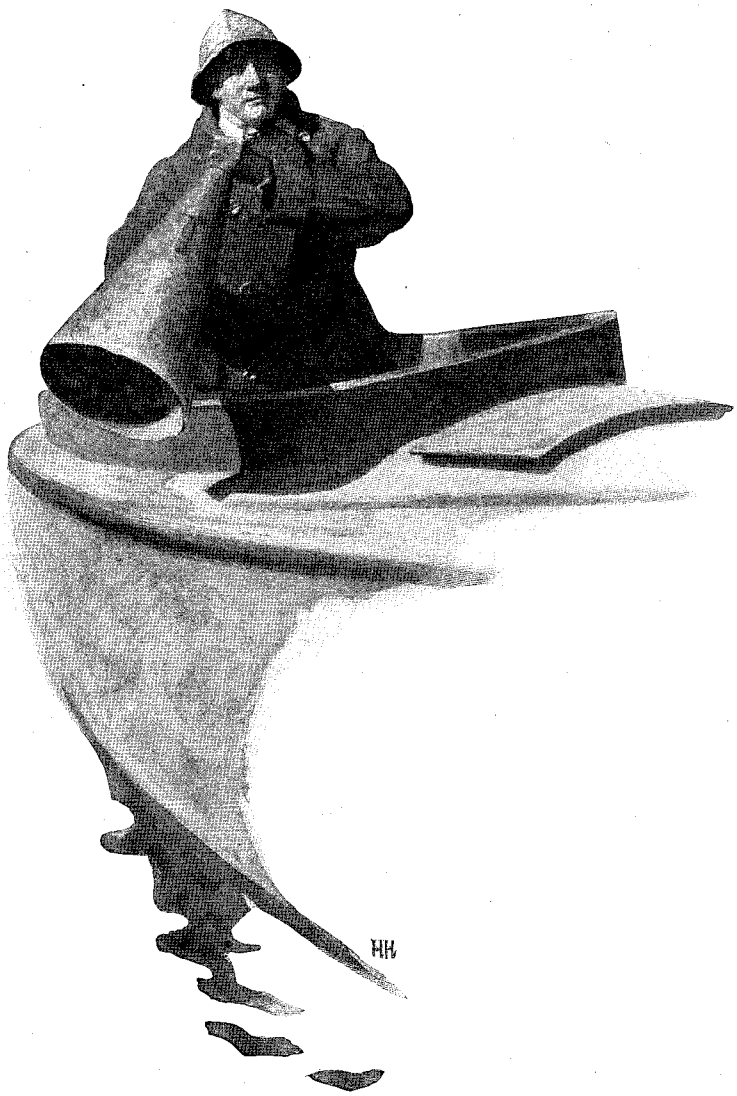
Cornell is a veritable home of rowing. Her varsity, junior varsity, and freshman crews have placed that university in the very forefront of intercollegiate rowing; but that is merely the outward gilding of aquatics at Ithaca, where the sport among the students attains a scope and a scientific standard that is equalled nowhere else. Yearly visits to Cayuga Lake have convinced the writer that almost every one at Cornell rows or at least knows all about the theory of oarsmanship.

Each school of the university—arts, engineering, science, architecture, agriculture, and the like—has its first and second eights, and there are class and club and fraternity crews and scrub combinations who row in everything from pair-oared gigs to eight-oared barges. There is enthusiasm along the banks of Cayuga when a university race is being decided, but to see and hear real enthusiasm it is necessary to wait until the varsity crews have paddled to their quarters and the regatta of the various schools of Cornell University has started. It is then that the waters of the lake, purpling in the afterglow, seem to rock with vocal uproar, and it is then that real money changes hands. There has even been a theory that the ardor with which these intramural events

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are followed has affected the university spirit, which, of course, is not true.

Syracuse University has begun to awaken to the advantages offered by Lake Onondaga for rowing by students, and at



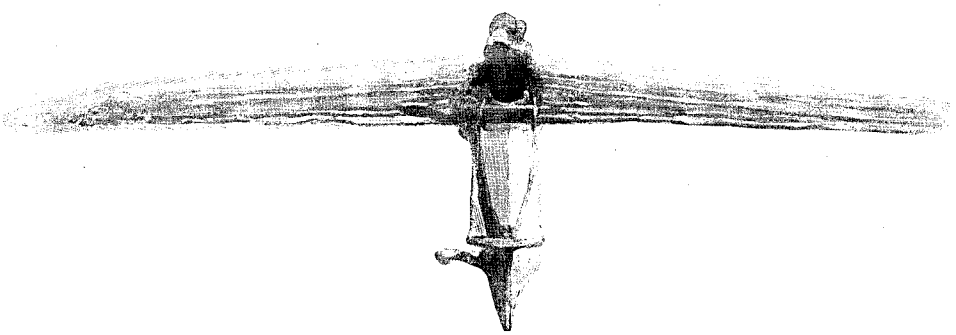
The man of the all-seeing eye—the coach.

Columbia efforts are now making to develop the intramural idea upon a plane commensurate with the prestige of that university as a factor in the Poughkeepsie regattas. Pennsylvania is handicapped by the poorest sort of boat-house facilities.

Rowing at California has received a stimulus as a result of the achievement of the Stanford crew in finishing second to Cornell at Poughkeepsie last year. Before this year a general lack of interest in aquatics had characterized the attitude of the student body, due chiefly to the fact that the sport was not conducted in the neighborhood of the college. Thus, since the organization of intercollegiate regattas among Washington, Stanford, and California in 1906, Berkeley crews until the present year had worked without

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proper equipment and without the support of the student body. This year a change has been noted: not only the erection of a new boat-house, the purchase of rowing-machines and other essentials, but in the outpouring of some two hundred students as candidates for the various crews. Rowing is done on the Oakland Estuary, a branch of San Francisco Bay, and in the new enthusiasm oarsman and student alike are enlisted in the effort to change an order which has not seen a victorious California crew, varsity or freshman, since 1908. Ben Wallis, Yale '10, is coaching the rowing-men, and finds his problem to be that of changing the short, choppy stroke to which the Californians have been accustomed to the longer stroke of the East. Candidates who have failed to make regular crews have been boated, and next year an increasing number of "incomplete oarsmen" will swing sweeps for the fun of the thing.



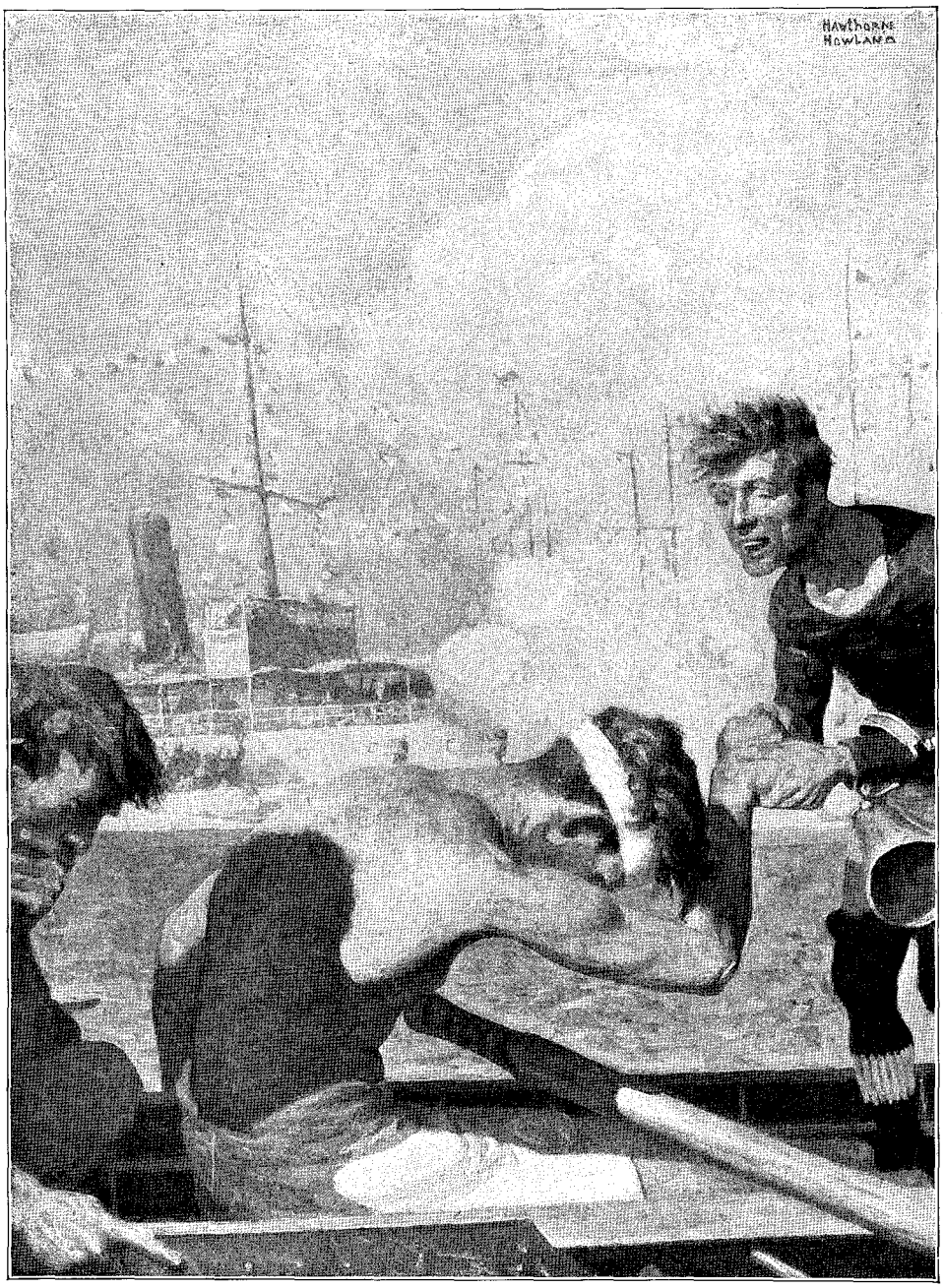
Smooth water.

Rowing enlists the enthusiasm of students other than members of regular crews at the University of Washington, Seattle, where facilities for rowing on Lake Washington are ideal. At Leland Stanford University conditions are not good and the oarsmen are handicapped by lack of adequate equipment. None the less, the superb ardor of the Stanford oarsmen will tell eventually in the way of intramural sport as it has already told in the domain of intercollegiate endeavor. There is at Stanford, or rather Palo Alto, the seat of the university, an artificial lake which is about a quarter of a mile square. It is sufficiently large for the barge and the two pair-oared gigs which constitute the rowing equipment, but is not adapted for work in eight-oared shells.

As this lake does not fill up until midwinter, and sometimes not at all, there is no opportunity for fall rowing at Stanford. In January the lake is useful, however, and the following month the freshman and varsity candidates, some seventy men in all, go out to the boat-house on Redwood Slough, San Francisco Bay, which contains four shells. One of them is ten years old, the other eight, the other four, and the new shell, purchased last year, was left at Poughkeepsie when the crew departed from the Hudson. The boat-house rests a mile out on the edge of the slough; it shakes in the wind; there are no shower-baths and no stoves to shed warmth after work in the freezing winds from off the Sierras. When the tide is low the slough is completely dry, and the oarsmen thus lose two or three days' work every fortnight. While the stream is three miles long, there is only one half-mile stretch that is straightaway—on all sides nothing but mud flats and marsh-grass. It requires an hour to get from the university to the boat-house—two miles by street-car, six by train, and a mile walk.

The difficulties under which the Stanford oarsmen work are set forth in detail because Easterners who saw their remarkable fight at Poughkeepsie last year, when they finished second to Cornell, were amazed at the courage and stamina of this crew of young giants, who, with a stroke that violated all of the scientific

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The end of a great day.

principles of rowing as understood in the East, with no uniformity, yet hammered their way doggedly up the Hudson, and in the end, through sheer strength and grit, made Cornell's finished oarsmen row their hearts out to win. They trained themselves and rubbed themselves. And they were a set of fine, big Western rawhides, averaging one hundred and eighty-one pounds to the man, the shortest oarsman

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

being six feet tall and the tallest six feet four and a half inches. The rowing spirit of a comparatively small body of men at Stanford, a spirit that survives in the face of conditions that would discourage smaller men, is the spirit that has enabled Stanford freshman crews to win eleven straight races against the freshmen of California and Washington, which enabled their varsity to come to Poughkeepsie and overturn almost every theory of rowing that science has devised, the spirit that will make of intramural rowing an element of university life to be respected.

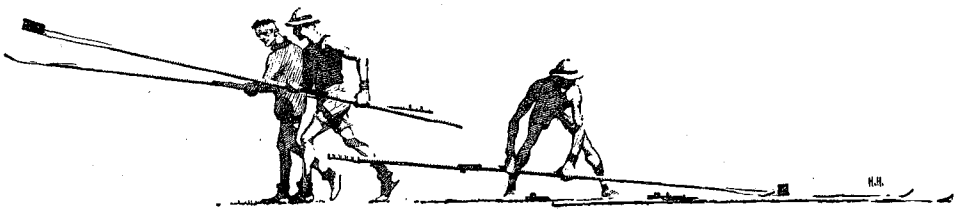
Where Stanford and other Western universities suffer is in the fact that the secondary schools furnish few if any boys who are familiar with the sweeps. One hundred per cent of Stanford's freshmen, for example, never saw a racing-shell before entering college. The present varsity captain, Orme, was raised on an Arizona cattle-ranch. In this respect Eastern rowing has a decided advantage, the universities being fed constantly by recruits from Saint Paul's, Concord; Exeter, Groton, Middlesex, Rindge Technical, Pomfret, Choate, Cascadilla, Stone, Volkmann, Boston Latin, Central High, Philadelphia, and other preparatory and high schools throughout the East.

Saint Paul's and Exeter started rowing in the seventies. At the Concord institution two clubs, the Shattuck and Halcyon, were formed, and they have served to develop a keen intramural rivalry in the sport. Saint Paul's oarsmen do not compete with outside schools, but they have the best club system in the country, and each season sees some twenty-odd eights boated. This institution, together with Exeter, Middlesex, Cascadilla, and Groton, annually furnishes excellent material for crews of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Cornell.

While graduates of all these schools bring to college a distinctive stroke, they are required by the university coaches to dismiss it as soon as they report for crew work; for, unlike English universities, there is no standard American university stroke. Cornell and Columbia row in accordance with methods as applied in the one case by Charles E. Courtney and in the other by James C. Rice. Yale, under her English coach, Mr. Guy Nickalls, rows with the long body swing of the English and with the same emphatic anchoring of the blades. Harvard in recent years had been rowing the typical sculler's stroke, very slight body swing, a gentle catch, with pressure applied in full after the blade had passed the outrigger. This season, under direction of Robert F. Herrick, the graduate coach, the crimson oarsmen have changed to the long body swing and vicious catch of the English —not to say the Yalensians—with, however, modifications adapted to American conditions.

Princeton, which rows only over sprinting distances, has been taught to row a stroke adapted to comparatively short courses. And so with Annapolis. Pennsylvania has abandoned her Anglo-American methods, taught by Vivian Nickalls, and is rowing now under supervision of Mr. Joseph Wright, for many years coach of the famous Argonaut crew of Canada. All in all, it will be gathered that, whatever progress we are making in rowing, our tendency is not toward uniformity of style.

This, however, is a fact not to be deprecated; for, as Guy Nickalls and Courtney and Rice have frequently demonstrated, the successful style, after all, is not so much a matter of hard-and-fast adherence to set formula as of keen appraisal of the material in the boat—the stroke adapted to the material, not the material to the stroke.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BONNIE MAY

BY LOUIS DODGE

A strolling player comes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

XII

A QUESTION OF RECONSTRUCTION

IN keeping with the Baron manner no mention of Mr. Addis's name was made openly in the mansion the next morning. The normal atmosphere was changed only by a more pronounced reticence, which doubtless hid varying degrees of sullenness or resentment. But there was no lack of politeness. On the contrary, there was an excess of it.

Only Bonnie May violated the well-established tradition of the household.

Early in the morning she encountered Flora, and made occasion to engage her in a brief conversation. Flora was planning to go out with the McKelvey girls after breakfast, and she held in her hands the green-and-silver tailored skirt when Bonnie May came upon her. She was regarding it with the care and heartache of a young woman in love with pretty things who has very few of them, and she did not seem quite responsive when the child began a somewhat extraordinary commentary.

She scarcely heeded Bonnie May's introductory words; but she *did* begin to pay attention when she heard this:

"Of course, I know I've got nothing to do with the giving out of parts, but if I had he'd strike me just right for the rôle of the husband."

Miss Baron flushed. She knew just whom the child meant, but she felt that she must pretend to some measure of doubt.

"What in the world are you talking about?" she asked. Her faint smile robbed her words of sharpness.

"I think he's just the kind that would look well to the people in the gallery, and to the people down in the parquet, too. Mr. Addis."

Flora sat down in an aimless fashion, holding the green-and-silver skirt across her knees.

"Do you think," she asked meditatively, "that he would look well—anywhere?"

"Do you mean, do I think he would look—ridic'lous anywhere?"

Miss Baron leaned back and looked with a sort of mournful joyousness at the ceiling. "You do say such amazing things!" she declared. "To use your word, you don't think he could look ridiculous anywhere?"

"Never in the world!" was the emphatic response.

"But you realize he isn't at all like—well, like the leading men in plays, you know."

"You mean what they call matinée idols?"

"Well, he's entirely different from them, isn't he?"

"But you wouldn't want him to be like them, would you?"

Miss Baron shook her head slowly. "No, *I* wouldn't. . . ."

"I'll tell you how he strikes me," said Bonnie May. "If he came on the stage, the audience would think it was the business manager, come to make an announcement. You know the business manager is the man who has the money—sometimes; who pays the hotel bills and finds out about train time, and sees that your baggage is there ahead of you when you get to the end of a trip. He's the real man with the show. These fellas that look like fashion-plates are all right as far as they go. But you know once in a while the walking gets bad; and then the wise guys are the ones that stand in with the business manager."

She went away, nodding with emphasis, and left Miss Baron to complete her toilet.

Baron spent most of the day in one of the newspaper offices where he was occasionally engaged to write "feature"

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "Bonnie May" appears on page 7 of the Advertising pages.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stories. He returned to the mansion to encounter his mother in a purposeful and rather disagreeable mood. She had outlined a programme of Reconstruction, she said; and Baron, listening a bit absent-mindedly and resentfully, was informed that his part in the new order of things was to snub Mr. Addis on all possible occasions, and to aid in transforming Bonnie May from a sort of fairy queen to a normal, sensible little girl.

Baron smiled somewhat wanly at all this.

"Reconstruction," he said musingly, as he lingered to hear his mother's final words. "Reconstruction!" He turned away with a distinctly mischievous light in his eyes.

He climbed two flights of stairs before he came upon the object of his next search. Bonnie May was in the attic.

She was all eagerness when she saw him. "Do you know what happened to-day?" she began.

Baron stopped abruptly. "Happened?" he echoed, unworded speculations again flooding his mind.

"Oh, nothing wrong. It's just—Mrs. Baron gave me my first music lesson."

"Music lesson!" he echoed; and then: "Was that all?"

"Isn't it enough?" She came close to him and whispered: "I'm to be 'cultivated.'"

He frowned. "I don't like the word. Who said so?"

"I wouldn't mind about a word. Honestly, it wasn't so bad. I've often thought I'd like to be able to hit a few high spots on the piano. Sometimes a little thing like that means ever so much to you. Imagine yourself having the lead in a play with a lot of love-making in it. You have a line like this—to the leading man: 'You'll be like all the rest. You'll forget me among all those gay scenes.' Don't you see how much it helps if you can say it sitting on a piano-stool, and winding up by turning to the keyboard and trifling with it softly? You don't need to play well. It wouldn't do to play really well. Just a little, you know. Absent-mindedly, with your head down. That's what I want to be able to do."

Baron had pulled a chair close to the window. "And so you took a music lesson?" he asked. He was recalling the serenely inefficient manner in which his mother played certain familiar hymns. It did not occur to her that she would attempt to teach Bonnie May anything but this class of music.

"At first she thought hymns would do," continued the child, as if she had read his thought, "but when I explained to her that I wouldn't care to play them, she said we could take up something else."

Baron regarded her steadily. "Bonnie May!" he remonstrated. "You didn't have another disagreement, did you?"

"It was more like an argument—and I must say she behaved beautifully."

"And did you behave 'beautifully,' too?"

She had drawn her chair close to the window and was looking out, so that he saw, chiefly, a small shoulder and a profile which was quite eloquent of independence and courage. "Yes, I think I did. Of course, it was harder for me than for her. You see, I had to be It, as the saying is. Yes, that's how to express it. She had framed the game up, and I had to be It."

"What—what really happened?"

"She began in that innocent way of hers. She thought a little knowledge of music would be good for me. I said 'Yes' to that. 'Yes,' she went on, 'it would be quite proper for me to learn to play some of the simpler hymns.' When she said 'hymns' . . ."

She sat quite askew and laughed; and when Baron made no response at all she became uneasy. "You know you've got to protect yourself," she insisted defiantly.

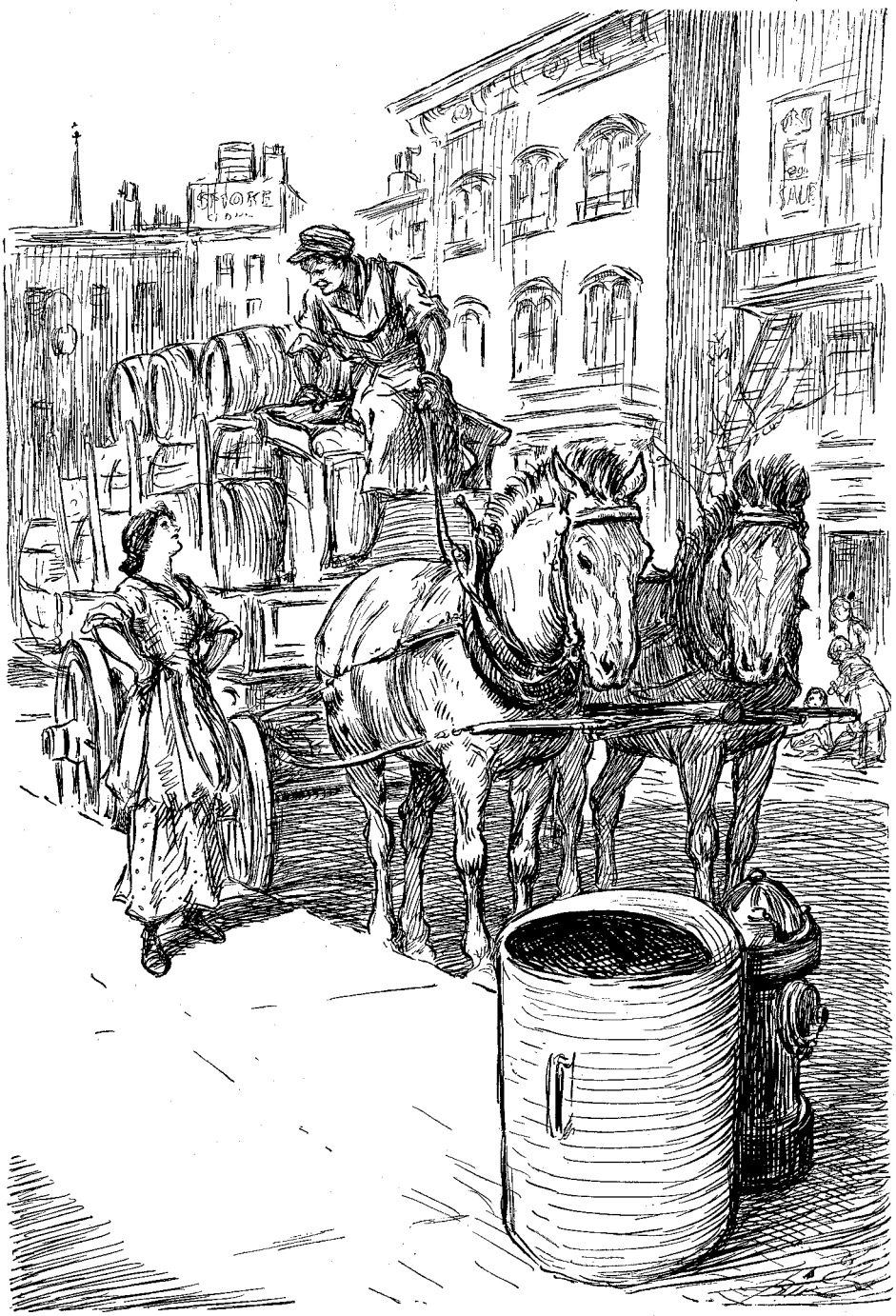
"Very well; and then what?"

"I told her it was so good of her to be willing to teach me, but that—well, I told her hymns wouldn't do."

"Why wouldn't they do? They're music."

"It's like I told her. Hymns are all well enough for persons who don't understand very well—like raised letters for the blind. When Mrs. Shepard lets me set the table, how would it sound if I kept saying: 'I'm helping Mrs. Shepard! I'm helping Mrs. Shepard!' She might be too polite to say anything, but she'd be thinking: 'The gabby little thing, why

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Reginald Birch.

"They look as if they were quite happy—and didn't care to be anything else."—Page 668.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

don't she just do it and let it go at that?' On the other hand, if I just did the best I could without making out that I was the whole show, she'd be apt to say: 'Bless her heart, she's really helping.' I think singing hymns is about the same thing. It's as if you kept on saying: 'I'm praising God! I'm praising God!' It would be—oh, bad taste. But if you sang 'Annie Laurie,' or something like that, you can imagine they'd bend their ears up in the skies—if they can hear that far—and say: 'Isn't that nice!' That's what I said to Mrs. Baron. Some spiel, wasn't it?"

Baron was glad that she turned to him for only the briefest scrutiny.

"And—what did mother say?" he wanted to know.

"She stared at me. And I stared at her, too—only mine was different. Mine was what you call a baby stare. Innocent, you know." She turned to him again, and something in his eyes checked her. "Oh, I know how that sounded to you," she said with quick remonstrance. "*You* never put things like that into words. But you know very well everybody *does* have special ways of looking when they want to. As if they didn't understand, or as if they were surprised—or weren't. You have to do things like that. That's all I meant."

"I—think I understand," said Baron.

They remained silent for a time, and through Baron's mind a single phrase kept running: "Like raised letters for the blind." Wasn't cynicism, wherever it existed, merely a protest by people of refined taste against the inartistic forms which goodness often assumed? And hadn't he and his family always paid far too little heed to the meaning of the golden legends of life, and too much to the desire to have them in "raised letters"?

He was aroused by the voice of his companion; by her voice and by the eagerness with which she gazed at a little drama which was being enacted down in the street. An enormous, red-faced beer-driver had stopped his dray at the curb to chat with a ruddy-cheeked, buxom girl with glossy-black hair, who was laughing up into his face. The two powerful brewery horses stood patiently at rest, their eyes harboring the placid expression of the weary draft-horse that comes immediately when a stop is made.

"Aren't they happy!" commented Bonnie May, speaking as if from the indulgent summit of great age.

"I don't know," Baron argued. "I shouldn't think it very probable."

"But can't you see that they are?"

"Because they are laughing?"

"That—and their eyes. The way they are looking at each other is just as if they were patting each other on the cheeks—now, isn't it? I think they are both just beautiful. They look as if they were quite happy—and didn't care to be anything else."

"Nonsense! Who ever heard of a beer-driver being beautiful? And such an enormous creature; and the kind of work he does; and—and such clothes!"

Her brows contracted. "Aren't you prejudiced against him just because—well, maybe, because of the kind of work he does?"

"I think maybe I am. I should think anybody might be."

"I see. You were thinking something ugly about him—so of course he wouldn't look nice to you. You see, I wasn't. I think maybe he does that kind of work because he was never taught to do anything else. If your work isn't lovely, I think you deserve all the more credit if you can be glad while you're doing it."

"But, don't you see—people choose their work—they choose to be what they are."

"Not at all. I didn't. Did you?"

"And just see how—how *loud* he is! And notice the color of his face and hands."

"Yes," she said. She continued to look critically, and her eyes were filled with joy when the driver suddenly leaned back and laughed until the sound reached them above the score of other noises. "That's because he laughs so much, and is out in the sun and the weather most of the time. I think he's lovely—yes, I do. For my part, I'd like to get up on the seat and ride with him. I'll bet he would take good care of you. And you can see that nice girl would, too."

"With a beer-driver!" exclaimed Baron, really amazed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She regarded him serenely. "Oh, a beer-driver," she said. "I wouldn't think about that part of it at all. I would have to know something about him that really counted, if it came down to an argument. You're only thinking of his make-up. And, my goodness! I've seen many a Simon Legree go into his dressing-room and change his clothes—and come out the nicest sort of a fellow. I've got a hunch that if there is—" She paused, shame-faced, and then continued: "If there is somebody up in the skies keeping tab—somebody managing the big stage—the whole world, I mean—he knows just what we are, or ought to be, if the make-up wasn't there to make us seem ugly and mean and hateful."

"But look here! That isn't a make-up that fellow down there has on; it's himself!"

"Not at all! What's the difference whether it is the wardrobe mistress that hands you what you have to wear, or—or just accident? I mean the way you happen to get started, and whatever it is you have to do? You know what I mean."

"I know what you mean, well enough. But what *I* mean is, why should you suppose that chap down there didn't get just what he studied for—what he fitted himself for?"

"Because they give you a part, and say, 'This is your part,' and that's all there is to it."

"Oh, on the stage—possibly. But what can you see in that fellow down there that makes you think there's anything to him—that he'd be trustworthy, for example?"

She leaned forward, wholly alert. "It's easy," she declared. "See how he sits, with his feet square on the dashboard, and with his head held up high that way. That means he knows what he's about."

Baron felt himself getting red in the face. He remembered his habit of sitting with his legs tangled up when he was at his ease. Quite cautiously he got himself into a more purposeful attitude. "Anything else?" he asked.

The beer-driver was now driving away.

"Yes. Look at the way he is holding those reins—nice and straight and firm. The horses know he's there, all right. They trust him. They *know* him. Look at him now! It's just as if he were saying to them: 'Take it easy, old fellows, we're all here together.'"

Baron leaned forward and watched the disappearing dray. Yes, there was a certain method in the man's way of holding the reins, and in his whole bearing, which suggested just what the child had put into words.

He leaned back and clasped his hands behind his head and smiled.

"What is it?" asked Bonnie May anxiously.

"I'm afraid I couldn't explain to you. I was just thinking about—about certain forms of Reconstruction."

XIII

"A KIND OF DUEL"

THERE followed, for a number of days, a series of importunate demands upon Baron from Thornburg. The manager wanted Bonnie May. His wife wanted her. She needed her.

And to these demands Baron turned a deaf ear. He refused to heed them, until——

It was borne in upon him at length that there was a very serious question as to the child's best interests to be considered.

She was an actress, born and bred; and some day she would surely hear the call of the theatre. Not in the near future, certainly. Baron couldn't bear to associate children and the stage. But in a few years . . .

After all, circumstances demanded that he call on Thornburg, and he did so.

Thornburg squared about sharply, with the air of a man who means to do something handsome. "I'm still ready to take her, if you decide that you'd like to give her up. Of course I don't know how soon I might change my mind. In case Mrs. Thornburg loses interest, I'd be through with the case, naturally." This was in response to a preliminary statement by Baron, who had laid down the general proposition that he did not wish to stand in Bonnie May's light.

He turned to his desk again and ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

amined a letter which came uppermost, frowning and pursing his lips as if he were giving it deep consideration.

Baron did not wholly succeed in repressing a smile. "All wrong," he said amiably. "The Greeks must have borne gifts to you before now, Thornburg. No, I'm not tired of her. I'm not likely to be, either. Why, she's like a tonic. Sense? You wouldn't believe it. She's forever surprising you by taking some familiar old idea and making you really see it for the first time. She can stay at our house until the roof falls in, if she only will—though, of course, I don't hope she'd be willing to. But don't think there's any question of our getting tired of her. She's not that kind. I might add, neither are we."

Much to his amazement Thornburg sprang to his feet excitedly.

"I don't know what you're getting at!" he exclaimed. "If you've got anything to say, why not say it and be done with it?"

Baron arose, too. He thought he was justified in feeling offended. "I think," he said quietly, "I haven't got anything to say, after all." He managed to keep his voice and eyes under control. These proclaimed no unfriendliness. But his lips had become somewhat rigid.

"But you did have," retorted Thornburg. He sat down again and produced a handkerchief with which he wiped his face and neck nervously. "Come, don't pay any attention to my bad manners. You know I've got a thousand things to worry me."

"Yes, I know. I'm really trying to help—or I had the thought of helping. You—you make it a bit difficult."

"There was something about the little girl," said Thornburg.

"Yes. I've begun to feel a kind of moral responsibility. At first I thought only of my own point of view. My family's, I mean. Our interests and pleasures. But you see there's also something to be said from the standpoint of our—our guest. I wouldn't want to have my way altogether and then find out after a while that it had been the wrong way. I never realized before how much the people of the stage are born and not made. That's the gist of the matter. There will come a time when nothing in the world is going to keep Bonnie May off the stage. That's my conviction now."

"They say children *do* inherit—" interposed Thornburg.

"The question of her future stumps me a bit. It's not as if she were any other little girl I ever heard of. It's like this: I'd like to have a skylark in a cage, if it would sing for me. But I'd never be able to forget that its right place was in the sky. You see what I mean. I don't want to be wholly responsible for keeping Bonnie May—out of the sky."

"Well?"

"My ideas aren't exactly definite. But I want her to be free. I want her to have a part in working things out the way she wants them."

"That's good sense. Turn her over to me, then."

"That's not the point at all. I think up to a certain point it may be good for her to experience the—the gentle tyrannies which are part of her life with us. On the other hand, if she becomes identified with you (I don't know just what other word to use), and you get to be fond of her, why, then, in a material sense . . . Oh, I don't like the tone of that at all. But you'll get the idea, and take it for granted that what I'm trying to get at is that I don't want to stand in Bonnie May's light."

Baron tried to join the manager in the latter's impatient laugh. "You'll have to excuse my denseness," said Thornburg. "I get your meaning as easy as I can see into a pocket. The way it sounds to me is that you're sure you want to keep her and that you're just as sure that you don't want to keep her."

"That's nearly it," admitted Baron, flushing slightly. "Suppose, say, that I want to keep her a part of the time and that I'd like you to keep her the other part. Suppose I offer to share her with you: to encourage her to visit Mrs. Thornburg a day at a time—days at a time—a week at a time. Suppose we take her on a kind of partnership basis. No unfair influence; no special inducements. Suppose I make it plain to her that you and Mrs. Thornburg are her real friends, and that you are glad to have her come as often as she likes and stay as long as she likes."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Reginald Birch.

"I don't know what you're getting at!" he exclaimed. "If you've got anything to say, why not say it and be done with it?"—Page 670.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thornburg's eyes were beginning to brighten.

"Would you," added Baron, "do the same thing by us? I mean, would you encourage her to come to us when she felt like it, and see that she had the chance to go as freely as she came?"

Thornburg's flushed face was all good nature now. The little barrier which he had kept between his visitor and himself fell away completely.

"A kind of duel between us," he elaborated, "to see which of us has the best attraction to offer?"

"Well—yes, you might put it that way," agreed Baron.

"And so—" Thornburg flushed anxiously.

"And so, I'll tell her that she has been invited to visit Mr. and Mrs. Thornburg and make herself quite at home."

XIV

MRS. BARON TAKES UP THE GAUNTLET

LITTLE by little Bonnie May had become habituated to the home atmosphere. This, of course, was due largely to the fact that the other members of the family had become habituated to having her about. They no longer felt constrained to utter pleasant nothings or to hold their tongues because of her presence. When they forgot her strange ways she ceased to be strange. She obediently and even intelligently attended when Mrs. Baron gave her her lesson on the piano.

"Though I think," she confided to Baron on one occasion, "I could get hold of the high places without going through all the funny business she seems to regard so highly."

Baron spoke in defense of the "funny business," and presently she agreed with him.

The guest's wardrobe had been made gloriously complete, and in this relationship another pleasant development was to be noted. Bonnie May had been painfully accustomed to the use of trunks. Now she made the acquaintance of bureau-drawers, and her delight was unbounded. She spent hours in arranging her things. She won Flora's genuine applause by her skill and taste in this matter.

Flora bought her a hat. She looked at it in a nearly detached manner for an instant. "Oh, a hat," she commented. She might have been repeating a word spoken by a travel-lecturer describing some interesting place which did not seem to concern her. It appeared that she never had owned a hat.

She put it on before the glass. "Oh!" she cried. She thrust impulsive arms about Flora's neck and hugged her.

Flora enjoyed that experience so much that she bought another hat which she described as "unmade." Ribbons of gay colors, and white lace, and little silk flowers of various hues came with it, and the child was given these materials to experiment with as she pleased. Flora gave advice and was ready with assistance.

Again the result was interesting. Bonnie May experienced a joy which was rapt, almost tremulous, in quality. A desert-bred bird coming upon an oasis might have regarded its surroundings with the same incredulous rapture. Baron's room became hers permanently, and here she developed a keen delight in "housekeeping." Here also she received Mrs. Baron and Flora as guests and amazed them by her performance of the part of hostess.

"I call it nonsense," declared Mrs. Baron to Flora after the two had paid a formal call. But her face was flushed with happiness and her voice was unwontedly soft.

"Not nonsense," responded Flora; "it's just happiness."

She spent whole afternoons with Mrs. Shepard in the kitchen and dining-room. She learned how to bake little cakes. It became her duty—by her own request—to set the table; and upon this task she expended the most earnest thought.

Baron commented upon this on one occasion. "Ah, you're not an artist, after all. You're a Gretchen," he said.

"But everything about the table is so pretty and nice," she responded. "It's as elegant as a table in a play and ever so much more sensible. You know something always happens when you sit down to a table on the stage. A servant comes in and says, 'Beg pardon, mum, but there's a gentleman—he says he's your

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

uncle from Green Bay'—and then everybody gets up in a hurry, because the uncle is supposed to believe his niece has a lot of children he's been helping to support when she hasn't got any at all. Or something like that."

In brief, there were a hundred accumulating evidences to prove that Bonnie May in the Baron household was the right individual in the right place.

The flight of time, the inevitable march of events, brought to Baron a realization of the fact that there was a promise he must keep. And so one day, during an hour in the attic, he spoke to Bonnie May.

She didn't seem to pay any attention at all to his preliminary words. It slowly dawned upon her that what Baron was saying concerned her in a special way.

". . . people you will be interested in, I am sure," Baron was saying. "Thornburg, the name is." He glanced at her; but the name made no impression. "Mrs. Thornburg is not very strong, and a cheerful visit ought to be just the thing to help her. Mr. Thornburg is a theatrical man. Why, it was his theatre I met you in. They have a beautiful home."

"Oh, that makes me think," was all the reply he received. "What became of the man who had a play?"

"Eh—a play?"

"You remember—when I first came. He had the first act and read it to you in the library, and I had to go to bed."

"Oh—Baggott. He's probably forgotten all about it by this time. Or writing another that he'll never finish."

She shook her head unconvinced. "He was so enthusiastic," she objected.

So for the time being there was an end to the discussion of her visit to the Thornburgs.

Another week passed, and then Baron had an extraordinarily busy day. In the forenoon came a letter from one of the dramatic editors for whom Baron had done special work occasionally.

"They are launching some sort of a dramatic stock enterprise out at Fairyland to-night," the letter ran, "and I'm hoping you can do it for me. Thornburg is managing it. I don't hope it will be as much as a dramatic proposition, but you might be able to get some readable impressions. Please let me know."

Baron went up into the attic to look at the morning paper. He wanted to know what they were doing out at Fairyland and who was doing it. And, while he noted one impressive name after another, he was arrested by an altogether amazing sound down in his mother's sitting-room. Mrs. Baron had been giving Bonnie May her music lesson, and now, the lesson done, she was singing for her pupil.

The thin old voice faltered on some of the notes, but the words came clear enough:

". . . She is all the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie . . ."

Baron smiled and shook his head. What was it, he mused, about a plan of Reconstruction?

Then he went down-stairs to telephone his acceptance to the man on the *Times*.

When Baron entered the dining-room at dinner-time that evening Flora looked at him with mild surprise.

"All dressed up and nowhere to go," she remarked.

"But there is somewhere to go. I'm going to write up the Fairyland opening. Would you like to go with me?"

"No, thank you."

It was clearly understood that Flora and her kind did not go to the Fairylands—and their kind.

But Bonnie May failed to grasp the situation.

"What's Fairyland?" she inquired.

"A large enclosure occupied entirely by mad people and with a theatre in one corner."

She ignored the reference to mad people. "Oh!—a theatre. What are they playing?"

"A piece called 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,'" said Baron.

She sat up, swiftly erect, and clasped her hands. "How fine!" was her comment. "Do you think you could take me?"

"I should say not!" Baron responded without thinking. His unthinking refusal was a result of the habitual Baron attitude. But as he regarded her thought-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fully, and noted the puzzled inquiry in her glance, he couldn't understand why he had been so emphatic, so confident of being right. "It's not a play a little girl would care for," he added, now on the defensive.

She smiled indulgently. "The idea! I mean, *anybody* would be interested in it."

"What's it about?" challenged Baron.

"A lady who died because they were unkind to her—even the people who loved her. It's about a lot of snobs and a—a human being." She spoke with feeling. She sensed the fact that again she was being required to stand alone.

Mrs. Baron frowned. "How in the world did you find out anything about a play like that?"

"Miss Barry did it in Denver one time—when she was with a stock company. I can't understand why you speak as if there was something wrong about it. I think it's great. You can cry like anything when you see it—because it seems as if what happens couldn't have been helped. It isn't one of those things that's been screwed around to make everybody feel as if they'd been eating caramels. You remember it!"

Baron, Sr., engaged in carving the roast, twinkled somewhat darkly.

"You might get her to shape your criticism for you, Victor," he suggested.

"I don't know if the editor would stand for 'screwed around,'" said Baron, "but, upon my soul, I think she's right."

"Well, don't you think you could take me, then?" asked Bonnie May.

"It really isn't possible. You see, I must hurry down to the office right after the performance—to write it, you know."

The child leaned toward Mrs. Baron, a very real shadow trembling on her face. "Couldn't you go, so you could bring me home?" she asked. Her voice was nearly inaudible, through fear of disappointment. "I haven't been for such a long time. You can't think how dearly I'd like to go."

Mrs. Baron was provoked by the child's intense earnestness. "Oh—impossible!" she said. She noted the look of despair in Bonnie May's eyes. "There wouldn't be enough tickets, anyway," she added weakly.

Baron leaned back in his chair as if he had lost his appetite. What was the matter with them all, anyway, that they were afraid to get down into the crowd once in a while? Plenty of really nice people went to all manner of places—in search of novelty, for diversion, in order to get into touch with mankind. He had spoken of mad persons out at Fairyland. That was merely a silly cynicism. They weren't any madder than other people. Surely they were saner, since they were willing to enjoy the best that life afforded.

"I've got plenty of seats, mother," he said. He returned to his dinner, smiling somewhat maliciously.

"Victor!" exclaimed Mrs. Baron. She flushed angrily. "You know very well I won't go to such a place."

Bonnie May tried very hard to eat her dinner then and to say no more. But presently she said faintly, "Please excuse me," and ran, weeping in true childish abandon, from the room.

An ensuing silence was broken by the sound of the telephone-bell, and Mrs. Baron was glad to respond as a means of putting the finishing touches to an uncomfortable episode. But the telephone seemed only to create other difficulties. The group at the table were quite at a loss to know what could have brought such an extraordinary sharpness into Mrs. Baron's voice. She was soon grasping the receiver angrily, and they heard her saying, with uncomfortable intervals between her words and phrases: "Tonight? Bonnie May? Mr. Baron? Why should he do anything of the kind? No, I don't understand at all. No. . . ." She turned around in quick displeasure. "Victor," she appealed, "will you see what they want?"

And Baron hurried to the phone and took up the broken conversation.

"Oh, Mrs. Thornburg!" he began. Then, after a pause: "Yes, that was the understanding. There wasn't any definite time set—" A pause. "Yes, I know he is. I'm going out there, too." Another pause, and then: "Well, I suppose it might be managed. I'll ask *her*. I promised—we both agreed—that she should do as she pleased——"

He turned back to the table with a brave attempt at briskness. But the in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quiring glances bent upon him were disconcerting.

Mrs. Baron went and unceremoniously hung up the receiver. She had, it seemed, understood quite accurately what the person at the other end of the phone had been saying.

"It is an invitation for Bonnie May," said Baron, trying to shake off the feeling that he was a guilty wretch. "Mrs. Thornburg particularly wishes her to come over this evening, because she's to be alone."

"Well!" was Mrs. Baron's comment. "Why should she go over there, I'd like to know?"

Baron hesitated. "The fact is, I entered into a sort of compact with Thornburg——"

"Yes, I gathered something of the kind," said Mrs. Baron angrily. "I suppose I have nothing to say, one way or another."

"It was when you were still of the belief that Bonnie May couldn't be—quite comfortable with us; and Thornburg . . . I don't think I was wholly unjustified in what I promised. You remember, you said that as soon as she could be got ready—" He was floundering painfully now, with the eyes of everybody in the room turned upon him accusingly. "Mrs. Thornburg says she has a room ready, specially fitted up for her, and she only asks that she may spend the night——"

Mrs. Baron had a vision of that room that had been "specially fitted up" for the child, who was now grieving because she had been refused a greatly coveted privilege. No doubt the Thornburg woman had spent whole weeks and no end of money in fitting up that room. And she thought with a sinking heart of the gloom of the mansion and its threadbare aspects.

"Victor Baron," she cried angrily, "I wish you would tell me just what agreement you made with that theatre man. I want to know where I stand."

And Victor explained—or, rather, he failed to explain very clearly. The idea of "a sort of duel" not only failed to delight his auditors as it had delighted Thornburg, but they looked as if they considered it a type of criminal and unseemly folly.

"You see," persisted Baron, "the Thornburgs are rich people. They may go so far as to adopt Bonnie May, if the thing works out satisfactorily. I know how that sounds, but we've got to think of—of *her* interests as well as our own whims."

"Whims!" This, witheringly, from Mrs. Baron.

"I think it was mostly whims at first, anyway."

"You're speaking for yourself—not for me."

"And the Thornburgs are not bad people. I don't see why they shouldn't make her quite happy. I'm not at all sure we could do as much if we undertook to keep her here constantly."

"That," said Mrs. Baron, "is your mean way of reminding me of what happened just a little while ago!"

"Oh, no, mother! But she's such a joyous little thing! I think she'll like us all the better for seeing other people once in a while."

Mrs. Baron gazed at her son silently, her face darkening. He realized that her mind was filled with scorn, with resistance, with misgivings. "And I suppose," she said, "that everything in their house is the newest and brightest and costliest!" She enumerated these qualities as if she were pointing out so many of the cardinal sins.

Baron pretended not to understand. "They live nicely," he said. "But as far as Bonnie May is concerned, I don't think you need fear that the things the Thornburgs have will give them any advantage over us."

"Well, I don't want her to go," declared Mrs. Baron.

Baron was standing in indecision when, happily, there was an interruption. The front door closed rather noisily, as it did when Mrs. Shepard was not in a very good humor, and there was the sound of Baggott's voice in the hall.

Baron groaned. He went out into the hall and confronted the playwright apologetically.

"It's all right," remarked that young man. "Come on up to the library. I needn't keep you too long. But it's simply necessary—" He was leading the way up-stairs as if he were in his own house.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Look here, Baggott," remonstrated Baron, "I've got to go out to-night, in half an hour—in fifteen minutes. You'll have to come back some other night."

"Where you going?"

Baron groaned at the man's rudeness.

"I've got to review a play out at——"

"Fine! I'll go with you!"

Baron sank into a chair. There really wasn't any reason why Baggott shouldn't go with him. "But I'm going on the street-car," he explained. "We couldn't read a play——"

"It's not ready to be read, most of it. I've only got a couple of acts and the scenario. But there are certain things . . ." He pulled his chair closer to Baron's and began an eager discussion of his play.

Time passed, and Flora appeared in the doorway. Her eyes were inscrutable. "Mother wishes to see you before you go out," she said.

"Will she come up here?" pleaded Baron. He wanted to hide behind Baggott and escape a further scolding.

"I'll ask her," replied Flora.

Baggott, leaning forward and speaking with great intensity, continued on the subject which obsessed him.

The time flew, and Baron found himself nervously jerking out his watch. Then there was a faint rustle of dresses out in the sitting-room.

Mrs. Baron appeared in the doorway. She was dressed with all the exquisite, subtle attention to detail which never failed to make Baron proud of her. He took in the quiet, old-fashioned jewelry, sparingly displayed; the softened dignity of dress; the fine severity of her beautiful hair. Surely she was every inch a gentlewoman of whom any son might be proud.

She held Bonnie May, smiling serenely, by the hand.

"I just wanted you to know," she said, standing impressively erect and speaking with quiet resolution, "that we are ready to go to the play."

(To be continued.)

A SONG

By Charles Alexander Richmond

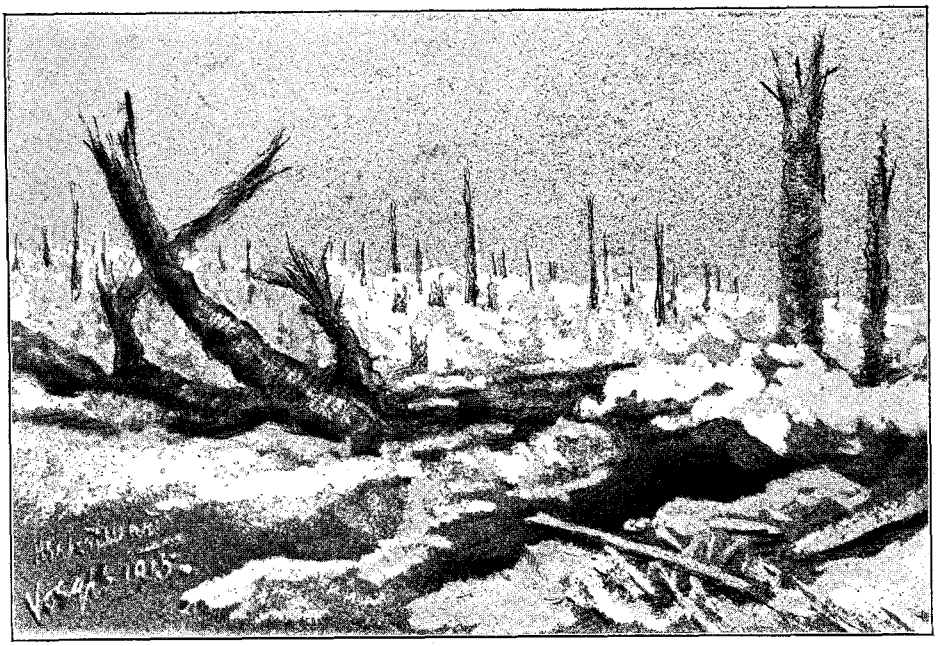
I

Oh, red is the English rose,
And the lilies of France are pale.
And the poppies grow in the golden wheat,
For the men whose eyes are heavy with sleep
Where the ground is red as the English rose
And lips as the lilies of France are pale
And the ebbing pulses beat fainter and fainter
And fail.

II

Oh, red is the English rose,
And the lilies of France are pale.
And the poppies lie in the level corn,
For the men who sleep and never return.
But wherever they lie, an English rose
So red and a lily of France so pale
Will grow, for a love that never and never
Can fail.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Lingekopf.

The forest razed by shell fire. A trench in the foreground.

WAR-TIME SKETCHES IN FRANCE

BY HERBERT WARD

Author of "Five Years with the Congo Cannibals," Etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

A brancardier—stretcher-bearer.

Chasseurs Alpins.

MY personal memories and impressions of the war on the French eastern frontier last year are principally remarkable for the sense of dramatic contrast which they have left in my mind. The few rapid notes and sketches which I made on the spot—often enough under difficult circumstances—whilst they serve to recall a host of vivid scenes and incidents, are chiefly valuable to me by reason of their quality of strong contrast. I was witness to an ever-changing human drama which strained the senses and moved the heart in sympathy with the dark horrors of suffering and death, whilst it uplifted the spirit in admiration for deeds of courage and acts of noble devotion.

Then there is so often a grim contrast in the nature of the surroundings. I have listened to the singing of birds and the tinkling of church-bells, to the accompaniment of the low rumbling of heavy artillery fire. I have watched cows quietly grazing in the sunshine whilst the horizon was hidden by rolling masses of black smoke and the earth trembled as by an earthquake. After a long, dark night's work among wounded and dying men, under a continuous rain of shell fire, I have passed the early morning hours in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the French trenches near Col de Bonhomme.

the ruins of former peaceful villages, now reduced to ashes, with here and there a creeping plant spreading its tender branches, as though seeking to embrace the poor remaining fragments of a former happy home.

I cannot imagine a greater privilege than to have personally experienced the conditions of life at the front in this great tragedy, unless it be the privilege of understanding and realizing, of seeing and feeling, something of that actual human element which dominates it all.

An early morning sketch in one of those French trenches which sear the hillsides of the Vosges reminds me that I have seen rough men, hardened by exposure and awaiting death, watching with appreciа-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

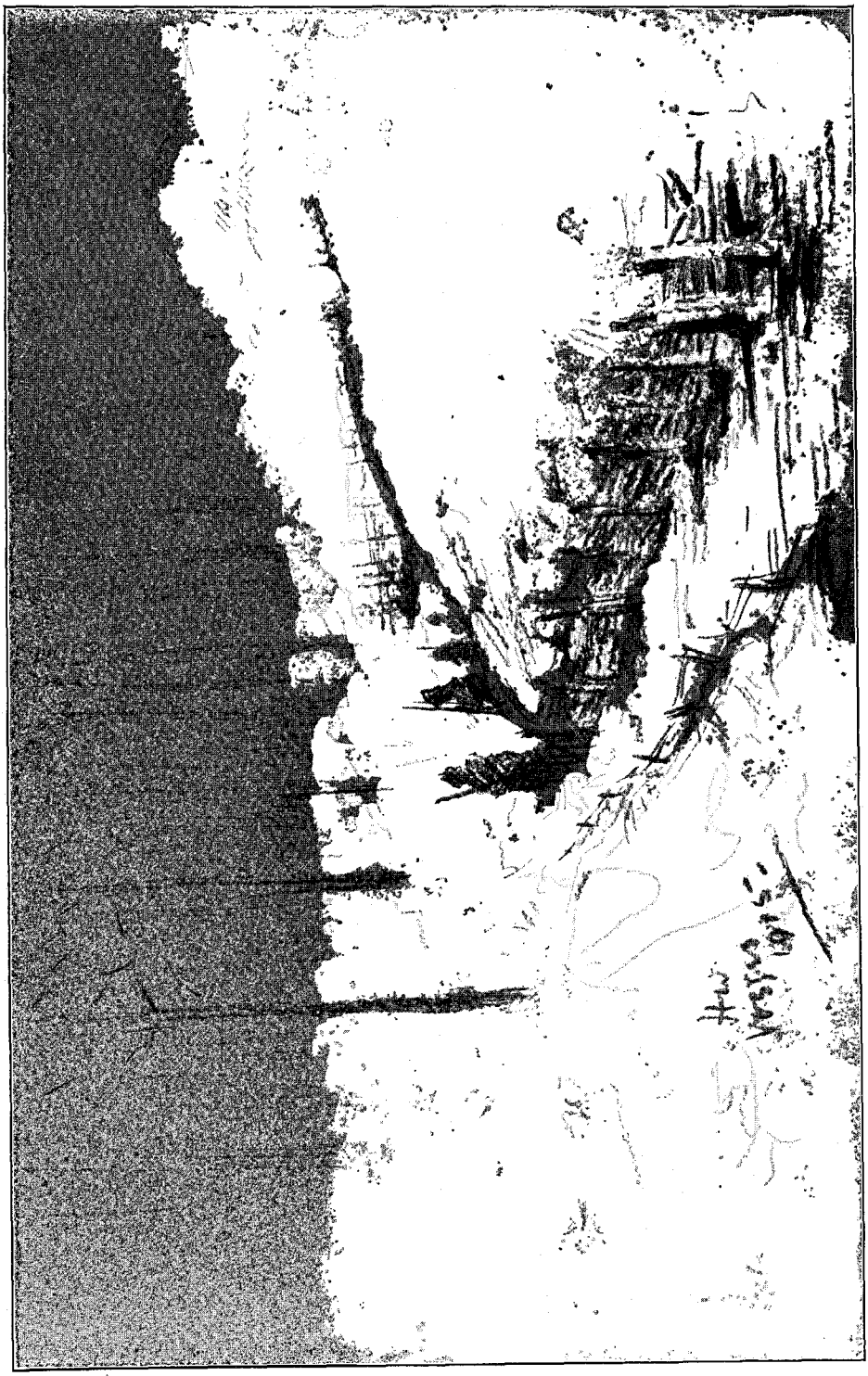
A "Cagna"—a dugout shelter.

tive eyes the coming of the dawn. At the same time I have had occasion to read some of the letters of these splendid, simple French soldiers, written under shell and rifle fire, wherein they actually described the beauty of the sunrise to their womenfolk at home.

There is a deal of pathos connected with the little drawing I made of a soldiers' cemetery among the pine-trees, near the front. In a temporary shelter lay a young French soldier, mortally wounded. True to the traditions of his race, he did not complain of being in pain. His face was flushed, and, although his voice was weak, he spoke quickly and with a strange enthusiasm.

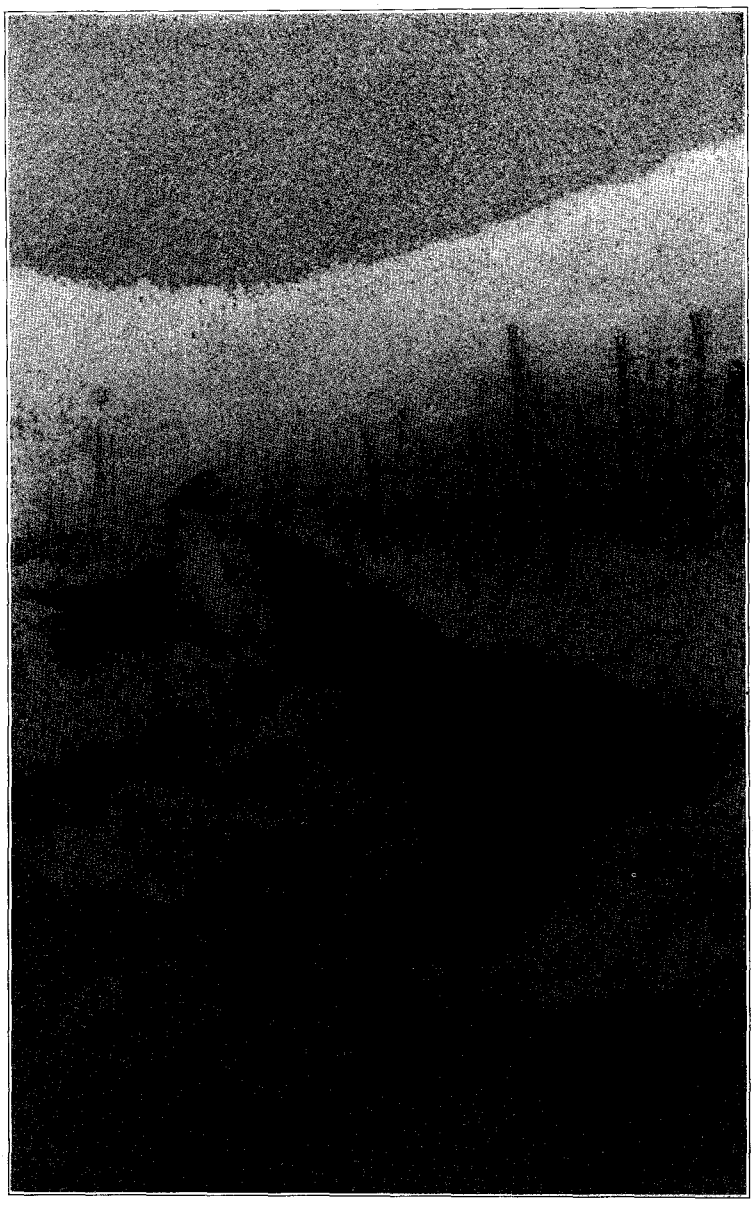
"We have made such a pretty cemetery

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



At the rear of the French trenches near the summit of a Vosges pass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



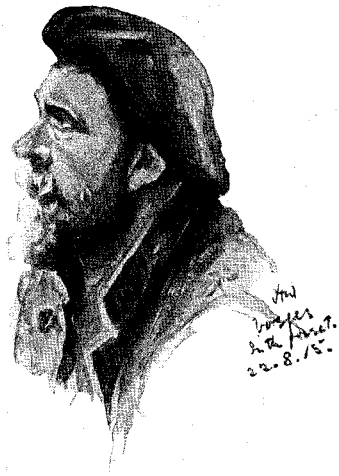
Watching . . . the coming of the dawn.—Page 678.

in the forest," he said to me. "It is modest, of course, but so nicely arranged. When this war is over, I will go back at once to see it, because I want to be sure that the names on the graves are well preserved." That same night he died, and was buried in his own cemetery among the comrades he had loved.

Again, on another occasion, I remember stepping aside from a mountain path to give place to a company of soldiers who were returning to the front trenches. Close behind where I stood were the freshly made graves of several men who had recently fallen. A sound of pain—half gasp, half groan—startled me. It had escaped the lips of a man who had turned his head in my direction and had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chasseurs Alpins.
A soldier.



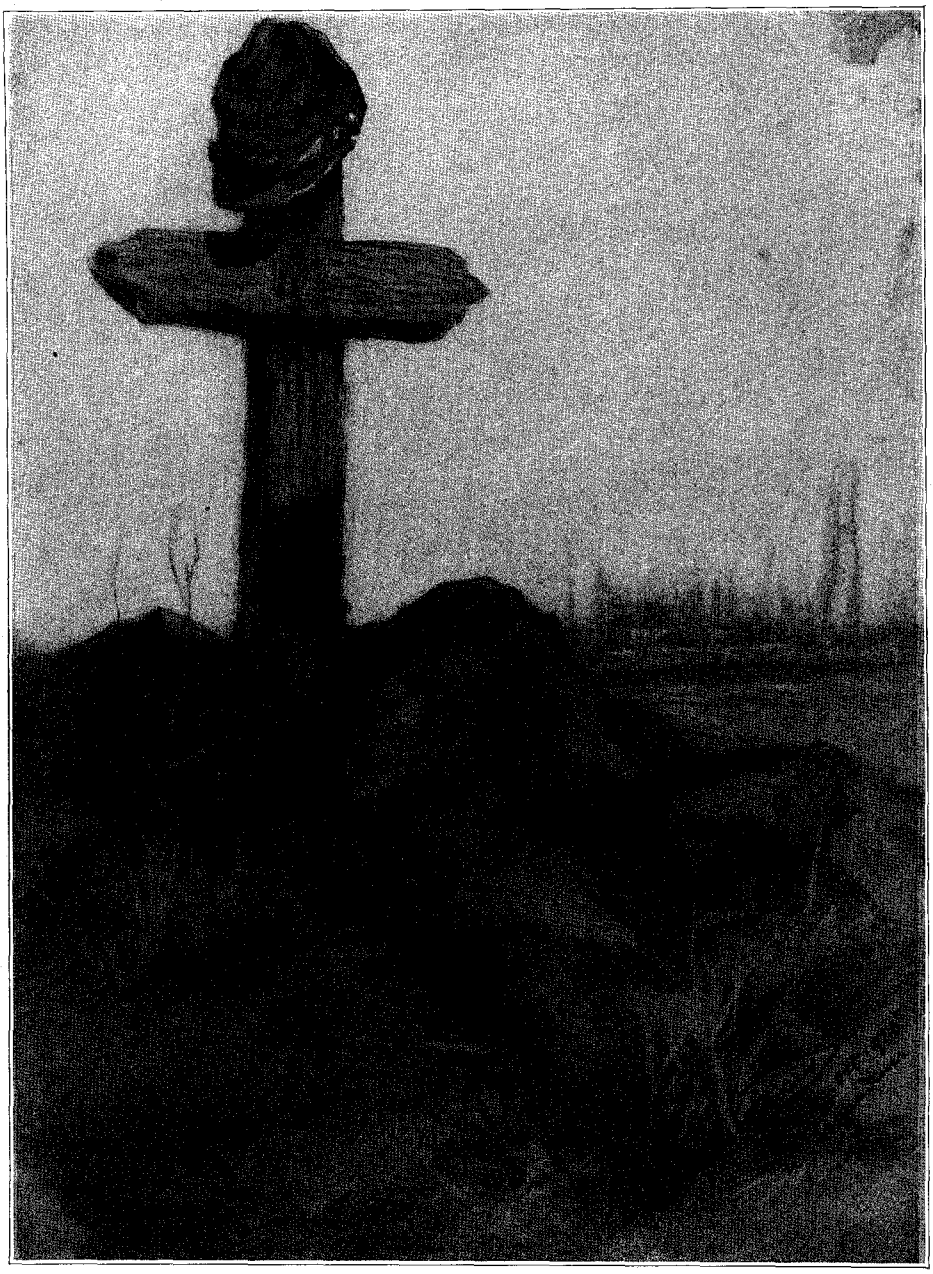
Chasseurs Alpins.
An artillery soldier.

A French reservist

Fantassin.

A French infantry soldier.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A French soldier's grave.

Rough wooden crosses . . . crowned by the dead soldier's kepi.—Page 690.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Winter in the Vosges.

read, on one of the newly constructed crosses, the name and fate of his brother. Without breaking his step, he plodded steadily forward with his company and was soon lost to view.

Continuing upon the subject of strange contrasts which impress one so vividly, I am reminded of my frequent visits to an improvised hospital in a small Alsatian town. Imagine the local theatre, trans-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Amidst bursting shells.

formed from a playhouse, with its tawdry accessories, into an improvised hospital for the reception of the wounded who were being continually brought in from the front some two miles distant, to receive first treatment before being removed to the regular hospitals.

The scene was particularly effective at night when the stage was lit by an oil-lamp attached to a portion of the scenery,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My soldier model remained immovable.—Page 690.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An exploding bomb in a French town.

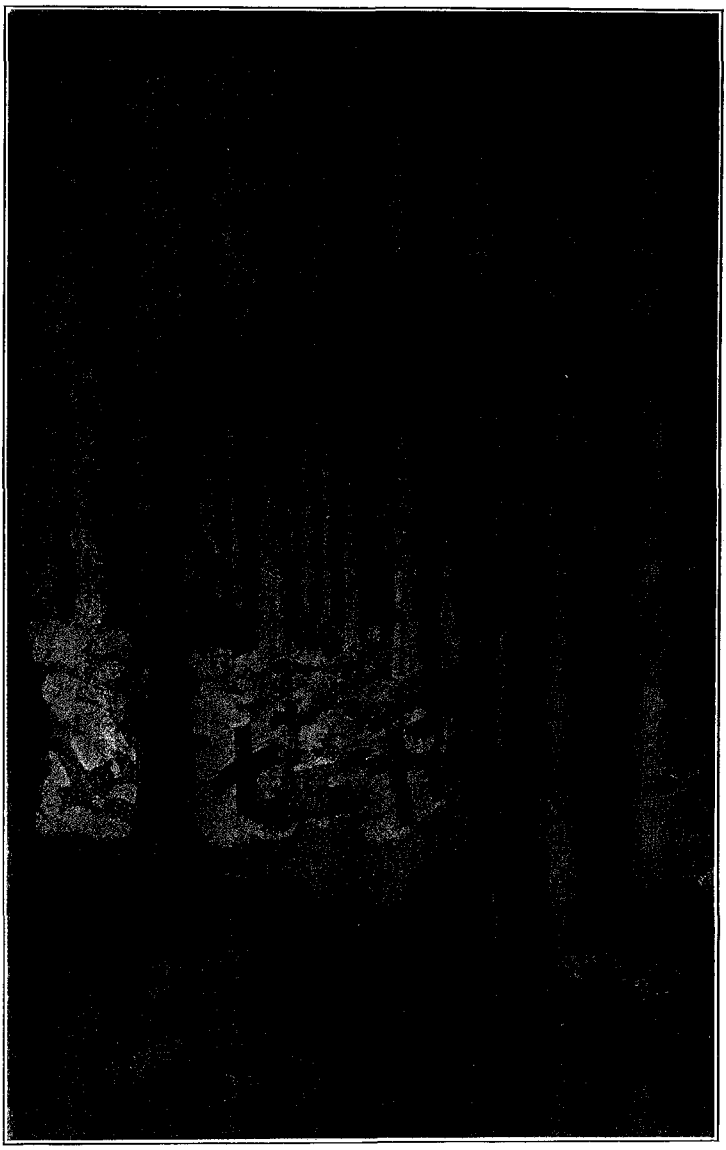
which represented a baronial banqueting-hall. I can see it all—the white blouse of the surgeon, who was lit at his work by the light of a candle, held by a grisly, mud-stained brancardier; the naked, inanimate form on the operating-table; the heterogeneous collection of rifles and knapsacks, surgical appliances and blood-stained stretchers, propped up against gaudy columns. I can still recall the smell of sodden clothing, and the pungent odor of iodoform and anæsthetics. I can still hear the vain gasp for breath of men who had been under the influence of the detestable asphyxiating gases used by the enemy; the struggle to inhale air into lungs which had lost their elasticity; the involuntary groans of men with shattered, mangled bodies; the occasional piercing, startled shriek from those who in their disturbed slumber—the slumber that comes as a result of utter fatigue and overstrained nerves—are haunted by dreams of vague horror; the clattering of heavy boots on bare boards; the sharp click of surgical instruments: all this to the accompaniment of the heavy booming of guns, which shake the earth and cause the windows to rattle.

The men are lying on their stretchers on the floor of the theatre, from which the seats have been removed, awaiting their turn to be placed on the operating-table, most of them gazing as though fascinated at the grim scene being enacted on the stage. How futile are the cheap shams commonly used to produce dramatic illusion! What stage of any theatre in the world ever presented a scene to compare with this, the tragic reality of life!

Among the numerous dugouts which dot the trenches on the side of the mountains there are certain splinter-proof refuges which are reserved for men who have been too badly injured to be moved. In other words, they are doomed men, with but a short time to live.

Together with the Docteur Divisionnaire, who was making his tour of inspection, I entered such a shelter. There were twelve or fifteen men lying in two rows. At the end of the aisle between them was a red-hot stove to keep the place at a high temperature, so that the men who had been wounded in the lungs should have lighter air to breathe. With some, it was a question of hours; with others, it was a question of two or three

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A soldiers' cemetery in the Vosges forest.

days at the utmost before they should find relief in death.

As I turned to go, a man lying near the entrance beckoned me with his finger. I went to the side of his litter and patted him gently on the shoulder. He was pallid and weak, unable to speak, or, in fact, to move, but I read his message in his eyes. The unusual sight of a British uniform had attracted his attention, and had awakened his desire to express his sympathy and his sense of comradeship toward my countrymen. He conveyed his dying greetings to me by a glance which penetrated my soul. The emotions which buoyed up my spirit on other occasions—the sense of their patriotism, of their splendid heroism, of the nobility of the cause for which they were fighting—failed me. I never remember being so much affected by the glance of a human being.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Those fatal summits.

One of our ambulances on a mountain road exposed to shell fire.

The principal route of our ambulances followed a long line of communication over the high summits of the Vosges. Those fatal summits, which were so frequently captured and lost, and which were marked by the tombs of thousands of brave men, have been the scene of fierce fighting almost since the beginning of the war. The mountainsides are seared and scarred by hundreds of miles of zigzag gashes in the earth which serve as trenches. Throughout this region there are countless thousands of men concealed, for the most part underground, living like rabbits, venturing forth at intervals—dark objects, begrimed with mud, contrasting strangely with the pristine whiteness of the snow—then popping back into their warrens out of the way of bursting shells.

One day, whilst sketching a soldier, a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the French trenches—Tête des Faux, 15 yards from the enemy.

shell fell about fifty yards off, killing three men and wounding several others. A fragment from the exploding shell cut my paper. My soldier model remained immovable. It was merely a sense of shame on my part that made me continue my work.

Rough wooden crosses are a sad feature in the scenery. They are often crowned by the dead soldier's sodden and dis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dark objects . . . contrasting strangely with the pristine whiteness of the snow.—Page 689.

colored kepi, or by his water-bottle, and occasionally by the remnant of his shot-riddled tunic.

His name is written in lead-pencil, and often a few words are added, exhorting the passer-by to stay a moment and ask a blessing to the memory of the loyal soldier lying buried there, who died helping to save his country from invasion. The writing is often difficult to read, having

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been hastily written in pencil upon the rough surface of a wooden plank.

Lying scattered on these roughly made graves, one can often distinguish the withered remains of a handful of wild flowers, plucked and placed there by a comrade as a last tribute. There is the cross, that living emblem of all that is noble and brave; the dainty wild flowers, typifying human sympathy and brotherhood: a worthy epitaph, indeed, signifying everything that is beautiful in life. What could be more fitting to crown the grave of a fallen French soldier?

Letters.

DAUNTLESS

By Stephen Berrien Stanton

TORN by a twofold will,
Freighted with life-laid cares,
Compassed about by ill,
My soul to hope yet dares.

Dares to retain in right
And truth and beauty its trust,
Ay, in defeat's despite
Dares because, God, it must!

Life ne'er assents to death,
Night never quenched the sky,
Doubt's but a phase of faith—
More than my failures, I!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY

By Nicholas Murray Butler
President of Columbia University

WHEN, in 1807, the philosopher Hegel published his "Phänomenologie des Geistes"—a work which seems to me one of the most noteworthy in all the literature of philosophy—he referred to it as a "voyage of discovery." He gave the work this inviting name because in it he undertook to trace the history of consciousness in its growth from the first stages of culture up to those theoretical and practical convictions which underlie modern civilization and constitute its basis and foundation. I am using the term in an analogous but far less ambitious sense. What I have in mind is to state as simply and as directly as I can, and as correctly as may be possible after the passage of thirty years, the impressions and reflections of a young American, who, like so many others of his day, took ship a generation ago to seek instruction and inspiration at the universities of a foreign land.

So rapidly have our American universities progressed during the past generation that it is only with some effort that we can think ourselves back and reconstruct the academic life, organization, and methods of thirty years ago. At that time a visiting European would have been able to discover no universities whatever in the United States. He would have found Mr. Eliot in the midst of his severe task at Cambridge, reorganizing Harvard College and its attendant professional schools, giving new ideas to their governing boards, leading in the reconstruction of their programmes of study, and exerting a wide influence on the thought and policies of academic teachers in all parts of the United States. He would have found Doctor McCosh growing old at Princeton, but full of zeal and abounding in vision, and so stirring the imagination and appealing to the ambition of a group of young students that he created by his own efforts an exceptionally talented company of productive scholars, though few in number. He would have found a small Columbia College in the City of New York, with President Barnard calling aloud for the means with which to make progress and to seize the opportunity that he saw so clearly, while here and there a younger scholar was planning plans and dreaming dreams of what might some day be brought about on that ancient foundation. He would have seen vigorous intellectual life at Philadelphia, at New Haven, at Ithaca, at Ann Arbor, at Madison, at Berkeley, and at Charlottesville, but at no one of them would he have found a university. On reaching Baltimore he would have opened his eyes a little wider. For here, still young and still taking on form, was the promise of a real university. Here had been brought together by the genius of President Gilman a company of really advanced scholars and a small group of really inspiring and productive university teachers. Everything was being subordinated to the university ideals of inquiry, of productive scholarship, and of publication. The beginnings were yet small but they were highly promising.

The fact that these were the conditions then existing in the United States was one of the reasons why the more ambitious and energetic of those American college graduates of that day who looked forward to scholarship as a career, hastened across the Atlantic as soon as means could be found, to Oxford and to Paris, to Berlin and to Vienna, to Leipzig and to Göttingen. To come under the influence of a European university, particularly of a German university, was then the height of academic ambition.

For half a century the German universities had been drawing to their libraries, lecture-rooms, and laboratories an increasing number of American youth. These had been received with great hospitality, and they had repaid the welcome tendered to them by assiduous study and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by grateful recollection and appreciation of one, two, or three years of scholarly companionship, intellectual stimulus, and careful discipline. As the young American of the scholarly type reached the close of his college course, or perhaps after he had passed a year or two in so-called graduate studies at his alma mater, he possessed himself of a *Universitäts-Kalender*, and began to inform himself regarding the leading German scholars, the lectures that were to be given during the following semester, and conditions and cost of life in a German university town. Every scrap that had been printed on any of these subjects was read with avidity, and questions, definite and precise, were asked right and left of those older scholars who had already been enrolled at a German university. The processes and ceremonies attendant upon reporting to the local police, upon matriculating at the university, upon securing the signature of the proper professors to the student's *Anmeldungs-Buch* were inquired into, and suggestions as to procuring suitable lodgings were eagerly sought. It must be confessed that when all these questions, necessary and unnecessary, were answered the undertaking still seemed to be a venturesome journey into a strange and quite unknown land. The little German and French that were then taught in college would not bear the weight of the necessities of daily conversation and must be quickly supplemented by practical instruction in both languages. Financial arrangements had to be made, and the cost carefully counted. Finally, the plunge was taken and the shores of America faded from sight for the first time.

One can never be young but once, and one can never make the first trip to Europe a second time. There is something quite unique in the anticipation with which one first approaches the Old World in the endeavor to make its acquaintance. From history and from literature in both prose and verse, as well as from anecdote and books of travel, the whole scene is intellectually familiar, or at least it seems to be so. Contact with it, however, dispels this illusion and reveals for the first time real Europe, whose heart is beating underneath the surface with the blood-flow of centuries in a way that cannot be recorded and described on the printed page. Then, as now, too many Americans went abroad without ever getting to Europe at all. They got to hotels where only Americans went; they got to banking-houses where only American newspapers were on file; they got to summer resorts where Americans predominated; but too rarely did they get beneath the surface of Europe to come in contact with the rich, fine, cultivated life of the people. The student bent upon getting the best that a European university had to give was more fortunate. He was literally forced beneath the surface of Europe, and was compelled to enter into the familiar and institutional life of England, of Germany, or of France, just as an Englishman, a German, or a Frenchman would do. In Germany, to be sure, he was apt to want to live on a little higher plane than the usual German student. He wished for somewhat better food and was satisfied with somewhat less beer. He liked a better-warmed room during the cold days and nights of a north European winter and he could not subsist without some measure of that ventilation which the European regards as one of the most mischievous manifestations of the Evil One.

Nevertheless, the American student, particularly in Germany, was able in those days to come very close to the life of the people, to enter into their joys and their anxieties, to read their newspapers and their books, to go to their concerts and their theatres, and to hear their reflections upon the world at large, and particularly upon that new world from which the student himself had come. At that time there was more migration from Germany to America than is now the case, and there were somewhat more and stronger immediate personal ties between households in the Fatherland and households on this side of the Atlantic. Nevertheless, the lack of understanding of America was complete. The fact that some persons had been lynched in New York during the draft riots of 1863 had developed into a conviction that lynching was a favorite New York pastime, and that delicate women were exposed to the disagreeable sight of victims of the lynchers hanging from an occasional lamp-post.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Any public disorder or dereliction, or any unusual or discreditable occurrence which the newspapers had made much of, was magnified into a habit or an institution. There were no American institutions of higher learning; there was no American literature; American art was not existent, and American science was a negligible quantity.

All this was a great shock for the young voyager, who had set out with a quite different impression of his own country's importance and achievements. He found now that it was regarded, good-naturedly enough, as an overgrown and irresponsible child, rich no doubt, and likely to grow richer, but not able to make any contribution to the higher life of the world. Argument on any one of these points was of little avail. The minds of men and women, even those of more than usual intelligence and wide reading, were closed. The result was frequently vexation of spirit and loss of temper, but the discipline was useful. This sort of reception was well suited to reduce the bumptiousness of the young American, and to make him understand for perhaps the first time how old and how large the world was and how set were its ways of thinking and of appreciating the newer peoples.

The winter of 1884–5 was a particularly interesting time to be in Berlin owing to the Socialist agitation then in active progress. The city was in what was technically termed a minor state of siege. This was a rather toplofty term to describe a situation in which police regulations as to domicile, public meetings, processions and the like were particularly stringent. At that time Berlin was much less than half its present size. The population was probably 1,200,000, and as there were some 20,000 soldiers stationed in and about Berlin, one who had never seen a military officer in his life, except in a parade of the militia on Decoration Day, met these gayly uniformed gentlemen at every turn, in the streets, in the cafés, and in all places of public resort, with no little surprise. This experience of itself induced reflection. What were all these officers and soldiers doing? Why were they withdrawn from productive industry? Why were they so quickly deferred to by the civilian population? Such questions as these the young American asked, and he received replies that revealed to him, again for the first time, a different view of the state and of government to any that he had come in contact with at home.

New and interesting experiences awaited him at every turn. Emperor William I, *der alte Kaiser*, as he was affectionately called by the populace, was to be seen every morning in the window of his working-room at the palace, at the corner of what was then called the Opern Platz. It was the custom of his Majesty to return by a gracious gesture every greeting from one who might pass his window, and to rise in his place and formally salute whenever a body of troops, however small, passed by. The Crown Prince, who was, after nearly a decade, to come to the throne for a few short weeks as Emperor Friedrich III, was the very ideal of manly dignity and beauty, and seemed to incarnate in his own person the attributes and traditions of royalty. His eldest son, now and for more than a quarter of a century past the German Emperor, was an officer of the garrison. He was frequently seen driving or riding about the city, and came into familiar converse with a considerable group of young men, among whom occasionally an American student was included. The daily sight of royalty and of the imperial trappings and ceremonies gave to the institution a reality that it had never before had in the American's mind. To him Emperors and Kings had always seemed far-away personalities, recorded in history and worthy of a place beside the demigods and heroes of the ancient mythology. Now he was to find that these royal personages were very real, terribly human, quite visible to the naked eye, and ready to enjoy and to enter into all the pleasures and satisfactions of life.

Naturally the university itself was the first place to be sought out after the great Friedrich Strasse Bahnhof had been left behind and lodgings chosen and occupied. So this was the great University of Berlin! On either side of the court sat in marble state the two Humboldts, Alexander and Wilhelm. The low, well-proportioned building, built of brick and covered with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stucco, had a curious attraction. In and out of its doors and across this court had walked for seventy-five years some of the great men of the world. What would one not have given to see Hegel cross the garden behind the university building, making his way toward the Platz which now bears his name and which contains his effigy; or to see Schleiermacher turn his steps toward home at the end of one of his great lectures on religious feeling to the students of theology. Imagination could even see the magnetic personality of Fichte himself moving about in these halls and streets. Trendelenburg, Harms, and Droysen had recently died, but von Ranke was still there as a link with the past, although he was nearly ninety years of age, and opposite his name in the announcement for the semester were printed the significant words *liest nicht.* It was a great occasion for the young American when he first put his foot inside that academic building. Every hallway and every lecture-room seemed to echo with the footsteps and with the voices of great scholars who had shaken or moulded the world of thought. The bulletin-boards were covered with curiously written notices of one sort or another. Every notice was eagerly spelled out in order to gain some information of student customs and of academic life. Then the offices of dean and of questor were hunted up, in order that when the time came for the formal ceremony of matriculation one might know where to go.

The next step was to buckle down to a better mastery of the German language. Hours each day were devoted to poring over German grammars and reading-books; to conversation in lodgings, on the streets, and in the Thiergarten with companions who were chosen for the purpose; in reading the daily newspapers and in attending the theatre. Of all these devices perhaps the two most useful were the daily conversations on the streets and in the Thiergarten with chosen companions and the nightly visit to the theatre, where precise enunciation and correct pronunciation seemed to make German so easy to understand.

A letter from Professor Chandler to Hofmann, the great Berlin chemist, was the occasion of some concern, for it proved that Hofmann was at the moment rector magnificus of the University of Berlin, and how to approach so exalted a personage required both preparation and advice. The preparation took the form of a solemn suit of black and a silk hat. Advice took the form of pointing out the hour of the day when the eminent personage should be sought at his own home. This proved to be a simple little house on Dorotheen Strasse, not far from the university building; but the formal preparations seemed to have been made in vain, when the rector magnificus opened the door himself and took his frightened and awed visitor by the hand for a most friendly and kindly conversation. This visit broke the ice. If the rector magnificus was so easy to approach, then the professors, both ordinary and extraordinary, to say nothing of the Privat-Docenten, must be a very simple matter indeed. So in most cases it proved.

As the particular subject of study in this case was to be philosophy and educational theory, the steps of the newcomer were naturally directed first to the apartment of Eduard Zeller. This apartment would be as easy to find to-day as it was thirty years ago. Professor Zeller and his charming wife, the daughter of Ferdinand Christian Baur, the founder of the so-called Tübingen School of Theology, lived at 4 Magdeburger Strasse, III Treppen, and thither the young inquirer climbed. Zeller's personality is not likely ever to be forgotten. He was then seventy years of age, slight and spare of build and frame, with a massive forehead and the keenest of keen black eyes. While at work in his study he usually wore a long dressing-gown fastened at the waist by a cord, and he stood at a high desk like a bookkeeper, with his notes and books of reference spread about him in orderly fashion. Here was the greatest living authority on Greek philosophy, and the man whose patient industry had brought to a conclusion the "Philosophie der Griechen," an almost final authority in its field. Never was great scholar kinder to the youngest and most callow of apprentices, and never were more pains taken to give a youth an insight into the life and thought of the Greeks and their meaning

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for all time. Moreover, Professor Zeller saw to it that his pupil had opportunity on Sunday evenings to meet, under his roof, some of the most charming and cultivated men and women who then adorned and represented the intellectual life of Berlin. After all these years one can see now the quick-moving figure of du Bois-Reymond, the physiologist, whose pamphlet, entitled "Die sieben Welträthsel," was then being widely discussed and attacked; or the graceful gentleness of Goldschmidt, who had no superior as a master of commercial law, and whose conversation moved easily over both legal and practical topics. On these Sunday evenings, too, there occasionally came Gneist, who was particularly interesting as the chief authority on English public law; Vahlen, whose spoken Latin in his seminar on Lucretius was as delightful as it was novel to hear; and Ernst Curtius, who can still be seen in the eye of memory sitting at the base of a statue in the Neues Museum, placidly describing to a group of students, note-book in hand, the characteristics and significance of the works of ancient art by which they were surrounded. Those were noteworthy evenings, and on looking back it would seem as if they were perhaps of more and more lasting educational value than the laboriously attended lectures that extended over so many months.

One's first experience in a German university lecture-room is interesting in the extreme. At that time there was nothing like it in America. In order to be officially permitted to attend a course of lectures it was necessary to seek out the given professor in his private consultation-room and to secure his signature in the *Anmeldungs-Buch*. On request he would assign a specific seat in the lecture-hall, particularly if the student were a foreigner and anxious to be placed where he could hear clearly. In one particular *Anmeldungs-Buch* it is still possible to spell out the signatures of Zeller, for his course on the general history of philosophy; of Paulsen, for his courses on the introduction to philosophy and on educational theory, as well as for his seminar on Kant's "Kritik der reinen Vernunft"; of Dilthey, for his course on logic and theory of knowledge; of Rehmke, now professor in Greifswald, for his practical exercises on Kant's "Prolegomena"; and of Doctor Lasson—who is still living and nearly eighty-five years of age—for his course on fundamental philosophical problems.

The great scholars differed widely in their method of presenting their several subjects. On Zeller's own recommendation very few notes were taken of his lectures. The young American having possessed himself of a copy of the professor's "Grundriss der Geschichte der Griechischen Philosophie," followed closely his exposition, book open in hand, and wrote out his impressions of what had been said on returning to his lodgings. Dilthey, on the other hand, was very insistent that precise notes should be taken. To this end he divided his daily lecture into two parts. It was his custom to speak for about twenty-five minutes in a general way in exposition of the subject under immediate consideration, and then for twenty minutes to dictate, with painstaking accuracy and reiteration, precisely what he wished the student to put down. It would have been so easy for Professor Dilthey to print this material in a pamphlet that his practise was always resented as more or less of a reflection on the art of printing.

Few lecturers were more persuasive, illuminating, and delightful than Friedrich Paulsen. This extraordinary man was then just coming into his fame and reputation. While his classrooms were crowded and his influence very great indeed, he was still but a *professor extraordinarius*. The reason popularly assigned for this in the university was that Paulsen was somewhat too progressive and radical in his views to command the full approval of his ruling powers at the Cultus Ministerium. He was thirty-nine years of age, and his swarthy complexion, flashing eye, and eloquent voice made an impression that no lapse of time will ever weaken or destroy. In his lectures on educational theory he opened up what was to the young American a wholly new and unknown field of inquiry. The notion that the great activity and human interest called education might be subjected to scientific examination and analysis and might be shown to rest upon definite philosophical principles, was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nothing short of a revelation. In America education had always seemed to be—well, just education! In Paulsen's crowded lecture-room, on the other hand, it was a most fascinating subject of study. In his seminar on Kant, Paulsen came in very close touch with the fundamentals of his subject and with the select company of students who were admitted to his companionship, there to receive the severest and most searching criticism both of the methods and of the results of their work. Twenty years afterward, when Paulsen had come fully to his own and when his influence not only in Germany but outside of it was literally enormous, and when the years had turned his coal-black hair into a most becoming iron-gray, he, seated either in his study or in the garden of his home at Steglitz, used to laugh over the experiences of long ago and to recall with that American student, who remained to the end his close and intimate friend and correspondent, much that had happened in the interval both in Europe and across the Atlantic. Paulsen was much touched by the appreciation accorded him in America, and when Professor Frank Thilly, then of the University of Missouri, translated his more important books into English he was as much pleased as a young girl on going to her first ball.

There are other impressions and memories, too, no less vivid and no less inspiring. There were the evening popular lectures of du Bois-Reymond, who reflected the curiously divergent influences of Johannes Müller and of Neander, in which he expounded and interpreted in masterly fashion the developing progress of modern science and the significance of its controlling principles and its most far-reaching results. There were also the early lectures in what soon proved to be a far too technical course to follow, by von Helmholtz on *die Wellentheorie*, in which he connected together by a single formula, and brought under the dominance of a single law, wave-motion of every sort, whether manifested in the realm of matter, in that of mind, or in that of social organization. Then there were the Monday evening popular discourses by von Treitschke, who was at the very height of his influence and power. To listen to these discourses was, for the first few moments, distinctly disagreeable, since von Treitschke's deafness left him without any power to control his voice. In consequence it was frequently almost painful to listen to his utterance. It was not long, however, before one forgot the utterance in the vividness and vigor of what the man was saying. That at the end of a generation his social and political philosophy was to shake the whole world with the evidences of its power was little dreamed of in those days. True, von Treitschke's attacks on England, and on America as well, seemed even then to be very bitter and very frequent. But they proceeded so plainly from a complete misconception of the Anglo-Saxon character and temperament that they did not seem likely to be practically influential. Treitschke's favorite complaint against both Englishmen and Americans was that they were hypocrites and nations of mere shopkeepers making pretense to the possession of cultivation. More than once he said, with the most astonishing emphasis, that England and Englishmen were lost to all idealism and that they possessed no national vigor. Interesting as this was, it was not long before the basis on which it rested made itself plain. Treitschke could not understand how any nation or people could prefer common sense to logical perfection, and so, when the Anglo-Saxons, deterred by common sense, failed to carry out to their logical conclusions certain professed principles of conduct, he accused them of hypocrisy.

Then there was Pfleiderer, who represented what was left of Hegelian influence in the faculty of theology. There was Kirchhoff the Hellenist and Kirchhoff the physicist. Brunner, who is still living, was teaching German legal history, and Dernburg was painfully expounding the Pandects to students of law. Bernhard Weiss, now in retirement and almost ninety years of age, had classes of considerable size in the theology of the New Testament and the life of Christ, while Dillmann lectured on Old Testament theology. Waldeyer, the great anatomist, whose name still heads the list of the medical faculty, was leading the world in his particular branch of knowledge,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as was Virchow in his, although he found time to engage in politics and to stand as a candidate for the Reichstag. Robert Koch was a member of the medical faculty, but his greatest fame was yet to come. Mommsen was nearly seventy years of age and quite the most picturesque figure in the whole university group. His spare, keen face, with long, white hair and sharp black eyes and bent shoulders, were so familiar to the people of Berlin that as he passed through the streets hats were lifted as to royalty, for every Berliner understood that in Mommsen Berlin and Germany had one of their chiefest treasures. That young American well remembers having heard Mommsen say, at one of Zeller's Sunday evening gatherings, that the reason why he had never continued his "History of Rome" through the imperial period was that he had never been able to make up his mind as to what it was that brought about the collapse of the Roman Empire and the downfall of Roman civilization.

The list of those whose lectures might then be heard, and whom this young American did hear at least once, usually out of sheer curiosity, is too long to be recounted. There were those of Weierstrass, in mathematics; of Schmoller and Wagner, in economics, both still living and Wagner still lecturing; of Weber, in Sanskrit and Indian lore; of Kiepert the geographer; of Förster, whose charm of personality gave him much greater influence than would naturally attach to a professor of a subject so little followed as astronomy; of Delbrück, who was already teaching history; and of Diels, who though only a *professor extraordinarius* in those days, was already marked out for the unusual distinction that he gained later on. In ethics there was the exceptionally interesting personality of von Gizycki, who was but thirty-four years of age and destined to a life all too short.

The freedom which made it possible to hear and to meet all these men was gained by following the advice of Professor Archibald Alexander. He had enjoined fulfilling all the conditions for the degree of doctor of philosophy and taking that degree before leaving America. This left the young American with no technical and time-consuming requirements to meet in Berlin, but set him free to get all that he could, and as he could, from the great scholars there assembled.

Of the men who are now the chief representatives of the University of Berlin, many were at that time still winning their spurs elsewhere. Harnack, who has so long been the chief ornament of the theological faculty, was then but thirty-three years of age and a professor at Giessen. The great Hellenist, von Wilamowitz-Möllendorff, son-in-law of Mommsen, was less than forty years of age and a professor at Göttingen. Emil Fischer, the chemist, was but little more than thirty and had a chair at Erlangen. Benno Erdmann was about the same age and a member of the faculty of philosophy at Breslau. Eduard Meyer was at the same university, while Delitzsch was at Leipzig. Schiemann had at that time no university connection.

Important as the German universities, particularly Berlin, are to-day, it is probable that they occupied a higher relative rank from 1830 to about 1890 than they have since enjoyed. Truly, there were academic giants in Berlin thirty years ago, and each one of them had his share in making over and in building up the intellectual fabric of that young American student. Zeller and Paulsen were naturally by far the most influential, for association with them was constant and intimate, and the subjects of which they were masters were the young student's chosen field of study. But each great scholar whose lecture-room was entered, if it were only for a single visit, left an ineffaceable impression of what scholarship meant, of what a university was, and of what a long road higher education in America had to travel before it could hope to reach a plane of equal elevation. From Zeller was learned the true meaning of the Greek spirit and the real significance of the embryology of Western thought as contained in the noble records of the Greek philosophers. It was Zeller who made real beyond peradventure the truth afterward expressed so compactly by Sir Henry Maine, that everything that lives and moves in the Western world, save only the blind forces of nature, is Greek in its origin. When it came time to leave Berlin the old teacher gave to his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

young American pupil a copy of the latest edition of his "Grundriss," in which he inscribed as a farewell message of friendship and of counsel the well-known saying of Solon, Γηράσκω δ'ἀιεί πολλὰ διδασκόμενος. What Solon said of himself was equally true of Zeller, and must always remain true of those whom Zeller influenced. All alike grow old constantly learning many new things.

From Paulsen was learned the lesson that Kant came to teach, namely, that without a critical examination of the process of knowing it is quite useless to attempt to discuss knowledge. Paulsen's exposition of Kant's critical method and his discipline in its applications made it impossible ever again to fall a victim to any of the varied forms of sheer assumption in which uncritical and dogmatical philosophy presents itself. From Paulsen there was learned, too, the lesson that the process of education rests primarily on the training of the will, the building of character, and that it should give to conduct a social aim or purpose. If ever two great teachers produced a lasting influence on the mind and thought of a pupil, Zeller and Paulsen produced that influence on the mind and the thought of their young American student.

In Berlin every hour of the day and of the evening was an educational influence. Not only lecture-rooms, but personal visits, the theatre, concerts, the opera, the many delightful opportunities for social intercourse, all combined to give an atmosphere and to provide a stimulus. This was really education. This was really contact with great personalities and with sources and standards of power—intellectual, moral, æsthetic. Where else in the world could the narrow means of a student have admitted him for a mark to hear rendered one of the great operas—German, Italian, or French—or on any Wednesday evening for half a mark to the Bilse Koncert-Halle, on Leipziger Strasse, to listen to a complete symphony by Beethoven, by Mozart, by Brahms, or by Raff, superbly rendered by one of the best orchestras in the world? Where else could one have had opportunity for a mere trifle to hear Shakespeare superbly acted or to see the classic German drama put upon the stage with every possible aid to its complete understanding and appreciation?

Opportunities to study the political life of the new and rapidly developing German Empire were not lacking. There were vigorous debates in the Reichstag just then, and a kindly word from a university professor gained for the young American opportunity to hear, under the best auspices, a stirring debate between Bismarck and Liebknecht, the forceful leader of the Social Democrats. A fascinating figure in the Reichstag was Doctor Windthorst, known familiarly as *die kleine Excellenz*, who was exerting enormous influence as parliamentary leader of the Centre, or Catholic, party. His fellow Hanoverian, Benningsen, was the spokesman of the National Liberals. In addition to this striking group of parliamentary leaders, there was the spare and grim form of Moltke himself, who occasionally had a very brief word to say on matters of military organization and policy.

Surely this was a real voyage of discovery, and the discoverer often staggered under the load that he was called upon to carry. Indeed, it has taken the better part of a subsequent generation to enable him to digest and to assimilate it all.

After Berlin came Paris, and the American student who has missed that sequence has lost one of the greatest opportunities of the intellectual life.

In 1885 the Third Republic was still regarded as frankly experimental, and every type of republicanism and of radicalism was contending for the mastery in its public life. Royalists of one type or another were as plentiful as strawberries, and it was not at all unusual to hear a discussion after dinner as to which of the various claimants of the overturned throne of France was the most likely to gain possession of it. Sainte-Beuve, Baudelaire, and Flaubert had, indeed, been dead for some years, but they were still the oracles of the more cultivated youth of France, and it was their names that came oftenest to the lips of the student of literature or of the ambitious aspirant for literary fame. Edmond Scherer was writing in the columns of *Le Temps*, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jules Simon, well on in years but vigorous, was doing the same in *Le Matin*. Daudet, who gained almost everything that he wanted except election to the Academy, was to be met not infrequently, as was Zola, who, although not so famous as he became later, was writing at a great rate. Brunetière was then only subeditor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and his principal work remained to be done; but, nevertheless, he was decidedly a person of weight and intellectual circumstance. At the Sorbonne, Gréard was ruling with benignant capacity and assiduity. The first climb up the slow slope of what remained of Mont St. Geneviève called up in imagination the days of Abelard and William of Champeaux and the great philosophical discussions which then divided the intellectual world of Europe.

Then there were the scholars whom it was a joy and a privilege to meet. There was Gaston Boissier, who made Horace and Cicero, Vergil and Tacitus seem like old friends, and who brought before the mind's eye with the utmost vividness the life of Pompeii and of Rome and the happenings in Roman Africa. There was Gaston Paris, the mediævalist, without an equal. There was Fustel de Coulanges, whose "Cité Antique" had already exercised its strange fascination on this particular American. There was Henri Poincaré, who, though often suffering in body, had one of the most penetrating of modern minds. Naturally a central object of interest and almost of pilgrimage was Louis Pasteur. Renouvier one might know from his books, but the man himself lived too much withdrawn from other men to make possible a meeting in the flesh. Paul Janet, who, while neither original nor constructive, was one of the most agreeable and lucid of philosophical lecturers, was at his best.

Almost every stone in Paris seemed to cry out with the voice of a great man. Here both history and literature seemed to have been made. Over yonder was the tower from out whose bells rang the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Not far away was the place where stood the Bastile, symbol and token of an old and dead order. Beyond, at the edge of what was now the Place de la Concorde, stood the guillotine, under whose knife were beheaded good and bad alike. One wandered about the bewitching streets of the Quartier Latin as in a trance, expecting to meet at every turn a figure walking out of the pages of Balzac or of Dumas or of Eugène Sue. It was not easy in tracing out the lines of the Paris of history, of the Paris of the Revolution, and of the Paris of that day to keep back the manifest evidences of emotion and excitement that sought to find expression. For the first time the Latin spirit came to have definite meaning and reality. It was so different from the Anglo-Saxon spirit as revealed in America and so different from the Teutonic spirit as revealed in Berlin. Somehow it seemed subtler and more refined, more delicate and more highly civilized than either. As the young student moved about in the social and intellectual life of Paris and breathed the spirit of the place, he began to feel himself in companionship with the Greeks of modern times, the one truly civilized people in the world. It became so much more easy than it ever had been to understand the impatience of the French with other and less favored peoples than themselves. They knew and had passed through so much that others had still to learn and to come to know. Of all Europe, France alone had passed through the baptism of a revolution. Quasi-revolutions and attempts at revolution had marked the history of other lands, but France, and France alone, had passed out from under the old rule, tried as if by fire, and had preserved in the fulness of the modern spirit, and with the richness of an age-long cultivation, the true and high standards of judgment in things of the mind. Evidence of this multiplied day by day as the young American made his daily pilgrimage all the way from modest lodgings in the Rue de la Boëtie to the Sorbonne. Sometimes his steps would follow one course and sometimes another, but always and everywhere the evidences of cultivation and of civilization abounded. Paris revealed itself as the only place in the world where conversation is a fine art and where the publication of a new book by a writer of note is hailed as an event of social importance.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And so it went. On every side and at every hour the young student found impressions, ideas, judgments, opinions, experiences pouring in upon him with a richness that was truly overwhelming. He began to see that Paris was the one place to which to go to file down and to polish a student's mind that had been forged and hewn out in the rough in Germany. The two civilizations, the two national and racial spirits, the two universities seemed in no sense antagonistic but rather to be highly and wonderfully complementary. This again was real education. Men of light and leading, men who knew what standards were and who insisted on applying them, were close companions, instructors, and guides. What young student from across the Atlantic would not find his mind enriched and inspired by experience such as that?

The French political life was even more interesting than that of Germany, for it seemed to be in closer touch with the realities of politics. Gambetta had been dead for three years, but his spirit and his influence were very much alive. Jules Ferry fell from power on a dismal March day in 1885 with a roar that shook even the quiet precincts of the Sorbonne. Of radical and of socialist oratory there was an abundance to hear, and the semicomic, semitragic figure of General Boulanger was still troubling the political waters.

The American student who has never been to the University of Paris has missed something which no German university could ever give him. But he should come to Paris after having studied at Berlin, or Leipzig, or Munich. The reason is that the highly artistic and very subtle method of the French savant is a perfect complement to the patient and plodding meticulousness of the German *Gelehrter*. The artistry of the French was manifested in their exposition of every subject. Whether one was listening to Renan on the history of the Semitic peoples, or to Taine on the philosophy of art, or to Caro on Goethe, he could not fail to see the national and racial characteristics manifesting themselves in splendid and compelling fashion. To end an intellectual voyage of discovery at the University of Paris is to put a frame on a picture that would be imperfect without it. The drill, the discipline, and the training in patient thoroughness one got in those days in Germany as he could not get it in America, in England, or in France. But a point of view, a sense of proportion, the meaning of the intellectual life and standards of taste in judgment and appreciation were taught at the Sorbonne and in Paris as nowhere else in the world.

The discovery of England is another story and a long one.

ROSE MONGERS

By Eloise Robinson

We are selling you joy for a penny to-day,
Rosy-tipped joy in the square,
Honey-sweet joy and a penny to pay,
Pauper or millionaire.

It's joy we are selling for only a penny,
As much as your heart can enfold;
Though your dollars be few or your dollars be many,
What better than joy for your gold?

The joy that you dreamed had gone long ago,
Or only in fairyland grows,
We're selling to-day for a penny or so,
Wrapped up in the bud of a rose!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HIS CODE OF HONOR

By Ralph D. Paine

Illustrations by F. C. Yohn

HIS father was governor of a northern Chinese province remote from the sea, a rugged land of red hills and dusty plains extending to the Great Wall. Nobody knew how many million people were under his sway. They were a swarthy, big-framed stock, unlike the docile yellow coolies of the south, and their temper was turbulent. The empire in revolution, the overthrow of a dynasty, the establishment of a republic, and the amazing inrush of modern ideas had made no such commotion here as elsewhere. The spirit of the old China was still dominant. The governor ruled with wisdom, nor spared the iron hand of severity to maintain the semblance of law and order. What was more rare, he possessed integrity.

The apple of his eye was his only son, young Sung Wu Chen, and it was for a momentous interview that he had summoned him to the audience-room after a crowd of lesser officials had departed with elaborate ceremonial and the rustle of silken robes. The governor was a spare man, a little bent over. Obeying the edict, he had cut off his queue, and the hair that showed beneath the mandarin's cap was turning white. His thin face was wrinkled and tired, a face singularly intelligent and stamped with the caste of his aristocratic breeding and ancestry.

The son showed the same fine strain, not moulded from the common clay. Of smaller stature than his father, his manner had a kindred dignity and ease. It was significant that he wore European clothing, a serge suit smartly cut, while the governor was august in the flowing garments of his rank, whose pattern had been unchanged for centuries, a fan hanging from his jewelled girdle. The lad, Sung Wu Chen, bowed with courtly respect, and the father leaned forward in the chair of carved teak-wood to clasp his hand. They talked together in the dialect of their language that is peculiar to the scholar and the gentleman.

"I have given much thought to your affairs," said the governor, his expression a shade wistful. He aptly quoted from the *Shing Yu*, or Sacred Commands, for he was profoundly learned in the classics: "'Pay just regard to paternal and filial duties, in order to give due importance to the relations of life.'"

Sung Wu Chen smiled, and, not to be outdone, replied with a maxim of Confucius: "'Knowledge produces pleasure clear as water.'"

"It is well said," gravely spoke the governor, "but the old knowledge is passing and the world is turned upside down. What the Western mind calls the awakening of China is a process painful, disturbed, darkly uncertain. We are trying to run before we have learned to walk, my son. I myself am unable to acquire this new civilization with clear understanding. The brittle stalk of dry millet breaks before a rush of wind, but the young willow-shoot bends and readily adapts itself."

The speaker filled the tiny bowl of his long-stemmed pipe with a pinch of tobacco and thoughtfully inhaled. His emotions were poignant but he concealed them behind a philosophic calmness of aspect. His son was stirred to enthusiasm. It kindled his sensitive features and his gestures were ardent as he replied, speaking rapidly:

"And I am the willow-shoot, most honorable sir? There are many of us, and it is important that we should be trained aright. Four thousand years of Chinese culture and tradition and precedent have been tossed to the rubbish heap. Only the foundations remain. I desire to learn how to build according to the methods and the sagacity of the West."

"Then you should not learn at second-hand," declared the elder man. "It is best for you to go from among your own people. The ways of the foreigner are al-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ready familiar to you. Ah, it is not long since we called them barbarians. The American tutor employed for your benefit has taught you many things. You speak and write the uncouth language with an ease that astonishes me. This tutor gained his wisdom in a great university of his own land, the name of which is Yale. At Changsha, as you know, other graduates of this seat of learning have established a college called Yale in China."

"A friend of mine is a student at Changsha," eagerly explained Sung Wu Chen. "It is wonderfully excellent, but at best a rivulet from the fountain and source in America. It is there, indeed, that I would go, with your most gracious approbation, to what my tutor calls 'the mother of men, old Yale.'"

"It is so decreed," said the governor, stifling a sigh. "I have arrived at this conclusion. Your departure will be arranged at the proper time."

The season of the year was summer, torrid by day and dry with desert winds. Doors and latticed windows were opened, and from the room in which they sat the spacious courtyard was visible. It was populous and noisy with house servants, *yamen* runners or messengers, interpreters, and ragged petitioners airing grievances, while a few infantrymen in khaki, of the new army, lounged on guard duty. In the street beyond, as seen through the gilded gateway, eddied a torrent of humanity, of carts and camels and donkeys, all jostling, intermixed in stifling dust. Mongol and Manchu and Chinese, they fought and sweated for bare existence in an overcrowded land. The reek of them and their filthy streets was blown into the courtyard. The son of the governor gazed out through the gateway and his elation was sobered. He beheld a problem almost beyond solving, a task to stagger the imagination. Earnestly he spoke, after long thought:

"What can be done with this China of ours? Do those yonder know or care? Machinery, railroads, steamboats? They will bring starvation to millions who now toil with their backs and legs and hands. It is for me to try to grasp the economics, the history, the government of this Western civilization which we must adapt to our own peculiar needs or perish as a nation. With profound gratitude, oh, my worshipful parent, I go to Yale in America to make myself worthy of you and my revered ancestors."

They bowed low to each other, and the governor went to confer with his secretaries. His son fled from the audience-chamber, shedding his dignity as he ran, and burst into another building of the compound. A clean-built young man in white linen sat with his feet cocked up on a desk, and he was reading a New York paper two months old. He raised his eyes from the sporting page, regarded Sung Wu Chen with quizzical interest, and drawled in English:

"Something doing? I have an intuition that my job is about to slip from under me."

His pupil slapped him on the back and replied in the same tongue:

"Bully for us, Mr. Gray. He will send me to Yale. It is all your influence. I am under ten thousand obligations. But I think you may keep a job if you wish as a foreign adviser to my father. He esteems you very much, indeed."

"I wasn't thinking of myself," said Harvey Gray, who had been persuaded to quit the consular service for this more lucrative connection. "Outward bound for old New Haven, are you, Sung? Great luck. Just tell them that you saw me. Drop out to the field when the grads come back to coach the eleven and say you know an old pal of theirs. I have enjoyed these two years with you. I hoped all the time the governor could come to see it my way. And so he has surrendered."

"You bet, Mr. Gray. Can I enter the sophomore class, do you think? And am I too small to play football?"

"Without hurling posies at myself, Sung, you can break into the second year. That mind of yours runs on ball-bearings. As for football, I'm afraid you lack the heft, although you are there with the punch."

Sung Wu Chen looked disappointed, but he resolved to be as fine a pattern of a Yale man as Mr. Gray, nevertheless. They spent the rest of the day together, and the exiled American fought down the hungry homesickness that would not be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

denied. News travels fast in a swarming Chinese household, and that evening there came to Sung Wu Chen a burly, battered retainer with a scar on his chin. On the breast of his blue blouse was stitched a device to indicate that he belonged to the retinue of the governor, and he wore it with swaggering pride. His early history was clouded, but it was rumored that he had been a bandit condemned to execution. In gratitude for pardon, he had attached himself to Sung Wu Chen when the boy was a little shaver, and had served as a body-guard, an attendant, a servant of matchless fidelity. When his young master walked in the city this Li Hwan followed unobserved. At night he lay on a straw mat not far from his master's door. A truculent ruffian, his brawls with the police were notorious, and Sung Wu Chen had found him more or less of a nuisance. On this night he was subdued and downcast as he said hoarsely, in one of the Shansi dialects:

"I have beaten the chief cook and kicked two stable-boys for the lies they told me. Of course it is not true that you go to the cursed land of the Yankee foreign devils, there to live for many years."

"It is the truth, Li Hwan, and you must behave yourself hereafter, for I shall not be present to save you from jail. I go to become a great scholar."

"Too many books afflict one with sickness of the brain," grunted the other. "Very well. I will get my things together and send my wives to the home of my mother for safe-keeping. When do we sail across the huge oceans in the smoke-boat?"

"I cannot take you with me," firmly answered his lord. "It is out of the question. Even if I would, there is a law in America that forbids such as you to set foot in the land. Only scholars and officials bearing papers from the Chinese Government at Peking are admitted."

"I shall go," was the stout response. "Money shuts the eyes of the law. I have three hundred taels. If more is needed I will sell my youngest wife. She is beautiful and will fetch a good price."

"Nonsense, Li," scolded Sung with a frown. "No more of this. My illustrious father will provide for you in my absence. I shall return in three years. Be careful, meanwhile, that the sharp sword of the executioner does not separate your worthless head from your shoulders."

Li Hwan doggedly shook his head, grumbling to himself. It was inconceivable that the son of the governor should venture into an unknown world alone without his guardian shadow. Before morning the retainer was drunk on *sam shui* and had flung a venerable watchman into the canal. Promptly thereafter he vanished from the governor's compound and was seen no more before the departture of Sung Wu Chen. The latter ordered a search, but it was futile, and in the excitement of preparation there was little time to remember the troublesome, devoted Li Hwan. It was assumed that some vengeful coolie whom he had maltreated took occasion quietly to slip a knife into him.

A journey half around the world and Sung Wu Chen became a sophomore at Yale. Inwardly bewildered, he displayed a perfect poise and seemed older, more mature than the others of his class. Well dressed, with an abundant allowance, his manners were those of the gentleman born, and it was soon discovered that his intellect was extraordinarily keen. It was worth noting that he was recognized for what he was by those of his own kind, the leaders of the campus, who were likewise sure of their own position. The men who affected a dislike or contempt for him as a "Chink" were of a coarser grain and less nicely schooled in refinement.

Jerry Altemus, the polished, easy-going young cynic, admired Sung Wu Chen at first acquaintance, which soon grew into a congenial friendship. Here was a real philosopher, declared Jerry, who knew Confucius from soup to nuts and appreciated the art of conversation. Sung confided his ambition to be a Yale athlete, at which Jerry commented with a weary shrug:

"That Harvey Gray person who tutored you was an evil influence. This college runs so largely to muscle that it is both refreshing and valuable to have a brilliant scholar in our midst. Forget this delusion."

"But I intend to be a first-class Yale man," amiably persisted Sung.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Then go and try for the 'varsity crew," scoffed Jerry. "They are shy a Number Four to tip the scales at a hundred and ninety."

"Is it not as great an honor to steer the boat, to be coxswain, in the race against Harvard?"

"Surely, but young Watterson has held the tiller ropes for two years," replied Jerry with scorn, "and he is rated as some coxswain."

"Perhaps I can make myself a better one. It is said in the Analects that 'worthy endeavor is not to be despised, even though one's failure may cause laughter throughout the village.'"

"Go to it, oh, package of assorted maxims," grinned Jerry. "Now tell me something interesting. Finish that yarn of the rebel army that your dad chased into the mountains and slew to a man. How the deuce *you* can find anything exciting in college athletics——"

"I shall report at the gymnasium tomorrow as a candidate for coxswain," was the irritating response of Sung Wu Chen. "Yes, Jerry, I shall proceed to go to it."

During the autumn term a dozen crews were practising on the harbor, and the 'varsity squad was in the formative stage. One of the coaches was kind enough to put Sung into the stern of a class shell which was training for a series of scratch races. It was soon demonstrated that here was an apt student of rowing. He picked up the theory of it as readily as he attacked mathematics, and his eye was quick to detect faults in the serried blades and the swinging bodies ranged in front of him. What counted even more in his favor was a fact which Jerry Altemus had overlooked. The young Chinese was accustomed to command, to speak with the voice of authority, to bend other men to his will. He was the son of his father, who ruled as an autocrat over millions of human souls. It was impossible that the lad should not have brought with him something of this atmosphere. He never swore or blustered as did the other coxswains, but when he gave an order he expected it to be obeyed, and it was.

The men in his boat respected his ability and were too manly to resent him because his eyes slanted and his skin was of a different hue from theirs. In the 'varsity shell, however, as tentatively selected from the veterans of previous years, there was a sentiment less friendly. It was stirred up by Watterson, the coxswain, a waspish little chap, who foresaw that his place might be endangered. Jealousy of Sung Wu Chen became bitter dislike, which was shared by the Number Six, a hulking, over-muscled giant named Dollibare. His temper was sulky, and the more the coaches hammered at him to mend his clumsy ways the less he liked rowing. He was tremendously powerful, however, and worth working over.

Watterson and Dollibare roomed together, for which reason they discussed their grievances more than was good for them. The coxswain spoke of Sung Wu Chen with contempt, and declared that things were rotten at Yale when a cocky little Chinaman was recognized as an equal and permitted to steer an eight. Dollibare, a big bully at heart, was for throwing the offender off the boat-house landing-stage and otherwise hazing him. They did nothing but talk, however, and cold weather and a frozen river soon put an end to rowing activities until the spring season.

Sung Wu Chen turned his attention to other forms of campus rivalry and won a place on the university debating team, besides climbing to the head of his class in the rating for scholarship honors. This was a source of tremendous pride and satisfaction to the lonely, austere governor of a remote Chinese province. He doubled the salary of Harvey Gray, his foreign adviser, as a reward for his share in his son's success, and, in phrases stately and ornate, conveyed the news to the Chinese minister in Washington, who was a kinsman of his. The minister invited Sung Wu Chen to spend a week-end with him and gave a dinner in his honor. At Sung's suggestion, Jerry Altemus and Bob Sedgwick, the 'varsity guard, were among the guests, and they met diplomatic notables of such high distinction that it made them quite dizzy.

"And the little rooster puts on no airs whatever," said Jerry to Bob as they discussed the affair. "He has a sound philosophy of life. Nothing like it. Stick

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

around him and you may acquire the rudiments of a genuine education."

"You said something then," was the careless reply. "And, what cuts more ice, I will bet you a box of cigars that he crowds Watterson out of the 'varsity shell and steers in the next Harvard race."

"I am ashamed of you again," severely returned Mr. Altemus. "Do you ever think of anything but athletics? Your development ceases at the neck. And you are base enough to bet on a sure thing."

Sedgwick was a shrewd prophet. During the winter the head coach of the crew met Sung in a social way and discovered that he took rowing seriously as a science, studying to master it as a problem in applied mechanics. This was a novelty, for coxswains were apt to be flighty young rascals. When the oarsmen were once more upon the water, in the blustering days of March, Sung was promoted to the third 'varsity shell. The spray froze on his cheek, but his black eyes danced with happiness and he envied not the pomp and power of his illustrious sire.

One afternoon, when the crews had been kept out late and twilight was falling, as he trotted up to the campus, muffled in sweaters, Sung descried a group of undergraduates in front of his dormitory entrance. There seemed to be some centre of attraction, and presently he perceived a singular figure seated upon the stone steps. It was clad in Chinese garments, the long blue coat, the baggy crimson breeches, the white cloth shoes, and the round black cap. These looked bizarre on the Yale campus, and Sung surmised that the man might be a messenger from the Chinese legation. As he drew near, however, and made his way through the curious group, his amazement was beyond words. In the failing light identification was difficult, but he thought he knew this man, and yet he refused to credit his eyesight. The singular apparition had sat crouching, with his hands tucked in his flowing sleeves, stolidly patient, but now he leaped to his feet and emitted a torrent of guttural sounds as harsh as the grinding of a coffee-mill.

Sung Wu Chen doubted no longer. The rude accents of the Shansi dialect smote his ears with welcome familiarity. His own voice broke with excitement as he hurled one question after another. The bystanders cheered, having no idea of what it was all about but delighted with the original performance. The chattering stranger was prostrating himself at the feet of Sung Wu Chen, almost fawning upon him like a dog that had found a long-lost master. He was a burly man of middle age, and during his two-hour vigil upon the stone steps the idling spectators had been wary of chaffing him, for his aspect was truculent and challenging.

Presently Sung Wu Chen uttered a peremptory command and the other meekly followed him into the hall and up the staircase. Once in his rooms, Sung locked the door against curious intrusion, and his retainer, Li Hwan, stood like one awaiting punishment. His master motioned him to a chair, but he tucked up his garments and seated himself upon the floor. The episode was absolutely incredible. It could have been no more so if this battered ruffian had come sailing down from the moon.

Evidently the heaven-born offspring of the glorified ruler of Shansi intended not to summon an American executioner at once, for his deified countenance was not black with wrath, wherefore the weary pilgrim from Cathay picked up heart, permitted a grin to bisect his unlovely features, and plucked a box of cigarettes from his sleeve. Sung Wu Chen renewed his wondering interrogations, and he was answered in a rambling sing-song delivered in a matter-of-fact manner, as though nothing extraordinary had been done.

"It was necessary," said Li Hwan. "Who was there to serve and protect you in this devil-begotten land of barbarians? I walked from Shansi to the sea. A thousand miles? A million? I know not. It was a long way, a journey of months. At Tientsin there was a smoke-boat. It carried me to Shanghai. There I found another smoke-boat, huge, monstrous, and filled with the population of many villages. After that the world was nothing but water, most uneasy water, and dreadful sickness took hold of me by the stomach and tormented my liver, and I died more deaths than could be counted. After that was a fire-wagon on a road of steel, crossing swiftly over mountains and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

great plains like those of Shansi, and cities whose buildings touched the sky."

"But all this explains nothing," broke in Sung Wu Chen. "The rattle of pebbles in an earthen pot! You couldn't speak English. You could never find New Haven alone. And, in the first place, the laws of this government forbade you to come. How did you trick the inspectors, the police, the magistrates? It is unheard of."

"I am here," was the irrefutable argument. "Perhaps at some time, when I was a bad man, there were favors done a certain high official in Peking. He may have had an enemy whose presence vexed him. Who can tell? In gratitude certain writings, sealed and properly prepared, may have been granted me."

"Proclaiming you as a scholar entitled to travel and study in this country?" demanded Sung. "You are a gifted liar. You paid gold to other Chinese to smuggle you in, as you once smuggled salt across our own province. If you have not the documents to show, this government will find you and send you back, with heavy penalty."

The unterrified Li Hwan tapped his blouse but refused to show what was hidden therein. There was, indeed, a crackle of paper, and Sung felt inclined to believe that the wily rogue had some sort of credentials. He refused to incriminate himself further, explaining, however, that the unsuspecting Harvey Gray had written down for him the address of New Haven and Yale College. This Li Hwan had employed a compradore's clerk at Tientsin to copy upon a piece of stout parchment which he had sewn to the lining of his blouse.

"And this was read by the men of the fire-wagons," commented Sung, "and they forwarded you from one place to another as bales are carried across the desert on camels. Have you any money left?"

"Only the value of a few strings of cash, even though I sold my youngest wife for a very fine price. I want nothing but a mat to sleep on and rice and dried fish to eat."

His master gazed at him in comical perplexity. There was to be no getting rid of him. As a pretended scholar sojourning in the United States, he vastly appealed to Sung's sense of humor. This masquerade was out of the question at Yale. He would explain the situation to the dean and ask permission to retain Li Hwan as a personal servant who should take care of his rooms, finding him lodgings among the Chinese laundrymen of New Haven.

The dean made an exception to the rules concerning valets and the like, but this by no means solved the problem. Li Hwan scornfully refused to consort with the pallid coolies from Canton, who spoke not his dialect and were despicable in the sight of a strong man from the north. He wriggled through a basement window of the dormitory and slept there a week until evicted by the janitor. At his wits' end, Sung leased a tiny bit of ground near the boat-house and erected a portable cottage of two rooms in which Li Hwan consented to live alone. He fished from the bridge when at leisure and watched the crews with absorbed interest. Never did Sung walk between the campus and the boat-house but Li Hwan flitted a block or two behind in his felt-soled shoes, vigilant, devoted, and ready to lay down his life.

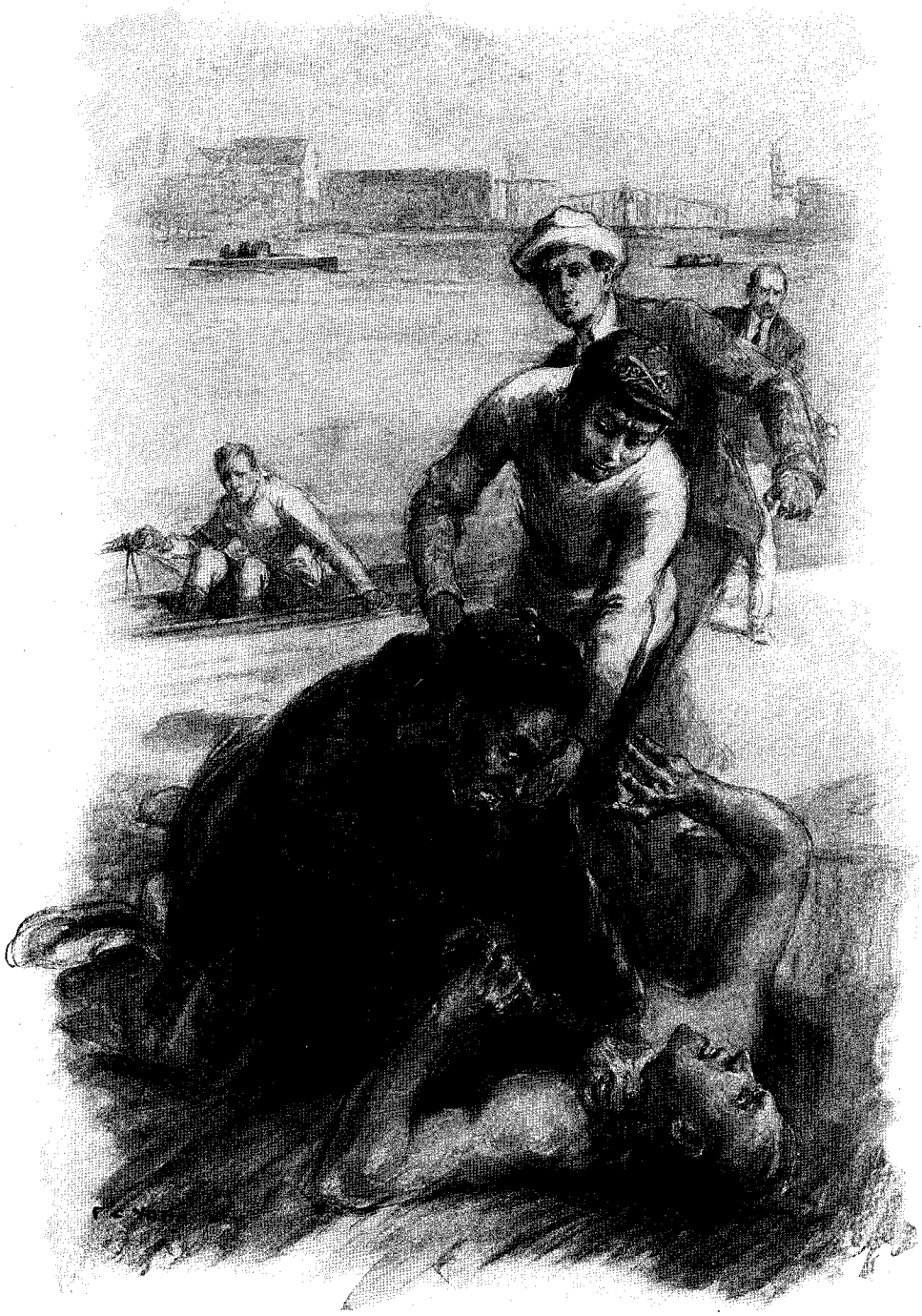
When the eights began to round into form and there were almost daily races of a mile or so for practise, this exotic follower could be seen scampering along the shore, his skirts flying, or perched at the end of a wharf. And when the crew of which Sung Wu Chen was coxswain swung into the lead, or nipped another eight in a driving spurt at the finish, there came over the water a shrill and prolonged "Hi-yi-yi-yi-yi."

In May Sung was given a trial in the 'varsity boat and the wrathful Watterson glowered from the landing-stage. The Chinese rival had been getting on his nerves. His temper was erratic and his steering faulty. He damned the men incessantly and they were tired of him, excepting Dollibare at Number Six. He was pulling in better form and seemed sure of the position, but the coaches doubted his courage in a tight pinch.

At the training-table, where there should have existed a comradeship close-knit and genial, these two were a jarring element. Dollibare swore he would never sit at the same table with Sung Wu Chen.

The sulky Number Six submitted, how-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

One quavering yell, and his windpipe was constricted by two corded brown hands whose grip was death.
—Page 710.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ever, when the coach concluded to drop Watterson from the squad and to replace him with the abler Chinese. The latter was icily courteous, and Dollibare was conscious of an inward reluctance to force the issue. His enmity found no allies among the crew, and he contented himself with nasty little flings, studied insults clumsily masked. In the eyes of Sung he was a boor of peasant stock who knew no better. American democracy was a fine ideal, but he discerned the caste marks of birth and breeding as unmistakably as among his own people.

This oarsmanship was more or less inscrutable to that devoted slave Li Hwan. He accepted it because his master chose to amuse himself in this peculiar fashion, but he could not comprehend why these young men did not hire coolies to perform the labor in their stead. He was loitering at the boat-house, scowling over this mystery, when Jerry Altemus and a chum came down to watch the crew go out. They attempted amiable conversation with him, and taught him the Yale cheer, and, to return the kindness, he fished a set of Chinese jack-stones from his raiment and found them apt pupils. Jerry could never overlook a chance to bet, and Li Hwan was a born gambler. The pastime became animated, therefore, with a clink of nickels and dimes.

Dollibare sprawled in the sun, stripped to the waist, the muscles knotted on his sunburned back and shoulders. Sung Wu Chen came down the runway to the landing-stage, moving at a trot, for the coach had called him to take two substitutes out in the pair-oared working-boat. With a laugh Dollibare flung out a hairy leg and neatly tripped the coxswain, who fell headlong and slid across the planking, his hands filled with splinters.

He was on his feet like a cat, saying not a word but wheeling to rush at the sneering Number Six, who overtopped him by a foot. Dollibare lazily reached out, not troubling himself to rise, caught Sung by one arm, pulled him down, and slapped his face. Before the others could intervene Li Hwan had dropped the jack-stones, hurdled clean over Jerry Altemus, and his crimson breeches seemed to be striding the air as he alighted squarely on top of young Mr. Dollibare. The latter turned white, uttered one quavering yell, and then his windpipe was constricted by two corded brown hands whose grip was death.

They were pried apart before his neck was broken. Sung bade his defender begone and violently cuffed his ears. Li Hwan grinned and vanished without a sound. Dollibare was unable to row for three days and the marks on his neck were as blue as India ink. His demeanor was chastened and he started suddenly at unaccustomed noises. He ignored Sung, who was at pains to wish him a pleasant good morning. It was the verdict of the campus, as voiced by Jerry Altemus, that Li Hwan should have been allowed to finish the job. Dollibare was not a popular man.

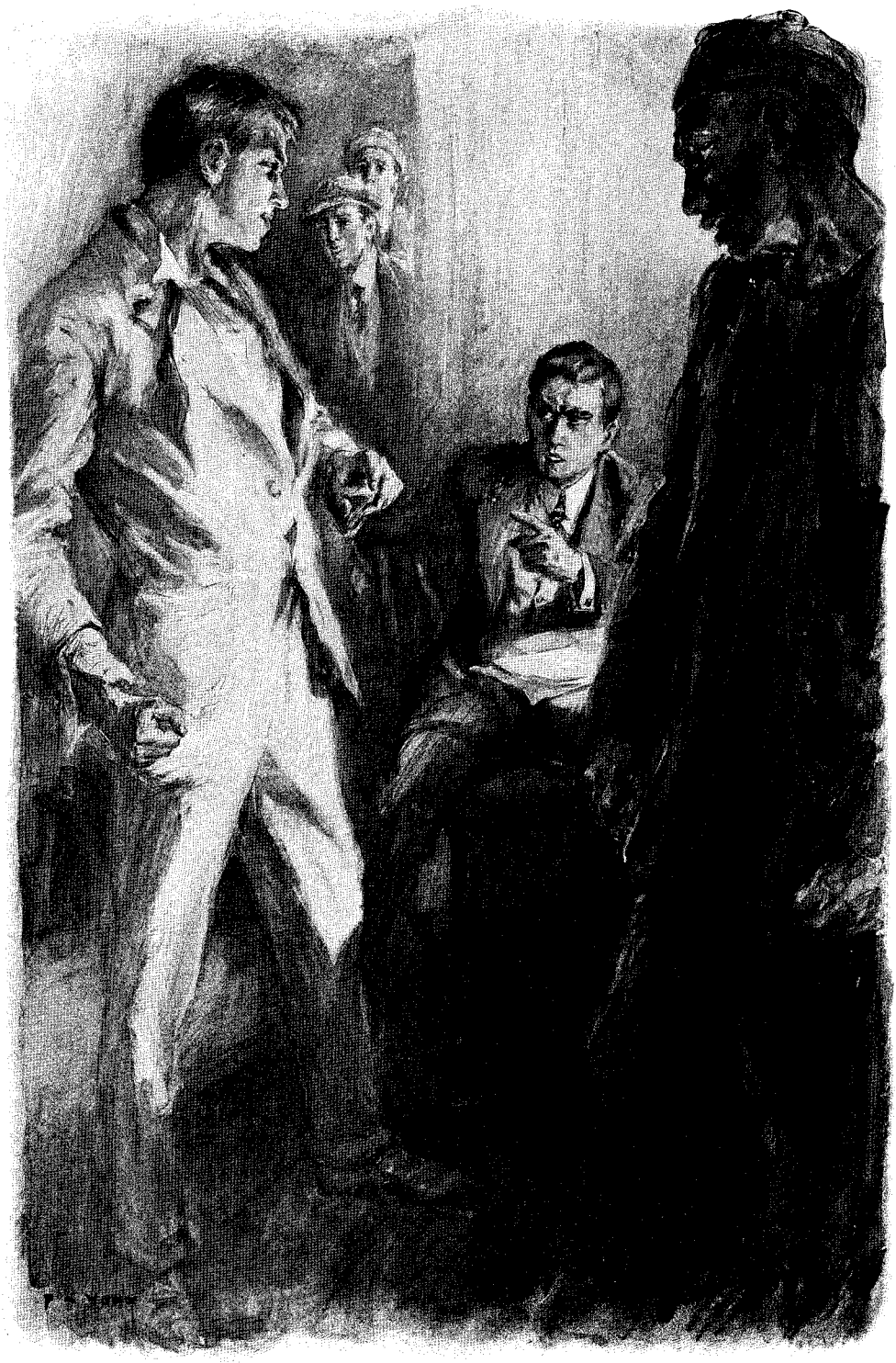
The crew went to New London early in June, and Sung sported the white flannels of a 'varsity oar with the embroidered blue letters on the pocket of the coat. The imperial decorations bestowed upon his father could not compare with this insignia. Li Hwan was in a tent behind the freshman quarters, and he bought him a flat-bottomed skiff and a pair of field-glasses, armed with which he followed after the crew and scanned the daily work with oracular gravity and abysmal ignorance.

Two days before the race with Harvard the coach took Sung over the four-mile course in a launch for final instruction in the marks, the current, the tide, and the channel. There was more eel-grass on the western side than usual, and it was important, if Yale should chance to draw this course, that the first two miles should be steered with cunning care, for the race was to be rowed down-stream.

"A cross wind will tend to set you over," cautioned the coach, "and if you once go wide of the flag and into the shoal water the drag of the grass will hold the boat back as sure as guns. At a mile and a half you swing out into the channel and then it is clear sailing. But, for heaven's sake, watch your boat and your marks over this stretch! It may mean winning or losing the race."

The coxswain nodded. He was the calmer of the two. He had been stealing out at daylight, in Li Hwan's skiff, to drift along the edge of the eel-grass at every stage of tide. Harvard and Yale appeared to be so evenly matched that neither could afford to sacrifice a single

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Acknowledge it as truth, or I shall not stop the hand of Li Hwan."—Page 716.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

foot of distance in the contest. Even Sung felt the strain and suspense, and on the last night at the Gales Ferry quarters he went to find Li Hwan. He wished to get away from the restless, absent-minded oarsmen, the forced gayety, the heavy silences. There was homely comfort in chatting with Li Hwan of their own adventures amid the red hills of Shansi, of hunting the leopard, and of cruises in high-pooped junks on turbid yellow rivers where the rocks snatched the bottom out before you could wink.

"What is your opinion of the Yale crew?" suddenly demanded Sung with a twinkle. "How many taels have you bet that we win the great combat with oars?"

"Fools and lunatics are these deluded young men, excepting your enlightened self," emphatically answered Li Hwan. "It is proper that you sit in the narrow boat and give them the commands. They are your servants. A bet? Yes, I have wagered my last tael with the cook of Harvard, who is a black man from Africa. It was in my mind to offer him money to put poison in the food of those boat-row madmen, but fear of your disfavor restrained me."

"I would have tossed you in the river to drown," Sung told him. "You believe Yale is strong and ready?"

"There is one man of these eight servants of yours who is not to my liking," the other gravely imparted. "I have known this pattern of man in our own Shansi. There was one in my youth, a village bully of huge size and strength and threatening words. The headmen and elders feared him. He had many followers of his own clan. They robbed strangers and looted shopkeepers of their wares. Alone I caught this terrible fellow and beat him until he wept for mercy like a woman. His heart was soft and rotten within his breast, like a melon too long in the sun."

"You speak of the one called Dollibare?" said Sung. "I feel contempt for him, but in the race he will pull with tremendous effort."

Li Hwan grunted dubiously and changed the subject. It was presumptuous of him to air his judgment in matters of which he knew nothing. Presently the captain of the crew shouted a summons and the coxswain went to join his comrades for a walk before bedtime. The place was early astir next morning, and all eyes sought the river whose surface lay unruffled beneath a cloudless sky. There was every promise of perfect conditions for the race. The oarsmen, who had dreaded postponement more than anything else, became cheerful, their nerves taut and ready now that the crisis was at hand. At length the whistle of the referee's launch sounded the fateful call, and the Yale shell moved at a leisurely pace toward the starting-point.

A small breeze began to ripple the water, at first in catspaws, then with a steady draft, and it blew athwart the course. Sung Wu Chen was anxious as he felt it increase, but he appeared unperturbed as he deftly manœuvred the shell into position on the eel-grass side of the course. The Harvard crew came tardily and there was a trying delay at the stake-boats. Along the wooded shore hard by trailed the observation-train, a riot of tumult and color, and the lower stretch of river was a wonderful panorama of pleasure craft.

The racking suspense of these final moments, the presence of this great multitude of spectators, seemed to affect the Number Six of the Yale boat in a singular manner. Beneath the tan his complexion had a grayish cast and his lips were bloodless. The coxswain had to speak to him several times before he paid heed. He resembled a victim of stage-fright. Only Sung Wu Chen, who sat facing him, was aware that Dollibare was in a state of funk. He appeared to master it, however, when the referee told the crews to get ready. An instant later the two shells shot away to a faultless start, and the eight men of Yale were rowing as one, with no apparent flaw at Number Six.

At the half-mile flag Harvard had dropped a length behind and was unmistakably the slower, less powerful crew. To those who could speak as experts it looked like a procession led by Yale. Sung Wu Chen, swaying in the stern, tensely clutching the tiller-ropes, yelled for a spurt, and his rudder drew farther ahead of Harvard's prow. A little beyond, however, and from the tail of his eye the coxswain perceived that his own crew was very slowly dropping back. Unable to credit it for a moment, he shouted again, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Yale stroke-oar swung up quicker and harder, while the others followed the cadenced beat that he set for them.

This effort was futile, for the rival eight crept nearer and was closing the gap. Sung Wu Chen gazed ahead at the next flag which marked his course and discerned that he was a trifle too far to the westward. Mindful of the cross wind, he had been making allowance for a possible drift, but the shell seemed to be sagging off toward the shore in spite of his efforts to hold it straight. He ceased to think of Harvard and was concerned only with keeping his boat safely clear of the shoaler water and the dangerous eel-grass. Once he glanced over his shoulder and the figures in the bow of the coaching launch that churned in the wake of the race were wildly waving their arms at him.

The slender nose of the shell persisted in veering away from the flag, and the straining rudder could not hold it straight. The wind was not heavy enough to account for this. The coxswain scanned his men for signs of weakening. The wet blades rose and flashed and fell in unison, and the bare, brown shoulders moved like a machine to the long heave of the catch. A second glance at Number Six and Sung realized that Dollibare was little better than a passenger. He went through the motions of the stroke with automatic precision, as his big body had been drilled to perform them, but he was like one in a trance, with mind benumbed and nervous energy deadened. This the sagacious coxswain read in his face. Thus had cowardly fear written itself upon the countenances of men led forth to die, as the son of the governor had beheld them in far-distant Shansi. Of a truth, the heart of this Dollibare had turned to water. Frantically the coxswain exhorted him, raked and blistered him with insults, hoping to goad him into action, to shame him into a very fury of endeavor, but the craven Number Six could not respond.

Three men on the starboard side of the shell were really rowing against four on the port. Add to this disparity the pressure of the breeze and it was impossible for the rudder to keep the course true. Yale was edging away from the channel, steadily drawing closer to the margin of the eel-grass, and Harvard as steadily pulled up abreast and began to lead. Soon Sung Wu Chen could feel the drag beneath the keel, as though invisible hands had grasped the boat to hold it back. The blades of the oars splashed and failed to get the solid grip of deeper water. The crew appeared to flounder. There was angry, gasping outcry from stroke to bow, begging the coxswain for God's sake to get out of the grass and give them a chance.

There was a full half-mile of this nightmare, and then the hapless shell shot clear and veered into the wide reach where the full tide swept toward the sea and scoured the channel clean. For Yale it was no longer a boat-race but a tragedy. Six lengths behind at the navy-yard, it seemed useless to endure the weary grind of two miles more. Ten thousand disgusted partisans, afloat and ashore, blamed it all to the Chinese coxswain who had thrown the race away. He himself knew better and also knew that he was to be the scapegoat.

Seven men, bitterly desperate and profoundly courageous, in the splendid folly of youth believing that theirs is an affair of life and death, are never beaten this side of the finish line. They set out to make a stern chase of it, not two miles of hard rowing, but one continuous spurt, every stroke pulled as though it were the last one. It was a feat such as makes college sport nobly worth while.

Their ardor was so like a flame that it even scorched the soul of Dollibare and he came out of his panic-born stupor. He was no longer the mere semblance of an oarsman. The blade buckled to the lift of his mighty back and his hairy legs drove the finish home like twin pistons. The coxswain steered as straight as an arrow and the balanced stride of the shell resembled the harmony of music. They could not win, the odds against them were too great, but in two heart-breaking miles they regained five of the lost boat-lengths, and their quivering shell was lapping the Harvard stern as they drove past the final flag. It was a defeat and yet an intrinsic victory.

This the multitude could not comprehend. They honored the men who had so nearly won, but, nevertheless, it was Harvard's race, and the crimson banners

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flaunted while the blue flags drooped. A blundering coxswain had brought disaster to an eight which could not have been beaten otherwise. This was the verdict of the crowd. There was a rush to the shore when the exhausted Yale oarsmen clambered from their shell into the launch, and louder than the cheers for their pluck was the angry denunciation of Sung Wu Chen. The fact that he was of an alien race intensified the feeling.

While the launch steamed up-river to the quarters he sat apart from his comrades, immobile as an image of old ivory. They had no word of blame. He had done his best, they said, and the wind had tricked him. The coxswain was aware, however, that in their opinion he alone was responsible. Every man of seven of them had been too intent upon his own tremendous task to read the soul of Dollibare and find him culpable. It was forbidden to Sung Wu Chen to reveal the truth and shift the guilt. Even should he stoop so low as to be a tale-bearer, Dollibare would deny the charge and there was no manner of proof. The coxswain made haste to leave the quarters nor tarried to say farewell. Li Hwan waited with the skiff and rowed him across the river to find a train.

They went straightway to New Haven, avoiding friends, shunning the crowd. Li Hwan asked no questions and made no comments. He had beheld the race and its aftermath, and clearly comprehended the significance of this misfortune. In the sight of a vast number of barbarians his ineffably illustrious lord *had lost face*. It was the supreme catastrophe that could have befallen. His base-born slave dared offer no sympathy. It was his duty to await commands. The demeanor of Li Hwan was no more swaggering. He appeared crushed and dazed. Sung Wu Chen busied himself in his rooms, dragging a trunk from the closet, while his servant dumbly waited in the hall.

The door opened and Sung beckoned. Li Hwan stood with bowed head, his hands in his sleeves, his beady eyes furtively watching every change of expression on his master's face. It was needless to discuss or even mention the significance of what had occurred. At a word Li Hwan began to pack clothing while Sung emptied the desk and threw most of the contents into the fireplace. The books and furnishings he left untouched, removing only such property as was peculiarly personal. What he was about to do should be performed elsewhere than in this college dormitory where dwelt his best friends. In this hour modernity was a veneer and he belonged with the China of his fathers. It was not meet that he should risk vexing the *fung-shui*, the spirits of wind and water, and so disturb the fortunes of this building.

Late in the evening he was ready to quit his campus lodgings. Li Hwan went with him to the pretentious hotel beyond Chapel Street, where he asked the clerk for a suite, as befitting his rank, for he was no longer a Yale sophomore but the only son of the governor of Shansi. Before writing certain necessary letters he vouchsafed an explanation to the servant, whose stalwart body was trembling.

"His Excellency, the Chinese minister, will come from Washington to arrange all matters in the proper manner. You will wait for him, Li, and he will send you to our home in safety and comfort. To my father, the *Tsungtuh* and dispenser of shining wisdom in the city of Taiyuen Fu, you will bear my message which I shall write to-night and wrap in silk."

Timidly Li Hwan ventured to inquire, his posture reverential: "There is no other way? I am a man without brains and unable to understand this boat-rowing, but is it not the truth that this misfortune was no fault of thine?"

"It was no fault of mine," agreed Sung Wu Chen, willing to confide this much in one who was of his own people. "There was a wind, but not enough to account for —for what happened to-day on the river in the presence of a vast assemblage."

A long silence, and then Li Hwan shifted uneasily but kept his thoughts to himself. Notwithstanding Sung's gesture of dismissal, he lingered as though awaiting some word of farewell. At length he burst out with startling vehemence:

"The thing must have been done by one man. His ancestors were village dogs and he is unfit for the company of scavengers. Did I not revile him when we spoke together in the evening of yesterday?"

"Number Six?" murmured the coxswain with a shrug. "The mighty Dollibare? It is foolish to revile. They who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

respect themselves will be honored, says the Chinese proverb which you learned at school. You will find me here in the morning, Li Hwan. I have matters to attend to. Go at once."

The retainer prostrated himself, his forehead touching the floor in the kowtow due one of exalted station. It was rather a tribute than a ceremonial. Then he stole from the room and softly closed the door. Sung Wu Chen sighed and began to compose the letter to his father, using a brush to draw the characters with beautiful art, the phrases polished with deliberate care. He quoted the praiseworthy example of Admiral Ting, who had taken his own life sooner than endure the disgrace of defeat in the harbor of Wei-hai-Wei. In the sight of the great university of Yale and of its scholars and friends throughout the land, he, Sung Wu Chen, had committed an unpardonable offense and dragged its banner in the dust of humiliation. It was no other sage than Mencius who had written: "Although I love life, there is that which I love more than life."

When this filial task was finished the son of the governor poured out his heart in English to Harvey Gray, his old comrade and tutor, telling him the facts in detail and begging his forgiveness, with the injunction to try to make the father comprehend how and why the race was lost. Having despatched the remaining business, the coxswain meditated, his gaze drawn to the small automatic pistol on the table before him. In such a situation as this many eminent Chinese had swallowed gold as the traditional manner of honorable suicide, among them the Emperor Ts'ung-cheng. It was regrettable, reflected Sung, that he knew not how to prepare this draft.

The hour was past midnight. There was nothing more to be done. His affairs were in order. A knocking at the door, and he turned angrily in his chair but made no response. A tattoo of impatient knuckles and he still kept silent. A fist banged the panels. A moment later the door flew from its hinges with a splintering crash and Li Hwan tumbled into the room. Bounding to his feet, he wheeled and dragged in after him a tall, heavily built young man in the white flannels of the 'varsity crew. His face, pallid beneath the tan, was bruised and scratched, his coat torn. He breathed with difficulty, as though exhausted, and his manner was stupefied like one deprived of volition.

From his chair Sung Wu Chen gazed at the hapless Dollibare and perceived that he was in the grip of that same panic fright which had paralyzed his will in the first two miles of the race. He was trying to speak in a faltering voice, but Li Hwan declaimed in accents ferocious:

"Let him be dumb until I have said my say. He came willingly after I had caught and mastered him. Through this huge hotel he marched at my heels, knowing that death was in my two hands."

It was the unregenerate Li Hwan that thundered this, the man of brawls and forays, who may have once worn the red sash of a Boxer and screamed destruction to all foreigners in the streets of Taiyuen Fu. Sung spoke sharply and he subsided, permitting Dollibare to stammer:

"This d-damned murderer was laying for me. He must have followed me across the campus. I was turning on the lights in my room when he jumped on my back. What's it all about?"

"One guess should be enough," replied Sung Wu Chen, his intonations precise. "My servant is not as great a fool as he looks. He tamed you, eh, Dollibare? You did not call out for the police? You came as if you were tied on a string?"

"He would have stuck a knife into me if I hadn't. I had no choice."

Li Hwan glared so frightfully that the poltroon dodged and raised his arm. It had been the amiable purpose of the captor to extort a confession by means of a knotted cord about the temples or something of the sort, but Sung Wu Chen was wiser and he saw that nothing more was needed to achieve the end desired. Physical cowardice had utterly broken Dollibare, who believed that the barbarous Li Hwan would not hesitate to slay him where he stood.

"You will not deny that you failed to pull your share in the race?" smoothly queried Sung. "You know this was why I could not steer the boat away from the eel-grass?"

The culprit tried miserably to exculpate himself, explaining in a rush of words:

"I didn't realize it at the time, old man, but I'm afraid I didn't get much

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

power on my oar. It was an extraordinary feeling. I meant to talk it over with you, but you slipped away from the quarters in a hurry, and—well, it may have had something to do with your getting in trouble on the first half of the course. But what about this infernal heathen of yours—the way he treated me?—you are responsible for him."

"I swear to you, Dollibare, that I never expected to see him again," was the earnest affirmation. "Yes, he would not hesitate to kill you, because, in his heathen code, you forfeited your right to live. Let us not leave this matter half-way. You did not pull even a pound because your soul had turned yellow and sick with fear. Acknowledge it as truth or, by God, I shall not stop the hand of Li Hwan."

Dollibare nodded assent against his will. He felt amazed at his own helplessness. The actors were so absorbed that they failed to observe the approach of two young men who halted at the doorway and stared at the tableau. It held them curiously intent for a moment. Then the shrewd, self-possessed Jerry Altemus observed with a smile:

"Pardon us, Sung, if we seem to intrude. Sedgwick and I have been raking the campus to find you. We blew in on a late train from New London, and it occurred to us that you needed cheering up a whole lot."

"Sure thing. Never say die, old top," chimed in the other visitor. "Just by luck we drifted into this joint, and the clerk said you had chartered rooms. What's the answer? It's never too late to eat. Come along, and we'll make you forget it over a few mugs of ale."

Bob Sedgwick looked questioningly at Dollibare, who seemed oblivious of their presence. Young Mr. Altemus studied the bruised cheek and let his glance rove to the bellicose figure of Li Hwan. The latter sidled past the table and slid the pistol into his sleeve with the skill of a juggler.

"Can I help you in any way?" drawled Jerry. "I'm afraid we broke into something."

"Dollibare can tell you what it is," said Sung Wu Chen. "He has just confessed that he lost the race for us."

"The deuce he has!" cried Bob Sedgwick. "Then that lets you out. Wow, but that sounds good to me."

"It does not let me out," gently protested the coxswain. "How can it save my face? The newspapers will publish it all over America that I am guilty."

Jerry Altemus doffed his languid demeanor and was all fire and action in an instant. He, too, was the son of a great man, who ruled a railroad system instead of a province, and he also was a chip of the old block.

"Write it out, quick, and make Dollibare sign his name to it," he volleyed at Sung. "Brief and to the point. I'll be getting the New York office of the Associated Press on the 'phone. They will know who I am. My dad owns a newspaper or two on the side and controls an A. P. franchise. This will save time. Hustle down to the local office, Bob, and tell 'em you can verify it if they shoot a query back from New York. We'll get it into the city editions all over the country. It's sensational stuff."

"And can it be sent by cable to China?" wistfully demanded the coxswain, who was rather stunned by this happy climax.

"You bet. I'll see to that," returned the impetuous Jerry as he flew across the room to the telephone. Bob Sedgwick, about to dash for an elevator, paused to say:

"You took this pretty seriously, Sung. By Jove, I believe you had made up your mind to leave college!"

"Yes. I had said good-by to Yale," was the calm reply. "Now I have decided to stay. Thank you, my best of friends."

The luckless Dollibare, compelled like a puppet to do the bidding of others, was heard to remark:

"This means that *I* leave college. Publish this in the papers and I am queered absolutely."

"There are other colleges, where they have no eight-oared crews," blandly suggested Jerry Altemus.

Li Hwan begged for enlightenment, receiving which his rugged features were illumined with wonderful, affectionate gladness, and he grunted as he moved toward the door:

"A business for madmen is this boat-rowing, but no matter. It is well that I came from Shansi to protect my heaven-born master, for his honor is saved and he has not lost face. *Lah, lah, lah—lah, lah, lah. YALE.*"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BY-WAYS IN HAWAII

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

WE were always weaving a shuttle's path back and forth from Honolulu to other islands, ports, and places. Indeed, it was outside Honolulu that our most exotic adventures came to us. There can be no coherence in the tale of them, for our most careful plans were sometimes frustrated, and the best things often came to us by mere brute luck. Moreover, it is a traveller's platitude that you never can tell beforehand, or take another person's word: it is not always the star in Baedeker that guides you to the hallowed spot. So it was, as ever, in Hawaii. Follows the disconnected tale.

I had had, privately, a prejudice against Kilauea; why, I do not know. There is a great choice in the works of God; and I was not at all sure that I should rejoice in the volcano. It is a nasty sail from Honolulu to Hilo on Hawaii; besides, there were a vast number of tourists profiting by the *Matsonia's* trip to go. It is the conventional thing to take, for this purpose, three days out of a week's stay. But all arrangements had been delightfully and inexorably made for us; and we had scarcely been two days in Honolulu before we packed our suit-cases for Hawaii.

It is better to go to Hilo than to come away from it—in every sense. The worst part of the trip, then, comes when you are safe in your berth; during the first hours you are usually under the lee of some island. It is better, too, to travel in an ocean-going steamer than in an Inter-Island boat, for the bigger steamer makes lighter work of the choppy inter-island channels. I may candidly say that the run from Honolulu to Hilo on the *Matsonia* was the only poetic experience I have ever had at sea: a full moon, a quiet ocean, and the shifting panorama of the six islands (for Kauai and Niihau lie off in the other direction, to the northwest) as you thread your way among them. Scarcely have you dropped Koko Head in the sunset before you lift the low-lying barrenness of westward Molokai, brown-glimmering under the moon. One light midway of the island shows you Kaunakakai; and a scant ten miles across from there the tragic promontory points a frail wedge into the foaming Pacific. Later we visited windward Molokai, and trod the grassy "streets" of Kalaupapa, all in the celestial light of an August morning; but at that time we did not know whether we should ever be nearer to the scene of Damien's martyrdom than we were in the July moonlight, slipping past Kaunakakai. It seemed a very miracle to be only a dozen miles away, as the crow flies, from that lone settlement of shuddering connotation. There was dancing on the deck, under the bright lamps; and no one besides ourselves, I dare say, was thinking of Kalaupapa. Neither *kamaaina* (old-timer) nor *malihini* (newcomer) is supposed to think of it; it is excessively bad form, in Hawaii, to think of it. Lanai soon appeared to starboard, virtually lightless; and then for a long time we were under the lee of Maui, the bright lights of Lahaina having beckoned us in vain. Little Molokini one could almost have swung oneself into from the deck-rail. It is the mere tip of a crater, lifting its hollowed summit above the waves, looking more like a tiny atoll than anything volcanic. We passed between it and Kahoolawe—an island about sixty-nine square miles in extent, humanly inhabited at the present time by one old Jap, who seems to be the only person capable of enduring that solitude without going mad. Just why Kahoolawe has to have a caretaker I do not know, but apparently it does; and that is Kahoolawe's distinction. Finally, even East Maui dropped to stern; we were in the Hawaii channel, and it was past midnight. The dancing had stopped; the *ukuleles*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were dumb; those people who had insisted on seeing the Southern Cross had got it pointed out to them, in spite of the fact that it was not there; and every one—we last of all—went to bed. Early in the morning we were off Hilo, beside the rusting bulk of an interned German tramp, and a sophisticated motor-launch was taking people off in relays.

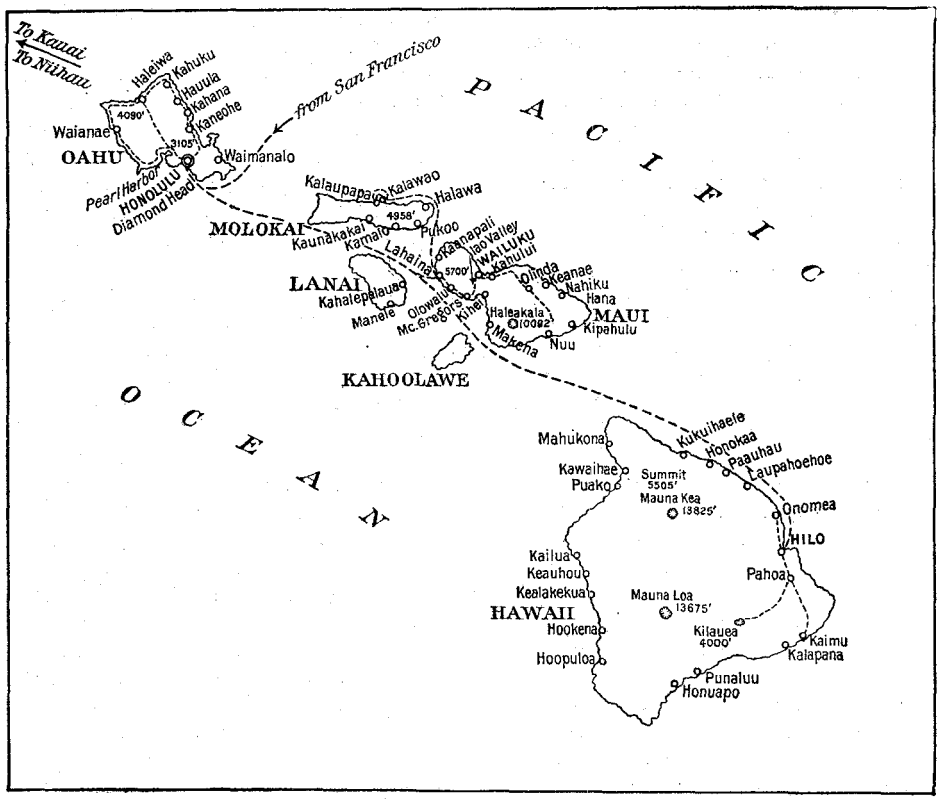
Every one was hotfoot for the volcano, and there were hardly motor-cars enough to go round. We waited a little in Hilo for ours to return from the Volcano House—thirty-six miles away. Meanwhile, in another car, with a Japanese chauffeur, we sought out some of the natural wonders of the immediate vicinity. It was a wild and fruitless morning; unreal and scarce in retrospect to be believed in. I feel sure that we have seen Rainbow Falls and the Boiling Pots; for I know intimately now, for all time, the stifling heat of the path through the sugar-cane. There is nothing hotter in the world than that sweating shade, with the cane clipping you on either side; a *calidarium* with always a possible scorpion or centipede under foot. A narrow trail through high cane seems to lie straight along the Equator. You are glad to emerge again into the coolness of the noonday sun.

Apparently we could not let well enough alone; for we went on, by an abominably muddy road, to a down-at-heel sugar village. Our Jap was confident, of course—so confident that he turned the big car in a slough at the end of a frowsy lane, and ran the hind wheels down a lush bank above a stream. Only some six miles out of Hilo, we were at the world's end. Twenty feet above us a Filipino flume-tender waved a condescending hand, signalling that he could not leave his flume. Women and children peeped out of knot-hole windows in their very dirty barracks; but neither their shock heads nor their shyness could help us. Moreover, among Americans, Filipinos, and one ardent Jap, there was very little Hawaiian to be collected, and Hawaiian would have been the only chance of a common tongue. A great deal of gesturing and shouting on the part of the Olympian flume-tender brought out some straggling male Filipinos. They changed their rags for worse rags—any eye could see that it was going to be a dirty job—fetched stones from the stream and wooden joists from heaven knows where, and set to work. The flume-tender bossed from his height until he could bear it no more; then descended, leaving the cane to pile up, if it liked, at the curve of the flume. But nothing availed. The wheels would whir, then sink back. Suddenly a cheer went up for a new arrival—a Chinaman appeared in the frowsy lane driving a Ford. Another language was added to the confusion; but our chauffeur proudly produced a rope, and the Chinaman, being—he, too—a motorist, understood. We waited confidently for the Ford to pull the car out of the mud. But we had not reckoned with Japanese optimism. The Ford did its best, but the chauffeur's rope was rotten and broke in the middle. More Filipinos arrived; a few children ventured out of the slummy barracks to stare; the flume-tender clean forgot his flume; Oriental eloquence thickened the air; and at last, by some superhuman heaving of brown breasts and shoulders, the trick was done. Our car was once more safe in the lane. The Chinaman, in his Ford, disappeared somewhere, gracious, imperturbable, and superior to the end; making us feel as if we had somehow undergone a diplomatic defeat at the hands of Yüan Shih-K'ai. Our Japanese chauffeur seemed our ineffectual brother-in-blood. Money was distributed; there was long cheering; and the flume-tender reappeared on his perch as if he had never condescended to leave it.

We had the unplanned-for luck to stay four days in and about Hilo; and Hilo was to me the supreme experience on Hawaii. After all our wanderings my heart is still there. I think I know the reason, though our beloved *kamaainas* could not understand it. Hilo, it should be admitted, has nearly the highest rainfall in the world, and that is enough to damn it in the eyes of those who live where they appear to control the weather, so admirably adapted to life it is. They also consider Hilo hot; but of course these tropic folk know nothing about heat. They are used to perfection in the way of climate, and they are ignorant of the rigors of the temperate zone. It rained in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hilo while we were there, but not excessively—just enough to give us an excuse, now and then, for sitting on our porch and watching the ladies of Hilo fend off the rain with paper umbrellas. Either from the mountains or the sea there is nearly always a breeze; except for one night "east of Suez." Various tropic seas, like the Caribbean, do not belong to it. You can see that that is not really a hemisphere; and that it has no more ethnographic than geographic coherence. Soerabaya, Singapore, Raratonga, Dakar, Tunis, Antananarivo, Hong-Kong, and



Map showing travel routes among the Hawaiian Islands.

(in their hottest season) we slept under blankets.

My own reason for loving Hilo was something deeper than this, however. It seemed to be a distinguished port of that imaginary hemisphere which has come to outweigh the other in charm. Imaginary, because it corresponds to nothing on the charts; indeed is not, strictly speaking, a hemisphere at all. It includes all of Africa except Egypt, all of the South Seas, and most of Asia east of Bombay. The Indian Ocean and the South Pacific wash its shores. It excludes Europe, the two Americas, and everything north of the fortieth parallel. It is not even wholly Sydney are all important places therein. Many people have sung of it, but Conrad is its laureate. I recognized immediately that I loved Hilo because Hilo was unquestionably of it. So, too, are other places in the Islands; but the hotel at Hilo gives the last authentic touch. If "Marlow" is ever fortunate enough to stay there, he will linger until, gazing at the big caoutchouc in the garden, he has told us some five hundred pages of vivid history. Ever and anon I looked for the dim light of his cigar.

Hilo is a quiet town: there are no trolley-cars as yet, and the dampness of the climate makes you see and hear every-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing through a gorgeous mist of tropical vegetation. Here are the most enormous poincianas and monkey-pods, the thickest forests of breadfruit and bananas, and here the palms shoulder highest into the sky. In the court-house grounds at Hilo the royal and coco-palms stand side by side like wedded creatures, male and female of a stately genus; the royal palm topping perceptibly—in some neck-craning, vertical distance—his spouse. Hilo is girt about by sounds of flowing water; and even when the sun is brightest, the clouds are impenetrable round the fourteen-thousand-foot summit of Mauna Kea. You can stand, in mid-Hilo, on one of the bridges over the Wailuku River and watch the native children dive, feet first, into the pool, their long hair standing horizontally off their heads. We stopped to watch, one brilliant morning, and they, perceiving us, came farther down the gorge to dive where the *haoles*—the white folk—could see them better. They were inaccessible to us, unless we had walked a half-mile round to the top of the gorge; we could not so much as throw a coin to them. They moved out of the background into the middle distance for sheer amiability and tact. One boy sat at the top of the fall and coasted down the serpentine rock-flume with the impetuous torrent—feet out, at his ease, letting the sinuous rush of water bear him up on its solid wave. Over and over he did it, with the regularity and grace of a natural phenomenon; each time reappearing out of the deep pool into which he had been flung, to clamber up the wall of the gorge —*e da capo*. Why he was not cut to pieces on the rocks only the Kanaka and his water-gods know.

How we lost ourselves happily in tiny Hilo, emerging ever upon the ocean; how we watched the fishermen send their great nets, in one masterly throw, to settle in a huge, perfect circle on the water; how we nearly, in a briny little shop, bought a yellow fisherman's coat, simply because I would rather buy something I do not want from a Chinaman than something I do from any one else; how we learned to know the fringy, palm-silhouette of Cocoanut Island authentically from any angle—these memories must not be dwelt on, diary-fashion. Much as we should have liked to dwell in Hilo forever, fed with strange fruits, sung to sleep by strange trees, and ministered to by Japanese boys whose smiles implied that we were *samurai*, we could not do it. We were always, in those few days, leaving it for some *hinterland* and coming back to our cottage-porch for perfect refreshment. Always there was the sense of being at the heart of a Conrad novel; only, as in Conrad, those nameless, white-clad gentlemen-adventurers, and those beautiful, inarticulate natives were living in a drama to which the mere traveller had no clue. In the next street, with its madly mixed population, anything might be happening; a few miles back of us, in the tropical forest, the great tree-ferns might be making a living sanctuary for the indiscreet. Incredible that there should not be there, under our hands, the stuff of *Victory* or *Falk!* But we were the faithful Rechabites: we could not stay.

Of the volcano of Kilauea who shall speak? Approach it as cynically as you like, you will be startled from your indifference. It will be strange if you do not feel, looking down into that pit, many comfortable veils stripped off your swathed mind. A naked human emotion is a great and terrible thing to encounter; sometimes a thing to turn one's face from. But this is even more appalling. You may clutch, first-off, at the easy metaphor of hell. Kilauea is not like hell—it is worse. Worse, because there is no moral significance in it, to knit our souls to such a spectacle. Dante's eighth circle, with its *barattieri* sunk in boiling pitch, was part of a mighty plan; a physical result of moral facts; comprehensible, its very hideousness dependent on the historic three-score-years-and-ten of mortal life. You can avoid hell by being good; and even if you descend into it, you will have human company. But this has nothing to do with vice or virtue; it makes naught of moral values. You squat on that rim and stare seven hundred feet down into Halemaumau—the inner pit of Kilauea —and history is superseded. The sulphur stench blows up now and then like a great wave and drives you gasping from the brink. You wander about the lava-bed for a little (you could wander on that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kaliliwai, Kauai.

From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

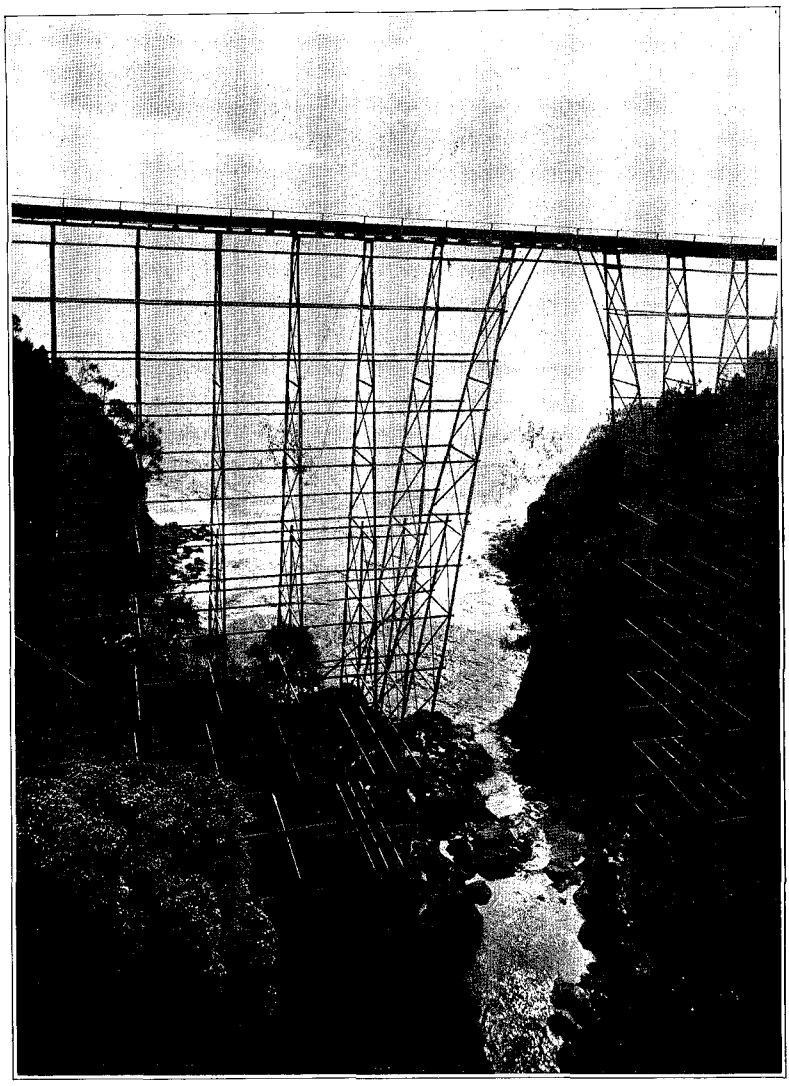
same lava-bed for miles, if you chose) and then return. The simple fact of Halemaumau is a pit, some twenty acres in extent, that seethes and boils incessantly. Every few moments an acre of solid lava rises up out of the caldron, is sucked back into the scarlet waves, and molten again before your eyes. In another corner of the pit a fiery fountain bursts like a great geyser. The worst of it is that you can *hear* it: the pot seethes and boils and groans in your very ears, for all the seven hundred feet between you and it. And if you cared to make a misstep, you could bound, from little ledge to little ledge, straight into the mutter and flame of it. I leave you to imagine the spectacle of Kilauea when the sudden tropic night has fallen on the vast crater of which Halemaumau is only the deepest pocket. The vague geologic visions of the layman do not lag behind. *This* goes on, one reflects, beneath us, to the very core of the planet; and the end of it is mere dying like the moon. Yes, geology *is* worse than theology. . . . "Are you going to write us a little story about the volcano?" a cheerful reporter telephoned to ask, after we had returned to Honolulu; and when I refused, the only reward of my decency was a headline: "Mrs. Gerould Refuses to Boom Volcano." It still shocks me a little to think of booming Kilauea; but I will indorse anything the Promotion Committee cares to say about it.

We wanted, not strangely, to see Hawaiian life in some remote and untouched corner, and the *kamaainas* sent us to Kalapana. A chauffeur was chosen for us (an Island-born Norwegian) who could speak Hawaiian, and we were recommended to him as *malihinis*. It is a longish run through the forest of *ohia* and *koa* and wild banana and tree-fern. We took luncheon with us, but supplemented it with fresh mangoes from the *pake* store in Pahoa. Just outside Pahoa we passed by the lumber-mill, skirting great heaps of *ohia* ties for the Santa Fé railroad. Then we broke definitely with civilization. In mid-forest we stopped to eat; leaving room at the side of the road for the scant Sunday traffic to pass us. Odd traffic indeed; for what tourist goes to Kaimu or Kalapana? Hawaiians (with a Portuguese strain?) on donkeys, wearing sombreros and looking for all the world like kindly Mexicans (if there be any kindly Mexicans!)—sitting, guitar on hip, and smiling broadly as the little cavalcade piled up in the narrow defile, which was all our huge car left of the right of way; a Chinaman, weighed down by his broad panniers, pattering for miles along the road—we kept picking him up and passing him all the way from Pahoa, until finally he disappeared down an unnamed path into the very jungle; women and children in white *holokus*, astride of their unpedigreed mounts, bound for some surfeit of *poi* and fish with relatives at the back of beyond: all this fading gradually into utter loneliness as we approached the sea. Patches of dry taro would suddenly spring into view, making your eyes search swiftly for the grass house that could scarce be found among the foliage. There was, besides, the wonder that the tropic jungle always arouses, that it should be so lush and yet so barren of aspect. Nature is no landscape gardener, and in that unchanging clime it is always both spring and autumn. The tree-fern, thirty feet high, is encumbered with decaying brown stalks; the ghosts of *ohia* trees rise among their living kin, stripped to the bone by the *ie-ie* vine, which embraces and then kills. Bamboo clumps that are like little banyans crowd out their neighbors and dance upon the tangle underfoot. Vegetable life is as cheap here as human life in the slums. The idle jungle takes a long time to bury its dead; nature is a beautiful slattern, and earth very careless of the pieties.

We had left good roads behind us at Pahoa, and we nearly tore the car to pieces getting into Kaimu. A line of native houses fronts the sea; between the road and the surf are thick groves of cocopalms, rooted deep in the sands of the beach. Little black pigs play tag around your legs, and the infants of Kaimu run out, not to chide the pigs but to stare. There is no purer color in the world than this: the green palms fringing the brilliant blue ocean; the big Pacific surf breaking white and clamorous on coal-black volcanic sands. You scarcely need

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a red *holoku* in the middle distance, or the sea-washed gray of the outrigger canoes on the shore. And, a mile beyond, Kalapana—desolate beyond emptiness, little gray houses set round a treeless open common, with a little shut church in one corner. What reminiscence of New England village greens is there, we wondered. Life has ebbed long since from Kalapana, and it seems to have kept, of tradition, only that bequeathed bleakness; as if nearly a hundred years ago it had passionately imitated the exotic North and then died. In 1825 Kaimu and Kalapana were populous towns with potent chiefs. Both are tiny remnants now; but Kaimu has at least kept its tropical heritage. Kalapana has been blown upon by strong winds, and washed clean of color; it has a Puritan cast, and that Sunday afternoon felt like a Puritan Sabbath. No one crossed the common, or peered out of the little houses.



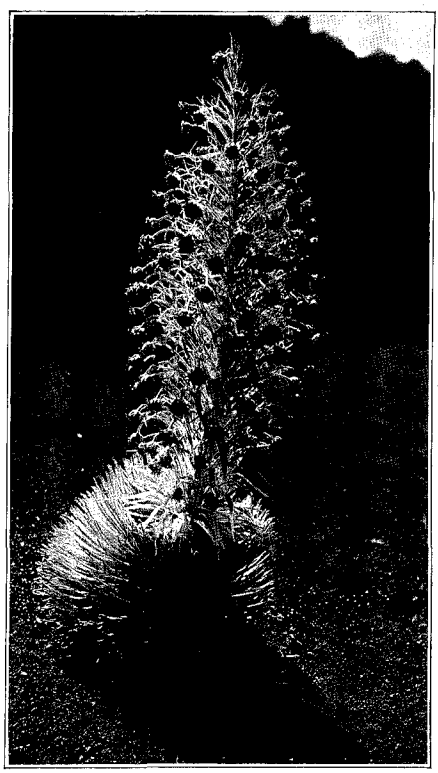
From a photograph by F. W. Perkins.

Cane flume on Hawaii.

Yet as soon as we had passed beyond

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the village centre and come to the *pake* store, we knew we were in Hawaii and not in Massachusetts Bay Colony. An automobile stood before the *pake* store, and it was filled with Hawaiians: grave elders sitting in the tonneau, children packed on the steps and the engine, and some one solemnly holding the wheel. We were bound for a Cave of Refuge half a mile off, and when we returned from our disheartening scramble over rocky ridges—I cannot "boom" the Cave of Refuge at Kalapana: it is not worth the scramble—the automobile was still there and still full—only of a different crowd. These passengers were equally motionless and equally solemn, and in a flash the explanation became clear to us. Some vague dots off on the sands were the owners of the automobile, and they had left the car for safe keeping with the *pake* storekeeper. All Kalapana was busy wiping from its 'scutcheon the blot of never having motored. Each villager was having his chance to sit in or on the wondrous vehicle. Kalapana was sophisticating itself, and in so orderly a fashion that we suspected the *pake* storekeeper of renting out the priceless opportunity. Perhaps the one who took the wheel had to pay more. But even if the Kalapanans did to this extent belie their bleak New England common, I do not believe they shelter a *kahuna*. I should be far surer of finding him in a grass house at Kaimu.



From a photograph copyright by R. K. Bonine.

Silver-sword in bloom.

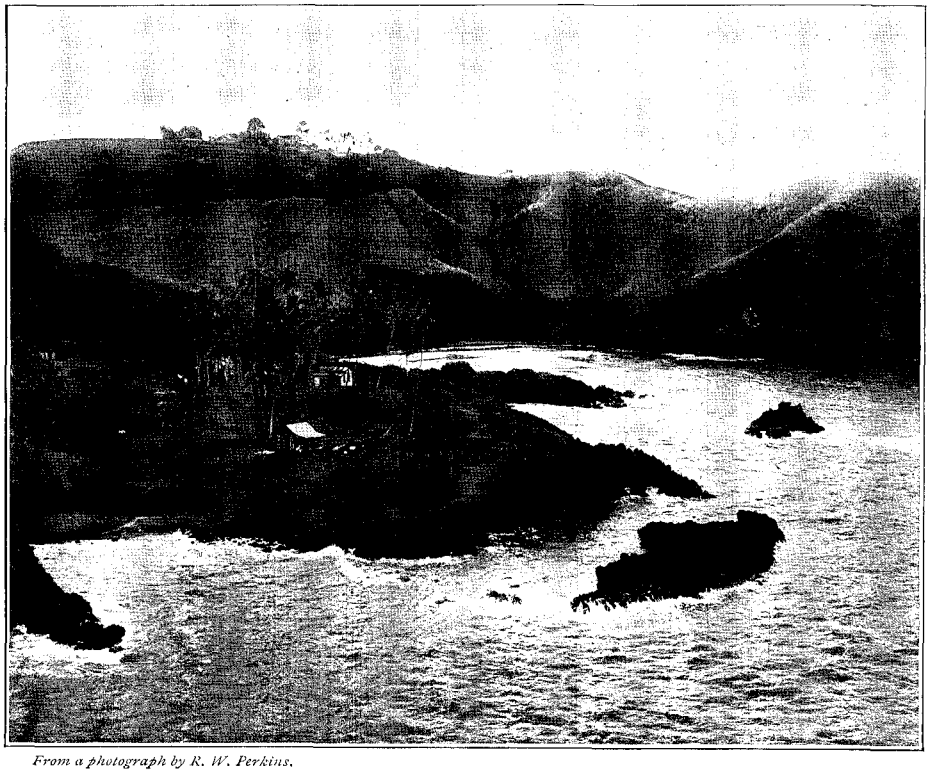
Lahaina, on Maui, should have a chapter to itself, for the life of the little old town has been a drama. Lahaina is an aged gossip sitting by the sea, careless of her looks, her lost youth, and her dead romance. Some tropic towns grow old like the women of the tropics, completely and passively. Lahaina is no better preserved than any Hawaiian crone. The vast banyan under which a whole village could feast has been decently propped; the "missionary house," long deserted, has been "done up" and put to some public use or other; the Lahainaluna School, two miles away up the mountain, carries on a useful life. All this is done by the *haoles* as part of the white man's burden. But Lahaina herself puts forth no effort.

The town straggles vaguely along the beach-front, quite without a plan. There are a few dirty back cross-lanes, but most of Lahaina is the one long band of houses. Blue sampans crowd the shore, and an Oriental throng of children bathes and fights and plays in the water among the sampans. The dock is the business centre and lounging-place of the town. Across from it is the Pioneer Hotel, a bare, verandahed structure, seldom, I fancy, anything like filled. Tourists do not often get to Maui; when they do, they go straight on to Wailuku, a charming, well-kempt little town, thence to explore the enchanting Iao Valley or to climb Haleakala. No one, I might almost say, stops in Lahaina except on business—of which the neighboring sugar plantations create a certain amount. So it is not odd that in the Pioneer Hotel

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meals should be served at unsophisticated hours, and that the public rooms should consist chiefly of a bar. It is not uncomfortable to sit on the upper verandah outside one's room and watch the sampans, and the water breaking over the reef. But it is impossible to think of Lahaina as a place to stay in, even as headquarters for the wanderer. Except for business, there is nothing to keep any one there. Lahaina has so renounced its past that it is hard even to reconstruct in imagination the days when it was the capital of the kingdom, when eighty or ninety whalers would be rocking in the roadstead, so close that you could step from deck to deck—when, thanks to the same whalers, Lahaina was such a sink of vice that even the lazy Hawaiian monarch had to bestir himself in the interests of morality. Earlier still, before 1849, rich Americans on the Pacific coast used to send their children to Lahaina to be educated; but Lahainaluna has long since been turned into a school for Hawaiians only. The hotel proprietor has time to operate two or three "movie" theatres, running off Japanese films for the plantation laborers. No, Lahaina has got beyond the point of mentioning her past; she is not garrulous; she does not protest against the yellow man; she sits in the sun and takes what the day brings. The vast banyans, the few old buildings set in deep antique verdure, give a dignity to her resignation—if indeed there is not an initial dignity in refusing to prattle forever about grander days.

And we in our turn must have perplexed Lahaina, if Lahaina were given —which I fancy she is not—to psychologic curiosity. We arrived asking for food at untoward hours, and departed after decent folk had gone to bed. We invaded *pake* stores of a Sunday morning, demanding articles of virtue that Maui had never heard of. Lahaina manifested no impatience—and no alacrity. Sandwiches might be fetched, after a reasonable delay; but the fact that the *Mauna Kea* regularly lands her passengers at 9 P. M. will never induce a Lahaina hostelry



From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

Onomea, native village on Hawaii.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to serve a meal at that hour. I might explain in my best pidgin-English to a Chinese tailoress what I wanted—her only reply was "I no make." And she could have made it—sewing-machine at hand and shelves full of stuffs beside

The beach at Kaimu.

The big Pacific surf breaking white and clamorous on coal-black volcanic sands.—Page 722.

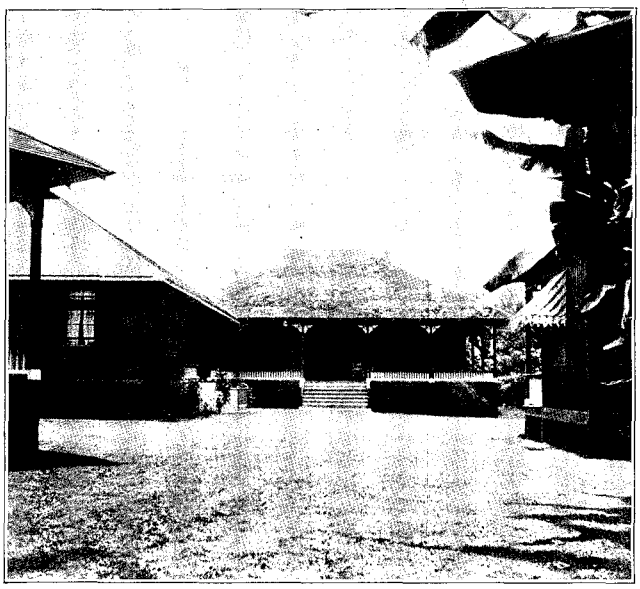
her—in twenty minutes at the outside. Lahaina had no standards that included us. "Most people go straight on to Wailuku," we had been told; and they do. There are plenty of rooms in the hotel, and judging from the unpopulous table d'hôte most of them must always be empty. Yet once, at least, when we had several hours to wait for a steamer, I had great difficulty in finding an empty bedroom to rest in. I made many journeys to and fro before, finally, a Jap boy with no English grudgingly opened a door for me. Even then a large cockroach stalked me jealously up and down the stairs, and when at last I took possession and shook down the mosquito-bar, the same cockroach (I had kept her well in sight for ten minutes—I could not mistake her) established herself disapprovingly on the floor by the washstand to chaperone me while I napped.

We were destined to climb Haleakala—of which, you might say, East Maui consists. Everything in Hawaii has some superlative to distinguish it; and Haleakala is the largest extinct crater in the world. If I had had my doubts about Kilauea, I had them still more about Haleakala, especially as Haleakala meant a stiff seven miles on mule-back. Something sinister hung over Maui from the first—something, that is, personally sinister for me; whether the vast shadow of Haleakala or the more distant and more psychic prospect of Kalaupapa—for we were to visit Molokai before returning to Honolulu. Perhaps the shadow was deepened by the knowledge that our remaining days in the Eight Islands were very few. My feet lagged on Maui; I never wanted to do the next thing. I did not always want to leave Lahaina; I never wanted to leave Wailuku; it is impossible for any one to wish to leave the Iao Valley. Besides, my heart was in Hilo; and we were not to see Hilo again.

If East Maui means only Haleakala and its slopes, West Maui means only a more diversified mountain group. The two halves of Maui, once separate islands, are now joined by a narrow strip of green earth not much above sea-level. Going from Lahaina to Wailuku you skirt the West Maui mountains, the road winding along a hacked-out ledge hung high above

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the sea. Haleakala, opposite you, steadily refuses—like Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea—to look its height. It is usually tremendous luck for a mountain to rise straight from the sea-level—witness Rainier and (I suppose) Fujiyama. They seem to tower like Everest. But these Hawaiian mountains are so vast, so broad-based, so gradually inclined, that they produce less effect of height than of mere bigness. East Maui is one mountain; Hawaii, you might say, is two mountains. Life blooms and clings on the vast maternal slopes.



Hauula Hotel, Oahu.

An excellent little inn . . . backed by a wilderness of fruit-trees.—Page 730.

Wailuku stands to windward between the West Maui range and the ocean; and Wailuku is drenched in green and heavenly cool. The Trade blows eternally through your rooms, a bland and tempered blast. At your very door is the entrance to the Iao Valley, which unites in a desperate and tantalizing perfection all the essential beauties of all the valleys you have seen or dreamed. The fantastic peaks rise ever ahead of you as you wind up the road beside the stream. As always in Hawaii, half the magic lies in the gorges that open on either side—so near, it seems, that you could stretch your hand into them, yet inaccessible for all that. They run back from the trail to a precipice with a waterfall; and no human being has ever climbed that cliff or knows what lies just beyond. They are narrow, and dark with a perpetual green twilight; and wandering perfumes invisibly gird them in. The Iao Valley is about the size of the Yosemite, and if the photographers have done any justice to the Yosemite, the Iao Valley is by far the more beautiful. It works back into a tangle of peaks, and the trail stops suddenly at a bridge over the torrent. Thence you can only stare. Eventually you turn, having paid one of those bitter farewells of the traveller.

If it was hard to speak of Kilauea, it is far harder to speak of Haleakala; for Haleakala left me cold. The exquisite hospitality which guarded and guided us throughout that adventure I would separate entirely from Haleakala itself. Yet I feel treasonable in so doing, for it was a great lover of Haleakala who took us up—he was going himself, for the sixty-first time—and he and his household are a happy memory. May I, with that apology, be rude to the crater itself? Not, I think, without explaining that I am a tenderfoot; that the seven-mile trail from the last ranch to the rim is not a trail at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all, but a mere indicated route over a boulder-strewn, ravine-cut slope; that I made the trip on the wisest and wickedest mule in the world, whose wickedness was by no means crude, but rather of a subtle

world, its huge cinder-cones lifting toward you out of a half-mile depth. They look like titanic bake-ovens rusted out of use. The chief romantic interest of the crater is that Kamehameha the First once chose

From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

The narrow-gauge railway between Kahuku and Hauula.

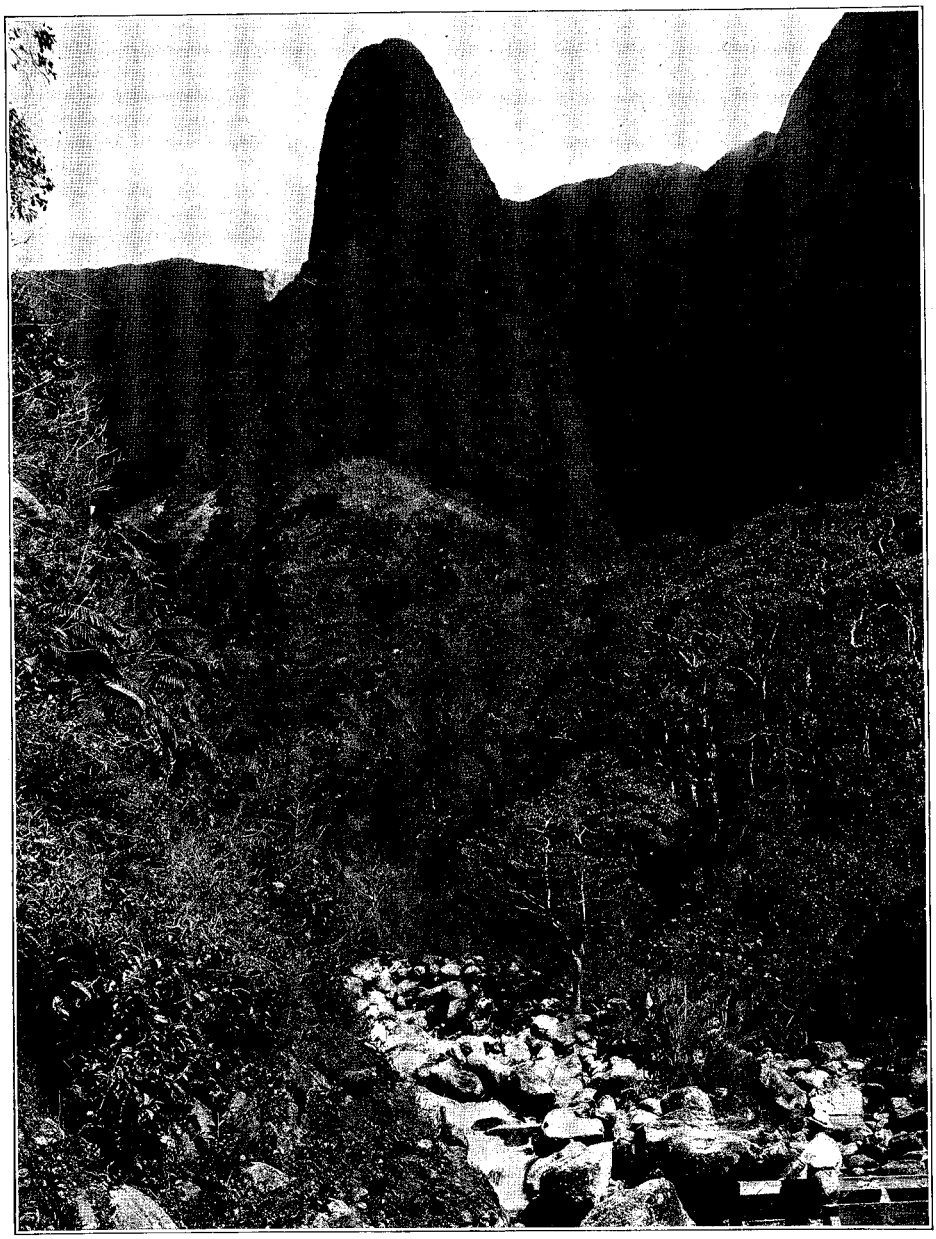
You puff through the sugar-cane, past the prosperous Mormon village of Laie . . . to Hauula.—Page 730.

and heartless Renaissance type. She was a Catherine de Médécis of a mule, and her sardonic pity for me was one of the bitterest things I have ever had to bear. The concrete rest-house is perched on the rim of the extinct crater, ten thousand feet in air—so close to the rim that at one corner you can barely squeeze round the little building. In the rest-house, rolled in your blankets, you await the dawn. It comes, breaking charily over a sea of cloud. Perhaps you see Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea—perhaps even Oahu—in the distance; but chiefly you see cloud, with bergs and drift and ice-pack, like a polar sea. If a polar bear could be discerned, you might well feel like a discoverer. Below you is the largest extinct crater in the

to lead his army through that world of ash and lava, up to the rim, there to surprise and conquer the king of Maui. Certainly on the rim of Haleakala even a king might have expected to be safe. The place enhances the legend of Kamehameha: he must have had a canny eye for settings who chose Haleakala, and the Iao Valley, and the edge of the Honolulu Pali for battle-fields. Were it not for the Arctic imitations of the cloud-sea, one might epically dream. But the mule awaits you, and the Polynesian Napoleon is dead. My companions, it is fair to say, did not share a single one of my impressions or sensations. Haleakala "got across" for them.

So, apparently, it does for the Japa-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph copyright by R. K. Bonine.

Iao Needle in Iao Valley—near Wailuku.

nese; for the guest-book in the rest-house is filled chiefly with Japanese names and Japanese attempts to celebrate the crater in English verse. Like little Kahoolawe, Haleakala has a Japanese caretaker—an old man who lives in a little shack down the slope and supports life, evidently, on the æsthetic passion. His friends come up to visit him now and then, and I was put to shame that very morning by a Jap who lingered lengthily on the rim, staring down at the cinder-cones. My own impatience compared ill enough with his æsthetic trance. Another disarming fact: that so often the last thing to perish in the Japanese should be his delight in a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

natural wonder; that he should, at the end of life, be content with utter isolation, feeding only on sky and sea. The caretaker here must roam the crater itself—a stiff adventure for gnarled old bones—for he brought me a clump of silver-sword to hang on my saddle-bow; and silver-sword grows, on all the planet, only within the crater of Haleakala, and in some other still remoter place of which I forget even the name. Yes, I drank deep of humility on Haleakala. Who shall say if there was not in it, too, a kind of claustrophobia, odd though that may sound? For it is not only within four walls that one can have the sense of being enclosed. Caught on that knife-ridge between the crater and the trail, with nothing to do save sit and stare, I felt hemmed in. On three sides of us the cloud-pack cut off the world below. It was quite possible to conceive of that spot as the bourne from which no traveller returns. But I have apologized long enough for my own unworthiness. I would not discourage any one from Haleakala.

Back, back to Olinda and Paia and Kahului and Puunene and Wailuku, and once again to Lahaina; then Molokai, of which I shall tell hereafter. . . .

One of our wildest adventures came to us on Oahu itself. The *kamaainas* had sent us to Hauula, a village on the windward side of the island. We took a train from Honolulu to Kahuku—past Pearl Harbor and Waianae and Haleiwa and Marconi, where the great wireless apparatus rises starkly out of a barren plain by the sea, looking like an illustration for some novel of the future. In three hours you reach Kahuku, and there the real train stops. You get into another—one car and an engine on a narrow-gauge track, like a rather bad mechanical toy. Then you puff through the sugar-cane, past the prosperous Mormon village of Laie (the Mormon faith is very strong among the Kanakas) to Hauula. An excellent little inn, buried in verdure—a few cottages round a green compound, backed by a wilderness of fruit-trees—receives you there.

I did not take the difficult walk to the Sacred Falls of Kaliuwaa; but G. went, leaving (like a good folk-lorist) his offerings to Pele all along the dark trail. The little votive cairns of Hawaiian visitors lined the ledges, and there would have been indecency in refusing to follow suit. Yet I have G.'s word for it that there was more than folk-lore in his ritual correctness. It is G. and not I who should write of Kaliuwaa, for he and not I trod the sombre gorge—the authentic chasm, so he avers, of Kubla Khan. The photograph of Kaliuwaa speaks for itself. The falls are some fifty feet high, and the cliff behind them is unscalable. No white man, and no unmythical native, has ever been in the valley beyond, between the falls and the mountain ridges behind. Small wonder that the falls are sacred, or that a green mist of legend hangs over the hidden gorge that leads to them.

Hauula soaked us deep in the Polynesian solution. We sat by night on the sands, listening to Hawaiian music. The faint guitar notes and the one rich voice mingled with the beat of the surf at our feet—"O a like no a like," "Hawaii ponei," "The Maui Girl," "Aloha oe," rising just above the sound of the high tide on the shore. The night was moonless, but the breakers showed white through the dusk; the whole world was narrowed to song and sea—the surf like no other surf, the song like no other song. We have heard the cruel travesties of Hawaiian music that some phonographs give, and wondered why an instrument that can reproduce Caruso should so insult the Hawaiian voice and the Hawaiian strings. Wherever and whoever the Hawaiian, we found, the voice seizes you. They can all sing, and with a poignancy past the poignancy of any Italian *aria*. You are infinitely sorry for the Kanaka when he sings; you feel sorry for yourself that you must part company with him. What is it? A greater liquidity in the strings than other fingers can achieve? A minor strain that no other vocal scale has discovered? Something, at all events, that there may be technical words to explain, but that there is, evidently, no technical skill anywhere to imitate.

On our second day in Hauula we discovered signs of strange activity: busy goings and comings in the little hamlet; rhythmic pounding of *poi;* little ovens

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From a photograph copyright by R. K. Bonine.

Haleakala, looking across Koolau Gap from one of the small inside craters.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

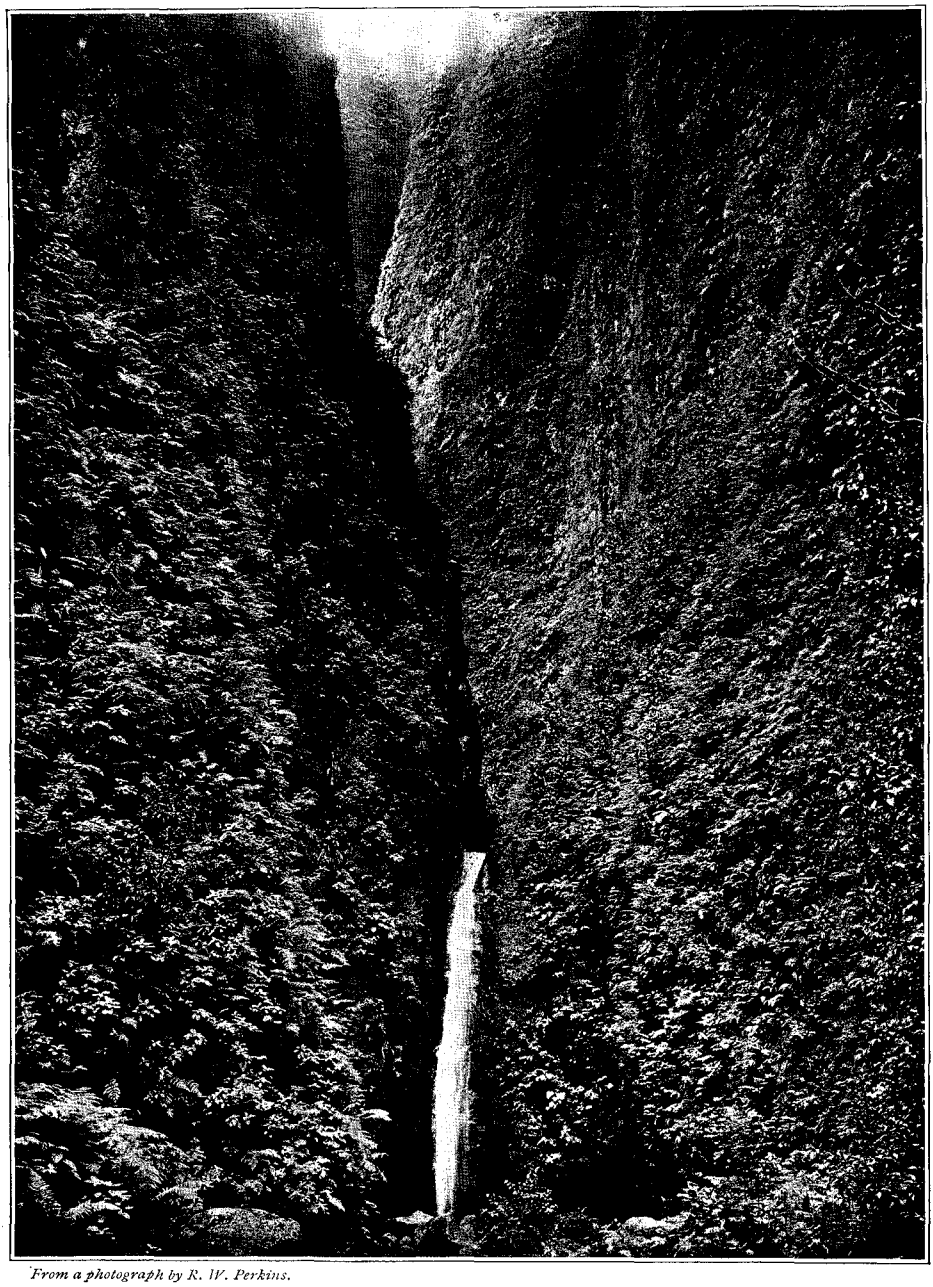
smoking in cottage compounds; *leis* of flowers and *maile* being woven in every garden. The focal centre of activity was the *pake* store. I am afraid that we stayed a long time with our noses pressed against the fence of the Chinese storekeeper. We were in the same case with a very old woman who lay full-length outside her grass house down the road, peering out at the passers-by: we were not invited. Benches had been pulled out of the court-house and set up in the compound; tables had been fashioned and were covered with food and drink; a low swaying roof of woven palm-leaves sheltered the feasters from the sun; behind, the size of the stone ovens showed that animals at least as large as pigs were being roasted underground. We did not exactly want to dip our hands into the *poi*-bowls, or pull at a tentacle of raw squid; but we felt excruciatingly "out of it," all the same—quite like the old lady in the grass house down the road. Bathing in the ocean was delightful; in its way our own early supper at the hotel was equally so. Still, it was very hard. . . .

For every longing *malihini* there is a benevolent *kamaaina*. Suddenly, after dusk, on the hotel-porch, we found ourselves being invited—positively invited—by two *kamaainas*, to go to the *luau*. By virtue of being *kamaainas*, with a little Hawaiian to spare, and of having fished and canoed for a month or so past with these particular villagers, they were free of the *luau*—which was an exclusively native festival, given by the *pake* storekeeper and his Hawaiian wife for their year-old son. The *kamaainas* offered to take us. They exacted from us only the solemn promise not to be shocked at anything we might see. It would never do to go nose in air to a native feast which had already been going on since 11 A. M., and was expected to last for twenty-four hours. Hawaiians are sensitive; it was a real country *luau*, none of your got-up Honolulu affairs; besides, it could not be concealed that every one would probably be quite drunk before morning. We promised; we fairly danced through the dark lanes to the *pake* store. The other *kamaainas* in the little inn professed no desire to attend; *they* had lived in the Islands for twenty years, and, thank heaven, *they* had never been to a *luau*. Their noses were already in air at the very thought. There is a difference in *kamaainas*. Our costumes were critically inspected; but after a little dishevelling of ourselves we were pronounced not grand to the point of suspicion.

One has to smile a great deal in Hawaii if one leaves the tourist-track. On Molokai, later, we smiled unbrokenly at the lepers; we smiled almost continuously at the *luau*. With only some six words of Hawaiian, there was nothing else to do. The less an object or an event is in one's own tradition, the safer it is to smile at it. And, oh, the perils of stalking through the Polynesian scene with no knowledge of Polynesian etiquette! But we had luck at the *luau*—after a little the Kanakas forgot about us.

The smell assailed us first as we stepped from the road into the low-roofed compound. Only the fragrant *maile*-wreaths twined in among the palm-leaves mitigated it a little. The great torches—branches of the *kukui* tree stuck into the ground and set alight—added their fumes to the stench of roasted pig and puppy, raw fish, *poi*, and the liberal sweat of dancing and feasting humanity. We paid our scot—a gift to the pink-clad baby, who looked nearly *luau*-ed to death—and were made free of everything that was going. Our names, or at least some collocation of letters that spelled nothing, but went down *pro formâ*, were inscribed by the white-haired Kanaka uncle in a very dirty little book. We sank down on a bench and pretended, for a time, to take no notice. We smiled impartially at the *poi*-bowls, the torches, and the ground. Presently we must have been voted harmless, for the momentary lull caused by our entrance burst again into sound. People ate and drank as they liked, and danced in between. Sometimes they went to sleep for a few moments, then rose up refreshed. Such English as there was among the guests was spent in assuring us that there was no drink going except pink lemonade. Certainly neither "swipes" nor square-face was offered to us; and we affected a passionate belief in their absence. In point of fact, I preserve, myself, a perpetual innocence as to drunkenness: I always think that a man is eccentric, or insane, or ill, but never that he is drunk. That, somehow, does

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

The Sacred Falls of Kaliuwaa.

not occur to me until all other hypotheses have been exhausted. I credited even the abandoned *hula*-ing of a very agile young woman in a blue *holoku* to Polynesian manners and customs pure and simple. True, I wondered why these young Hawaiian giants should sway so gently, as though they were always on the verge of dancing; and some of them seemed to shake hands with us too many times over. But it took Chinese honesty to enlighten me. On the bench behind us sat half a dozen mothers with babies in their arms. I heard suddenly an authentic maternal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cluck of disgust, and felt our own bench rock. Peering back, we saw that a Chinaman in a blue smock had fallen on the ground between the benches. Some Kanaka singing-boys thrust their *ukuleles* into G.'s arms, lifted the man, seated him limply on the very end of the bench, and propped him there as best they could. Every one proceeded, with the greatest art, to be scandalized. But in five minutes a boy with a great garland of white flowers round his dark hair was offering me pink lemonade, and again we got eager assurances in pidgin-English that there was nothing else to drink. The Chinaman (who was utterly void of hypocrisy) had not yet come to; and he was quite beside the point. He remained beside the point, although he had periodically to be lifted from the ground and carried further into the dark environs of the feast. He could no more sit up than his blue smock could have sat up by itself. We imitated the tact of our hosts —there were nearly a hundred of them by that time in the little low-roofed compound: there *was* no Chinaman, and in any case he was only very, very tired.

There is a certain furiousness in that scene as I recall it—vividly, for all the intervening weeks. We were there a little past midway of the feast, and we had caught, probably, the wildest moment. It is fixed, to the last detail, in the memory: the compound, shut in by its palm roof from the night, inflamed by its guttering, barbaric torches, its heavy reek cut by the pungent perfume of tropic flowers; the gorging and singing, and the spontaneous, savage dancing; every voice, every body stirred and moving to the time of the never-ceasing *hula* songs. A few hours later, one had no reason to doubt, the banana-clumps by the roadside, the great *kamani* trees by the shore, would shelter exhausted couples who were sleeping off the *luau*. The *kamaainas* who would not go were very explicit about the drunken Kanakas we might trip over in the dark. We left, however, before the feast had come to a sordid decline, though, frankly, all the more amiable elements of orgy were there. I am told that on such an occasion one is fortunate not to understand Hawaiian, because if one understood the words of the *hula* songs, one would have to get up and go away. Perhaps, though (contrary to our own tradition of the risqué), no words could be so explicit as the actual gestures of the dancers. At the Panama-Pacific, a little earlier, we had drifted into a "show" in the Zone and found there an exhibition of muscle-dancing. That particular "show" was closed, later in the summer, by the Panama-Pacific authorities. But the young Hawaiian girl, though she may *hula* in a *holoku*, or even in a "middy" blouse and skirt, goes far beyond any Little Egypt of them all; and the fact that she rises from her bench, dances (if you call it dancing) in front of some youth until he comes out to join her, then dances in like fashion *with* him, removes her utterly from the unreality of whatsoever goes on behind footlights. This was purely spontaneous; they are not doing it for pay, not even, I believe, for applause; they are as frank as mating leopards—though I cannot see in muscle-dancing (if that be the proper euphemism for these Polynesian agilities) any of the leopard's grace. You shrink back on your bench not to impede them; but you are not shocked. At least, we scarcely dared to be. The *hula*-ing Kanaka simply does not come into the realm of morals: he is a jungle-creature marked for death; civilization has never really touched him; he is amiable because he was born so, not because he has ever taken the Golden Rule to heart. He will have to be several reincarnations on, before he is ripe for the moral law or for anything that we understand by religion. It seemed physically impossible that such a feast should not end in pure orgy under the stars. There was nothing suggestive in the exhibition: it was completely explicit; and, by some curious inversion of psychology, was not disgusting as the merely suggestive would have been. It was gay, shot with laughter and the friendly rivalry of singing-boys, timed to the cumulative provocation of the *hula* music that went dizzily on forever—and every now and then they would break off and rush, like greedy children, for a *poi*-bowl. They were literally animal; not animal as we use the word, with a squinting reference to something better which is called human. They laughed until the tears came; they were very kind to the babies; to us they were positively courtly; they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doubtless said unprintable things, but there was not an eye you could not meet. As usual, one tried to make one's manners as good as theirs; even if one hoped that one's customs were a little better.

The final comment was offered by G. after we returned to the hotel. I could not refrain from congratulating him on the gracious figure he had made—his arms full of *ukuleles*, his fingers rolling a cigarette for an exhausted singing-boy, he flirting, meanwhile, in his best pidgin-English, with very beautiful brown ladies in snow-white *holokus*. "Oh, I sized it up early," was his nonchalant reply. "What you needed at the *luau* was just the manners that you need at a Sunday-school picnic in the country." I asked a little tartly—for I was clutching my exotic evening hard, and did not want it snatched away—whether he had ever been at a Sunday-school picnic where the deacons were carried out drunk, where the deacons' wives danced the *hula*, and the deacons' babies ate raw squid. He was imperturbable: *mutatis mutandis*, he insisted, the social atmosphere was the same. But then, as the *kamaainas* were always telling him, G. has the makings of a good Kanaka: he liked *poi* (which tastes to me like sour oatmeal) from the start, and it is a matter of keen regret to him that never once in the Eight Islands did he eat *poi*-fed puppy. "They say it's delicious," he still murmurs, a little wistfully. I do not know that he cares to suck out the true inwardness of a squid from its flimsy, toad-like skin; but he still holds to the Sunday-school-picnic theory of the *luau*. I offer it not only for its own quaintness, but because it brings out, better than all my words, the element of *naïveté* in the Kanaka festival.

A disconnected tale has no perfectly appointed ending. Yet I have no choice but to end. I should have liked to tell of Puunene plantation, of the immaculate little brown creatures who pack our pine-apples on windward Oahu, of Onomea on Hawaii, and of Kahului on Maui, and a score of other things. Most of all, I should like to spend myself on the Hawaiians themselves; for they are lovable beyond most peoples, and I fear I have done them scant justice. The Hawaiian is the important thing, if only because he is passing. Time has pulled down his temples; history has destroyed his sovereignties; museums alone preserve his art. Before so very long he will be gone; or will linger only as a thrill of incomparably sad music in the memory of a few old people whose children are inheriting the commonwealths of the future.

[Mrs. Gerould's third article, "Kalaupapa: The Leper Settlement on Molokai," will appear in the July number.]

AFTERWARDS

By Fred. C. Smale

ILLUSTRATION BY H. J. MOWAT

"And when like her, O Sáki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in your joyous Errand reach the Spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!"
—*The Rubaiyat.*

THE Bystanders were a select circle of individuals who met weekly throughout the winter months, at each other's houses in turn, and discussed everything under the sun, from Rose Culture and Representative Government to Protoplasm and Pinhole Photography.

Their number was limited, for obvious reasons. There was no definite method of initiation. Usually a man was brought by one of the members, and allowed to join in the proceedings. If he found the atmosphere congenial, and he, on his part, proved himself worthy, he was encouraged to come again, and in due course, almost insensibly, found himself an accepted and recognized member of the circle.

It was rather a mixed crew. It included a civil engineer, a curate of the Established Church, a solicitor, a Liberal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

party agent, a school-teacher, a retired Nonconformist builder, an agnostic bank manager, and two pressmen. These latter attended in their private capacities, though one of them, a local editor named Saundry, acted as secretary.

Windy polemics were not encouraged. On the other hand, it was not at all necessary to be highly intellectual. For instance, Totterdale, of the Inland Revenue, invariably confined his remarks to thanking the introducer of the subject for his interesting and instructive address, and then faded away into an apologetic murmur, leaving the way clear for the next speaker. He, however, was an exception. As a general rule, the Bystanders had plenty to say for themselves, and took care to say it with vigor and ability.

On a certain Saturday evening in January the circle met at the house of Mr. Anthony Curnow to discuss the works of Tolstoy. On the following day Curnow, never a physically strong man, was taken ill with pneumonia, and by Tuesday evening he was dead. The funeral took place on the Friday. It was rather soon, but Curnow, who was a bachelor, had run a boarding-house, in conjunction with a sister, and boarders do not find drawn blinds and an atmosphere of death particularly congenial.

The Bystanders attended in full muster, for the late Mr. Anthony Curnow had been one of the original members when the society was first formed, and, moreover, as a man of wide information and genial spirit, had been extremely popular.

On leaving the cemetery, Saundry, the secretary, hastily convened an informal meeting at the office of his paper, which happened to be conveniently situated, and read to the Bystanders a letter which had reached him that morning. It was from the man they had just laid to his rest, written in a rather uncertain hand, and dated on the previous Monday. It ran as follows:

"DEAR SAUNDRY:

"I am very ill, and it is extremely probable that I shall be much worse. I am hit in my weakest spot, and it may be that what we call the worst will happen. You may recall my observing, during our little talk on Saturday, that the longer I lived the more strongly I felt convinced that the body was nothing and the spirit everything. Well, I propose an experiment. If I shall have passed away before next Saturday, I ask the circle to hold their meeting precisely as usual. I believe it is arranged to take place at Parkinson's, and that Verney reads a paper on 'Town *versus* Country Life.' *I will try to be present.* Do not think that illness has made me light-headed. I know perfectly well what I am writing, and have given the matter considerable thought. It does seem to me that here may be an opportunity to test some of our vague theories. I may be able to give some manifestation of my presence—who knows! On the other hand, I may be imagining a vain thing. Greer, I know, will hold that view. Whatever the result, it should make the meeting not the less interesting. Please convey my affectionate regards to all. Whether you should acquaint the members with the contents of this note beforehand I leave to your own discretion. I am arranging that it shall reach you only in the event of my death. It has cost me no small effort to write so far, and I must now close.

"Yours faithfully, and affectionately, to whatever end may be.

"ANTHONY CURNOW."

When Saundry had finished reading there was a dead silence for some moments. Then the Reverend Edward Verney cleared his throat.

"A curious and certainly interesting communication," was his rather hesitating comment. "And, may I add, such a one as might have been expected from poor Curnow."

Greer, the agnostic, smiled grimly.

"It appears that he anticipated my opinion," he observed. "Well, he was not mistaken there, at any rate!"

Pantire, the engineer, looked up quickly.

"You have already made up your mind as to the impossibility of the thing?"

"Of course," returned the other curtly. "Need you ask!"

It was evident that only the special circumstances restrained the bank manager from a more emphatic expression of his views.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I think that is rather a pity, if you don't mind my saying so," put in Raydon, the politician. "If only as a tribute to our late comrade's memory, we should each try to preserve an open mind with regard to his suggestion. After all, he is not asking us to take anything for granted."

Greer, square-jawed and combative, looked around at the attentive faces.

"Do you mean that you are really going to hold a sort of *séance*—going in for table-turning and—and spirit-rapping!" he exclaimed with an air of scornful surprise.

"No, no," said Saundry soothingly. "Nothing of that sort, I take it. I presume that we shall make no difference in our usual procedure. The letter expressly asks that we should meet 'as usual' and that the place and subject for discussion shall be as already arranged."

"I certainly should not care to take part in anything such as Mr. Greer describes," said the curate gravely.

"I considered it best to let you all know at once," said the secretary, "so that all may turn up if possible. It is understood, then, that we meet at Mr. Parkinson's to-morrow evening, to hear Mr. Verney's paper, and that everything will be as usual, as far as we are concerned."

"You may take it from me that poor Curnow will not interfere," remarked the bank manager gruffly.

"You will be there yourself?" said Pantire, looking at the speaker.

"I! Oh, yes," returned Greer, "if only to keep some of you from letting your fancies run away with you. It is surprising what tricks people's imaginations will play them at times. I shall not be in the least surprised if one or the other of you sees or hears something extraordinary before the evening is over. I must be off now. 'Morning, all!" And with a curt nod he left them.

Pantire shrugged his shoulders.

"Greer is a sturdy sceptic," he remarked. "It will take a lot to make him change his opinion. By the way, I hope that he will not mention the matter to any outsider. We ought to have that point understood."

"I shall be seeing him within the next hour," observed Raydon, "and will caution him, though I don't suppose he will let his tongue wag. He isn't that sort."

The informal meeting broke up without further discussion. There were, however, conflicting opinions on the strange subject which had brought the members together. Two or three were slightly dubious as to the desirability of taking the late Curnow at his word and were inclined to look upon the whole thing as savoring of charlatanism and irreverency. Bowes, the Nonconformist, was rather emphatic in holding this view, and for once found himself backed, though mildly, by Verney, the curate. The majority, however, regarded it as a legitimate philosophical experiment, and as Parkinson, at whose house the meeting was to take place, looked upon the matter in this light, there was nothing more to be said. It was notable that no member expressed his intention of staying away on the following evening. Possibly even those who objected experienced a livelier curiosity than they were willing to admit.

The following day was a tempestuous one, with heavy rain. About six o'clock, however, the sky partially cleared and a pale moon shone intermittently between swiftly sailing clouds. Parkinson lived in a large house on the outskirts of the town, and by eight o'clock all the members, without exception, had put in their appearance.

Mrs. Parkinson was a lady of artistic taste, and as Parkinson was a solicitor of considerable practice, and the family was limited to a much-spoiled fox-terrier, there was plenty of money to spend in the adornment of their home. The room in which the Bystanders met was one which Parkinson reserved for his special use. He called it his study, and favored clients, whom he sometimes saw at his private residence, were invariably impressed by the rows of book-shelves which lined the whole of one side of the room. The walls and ceiling were of imitation oak. There were heavy red curtains over the door, and the large bay window was similarly draped. It was the only room in the house without electric light, which Parkinson, for some reason or other, detested, and a huge, crimson-shaded lamp illumined the table, leaving the rest of the apartment in comparative gloom. Altogether, it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would have been difficult to select a more appropriate setting for the experiment, if such it could be called, that was about to take place.

The mutual greetings, usually of the heartiest, were somewhat subdued, and a rather strained atmosphere prevailed. Greer, normally the most austere of individuals, tried to strike a brighter note, but his bluff attempt at geniality only jarred, and he quickly subsided. Parkinson strove, as became the host, to set his guests at ease with brisk commonplaces.

"A deuce of a day!" he remarked, "but the moon has cleared it off, and I think we are in for a bit of frost. It has grown much colder within the last hour."

And he stirred the fire, which threw grotesque, dancing shadows on the walls and ceiling. Then Saundry spoke of some police-court case in which Parkinson had been concerned that morning, and there was a freshet of general talk which died away within a few minutes.

No one had mentioned the dead man's name as yet, but that he was in all their minds no one doubted. One of the standing customs of the Bystanders was that the host of the evening should, beforehand, prepare eleven little squares of paper upon which were inscribed numbers. These were drawn at random, and thus each man had his turn in the discussion allotted to him. Parkinson had inadvertently prepared the usual number. The initiator of the discussion, of course, did not draw. Thus, at the end, one square was left. It bore the number "9." Parkinson looked at it with an embarrassed frown.

"Stupid of me!" he murmured, then placed it on the table, either by accident or design, in front of an empty chair, the one he had evidently intended for himself. Then, amid a curious stillness, he went back, fetched another, drew it to the table, and sat down, leaving the first one vacant.

"Now, I think, we are all settled," said he. "Saundry, the cigars are at your elbow there. Pass them around, if you don't mind."

Greer stared resentfully at the empty chair, and seemed about to speak, then he grunted and sank back a little sullenly.

It was at this moment that the episode of the dog occurred. Up to then Parkinson's terrier had been dozing contentedly in front of the fire, his black muzzle between his paws and his tail carefully curled out of the way of wandering feet. Now he suddenly rose, and stood, ears alert and every hair on his body stiffened. Without warning he cast his nose upward and gave vent to a half-smothered howl. Then he ran to the door and emitted a series of short, sharp barks.

"Gip, Gip! Come here and lie down!" said his master sharply. But Gip refused to obey, and, when taken by the collar and dragged back, he growled resentfully.

"Oh, well, go on, if you're determined to make a nuisance of yourself," said Parkinson, and the terrier was banished into the outer darkness.

"He'll find his way to the kitchen," remarked Parkinson. "Never knew him to behave like this before," he added apologetically. "Sorry, Mr. Verney. We're quite ready now."

It was open for a member either to read a paper or informally introduce his subject. The curate was a man of considerable parts, and under ordinary circumstances he would have been listened to with pleasurable attention. To-night, however, he held forth to a somewhat preoccupied audience. The behavior of the dog had not gone unremarked, although no one, save Parkinson himself, had openly alluded to it. Each member cast furtive glances at the empty chair from time to time, and the fascination of that vacant seat, winking and glistening in the firelight, touched even the reader himself, for every now and again his mild eye wandered to the spot.

The Reverend Edward Verney finished his paper, and the sudden silence startled them like a pistol-shot. Every member roused himself as though conscious of his recent inattention, and there was a little burst of applause into which their uneasy consciences infused, perhaps, rather more vigor than was usual. The reader of the paper smiled amiably, and lit his pipe with the air of a man whose task is done and now means to enjoy the pleasure he has earned.

"Number One," said Parkinson quietly, and stirred the fire once more.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saundry happened to be Number One, and he rather saved the situation. Professional instinct had led him to make a few notes, and he was able, at least, to prove that he had heard something of the paper. Thus those that followed were given a lead, and the discussion—the Bystanders objected to the term "debate" —went on until Totterdale, who was Number Eight, collapsed in his customary murmur.

"Number Nine," said Parkinson absently, for he was Number Ten and the others had used up most of his points.

There was a silence.

"Excuse me," said Verney, "but I think—" And he looked significantly at the white square which lay on the table by the empty chair.

Parkinson eyed the speaker blankly for a moment, then he remembered.

"Ah, yes, of course!" he exclaimed hastily. There is no Number Nine. Number Ten, then. I happen to be——"

His words were cut short by curious behavior on the part of Incledon. Incledon was a reporter on the paper of which Saundry was editor. He was the youngest member of the circle, being only about twenty-four. Thin, eager-eyed, and of an imaginative temperament, the peculiar circumstances had affected him, perhaps, more than any of the others, and his nerves had been a-tingle ever since he had entered the room. He had already spoken, but tamely for him, and his mind had been, all too obviously, elsewhere. Now, against the firmly established rule, he spoke again, rapidly, in a high-pitched monotone, without pause or hesitation. He was not checked or interrupted. It would have been Parkinson's place to do so, for the host of the evening invariably acted as chairman. But, after the first moment of surprise, there was no thought of stopping Incledon.

He had been speaking for nearly a minute before it dawned upon one and all that the hurried staccato utterance, the somewhat ornate phrasing, and the whole trend of the speech were not Incledon's at all—but Curnow's!

Saundry hastily commenced taking a short-hand note, and there was a vague murmur of resentment. The young fool was aping the dead man—mimicking his very voice! Pantire, the engineer, flushed a dull red and half-rose from his chair.

"I really must protest—" he began huskily, but Parkinson, whose face was as colorless as the other's was crimson, waved him back.

"For God's sake, hush!" he whispered.

He was sitting directly facing Incledon, and could see what none of the others could, the tense, rigid expression on the thin face, the knuckles gleaming white as the hands grasped the chair-arms, and the staring eyes, blank of all expression.

There was no further attempt at interruption. Greer did, indeed, venture to scrawl a word on a piece of paper and hand it to Parkinson, who read it and tossed it into the fire without comment. The word was "Cataleptic."

Curnow had been, among other things, a clever and cultured amateur musician, and the address which Incledon recited in his eerie monotone dealt with the melodies of country environment as opposed to the discordances of the city. It bristled with technicalities quite foreign, as far as they knew, to Incledon's knowledge. Once, at the end of a semihumorous passage quite in Curnow's vein, the speaker interpolated a little dry chuckle so precisely as Curnow himself had been wont to do that the listeners shuddered. There was even the graceful, half-serious miniature peroration, again entirely characteristic of the dead man, then silence, as though some mechanism had run down.

Saundry looked up. His forehead was glistening with perspiration.

"Look out there! He's falling!" he cried.

The spell was broken. Parkinson lunged forward and caught Incledon in his arms as he swayed dangerously toward the fire. All the rigidity had gone out of him now, and he lay limp and inert. They laid him upon a sofa, and Parkinson fetched brandy. Presently the eyes opened and stared surprisedly at the anxious faces.

"I—I— What's wrong! Where am I?" drowsily murmured the young reporter.

"You're all right now," said Parkinson soothingly. "Take another sip of this."

"I must have fainted—first time—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ever," said Incledon incoherently—"better presently—aw'fly sorry."

They got him into a chair then, and he seemed to recover rapidly.

He was excessively self-reproachful at having, as he said, "made such a fool of himself."

"Can't understand it," he persisted. "A sort of cold chill came over me, and after that I don't remember a thing."

"What's a diatonic semitone?" said Pantire suddenly, fixing his keen eyes on Incledon, who stared at him in astonishment.

"Eh!" said he wonderingly.

"What note does a nightingale trill on?"

Incledon gave a faint smile.

"Funny ass!" said he. "How the deuce should I know! I'm no musician. What are you asking me things like that for?"

Pantire grunted and turned away. Fully one-third of Incledon's recent utterance had dealt with the songs of birds, from a musical standpoint.

Parkinson looked around inquiringly.

"Better tell him, hadn't we?" said he.

"One moment!" growled Greer's deep bass. Then he addressed the mystified Incledon.

"You say you don't remember anything. What is the last thing you do recall—before you fainted, I mean?"

"Well," replied the young man slowly, "I remember looking at the chair there, the empty one—and, by Jove, yes, there was one queer thing! I remember wondering whether it would not get scorched by the fire, and I put my hand on the arm. It was as cold as ice. I was about to draw Parkinson's attention to it when the chill I spoke of gripped me. It seemed to wrap around me, in a way, and after that I don't know a thing."

"You do not remember saying anything?" said Greer, gazing fixedly at the other.

"Lord, no!" exclaimed Incledon. "Why, did I call out, or anything?"

"Tell him," put in Pantire a little impatiently. "You are only worrying him."

And Incledon was told of his recent performance. His surprise was almost ludicrous. Then Greer interposed again.

"It is not so extraordinary as some of you might think," said he. "Incledon, like all the rest of us, has heard Curnow speak many a time and is familiar with his mannerisms and methods of expression. As is, I suspect, the case with us all, his mind was full of Curnow to-night. Incledon's temperament being, if he will excuse my saying so, of a somewhat hysterical type, the strain sent him a little off the handle, so to speak. He went into a kind of trance, and all the odds and ends relating to Curnow which were stored up in his brain found subconscious expression. Self-hypnotism, or, to use a commoner expression, talking in his sleep—that is all it amounts to."

And the speaker looked around with a superior air, in which there was a touch of defiance.

"I do not agree with you at all," said Pantire quietly. "Even admitting a subconscious memory of certain phrases and characteristics, that would not account for the perfectly rational manner in which they were applied. For instance, Curnow never, to my knowledge, nor, I think, to that of any of us, spoke on the musical notation of bird songs, and I do not think it will be asserted that Incledon himself, either consciously or otherwise, possesses any knowledge of the subject."

"The human brain works, as well as remembers, subconsciously," said Greer obstinately. "You have heard of men working out problems in their sleep, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes," replied Pantire. "I have done it myself, but they were engineering problems, and my brain simply resumed work before my body. I never composed an oratorio in my sleep any more than you ever worked out the design of a bridge under similar conditions."

Greer looked around at the attentive faces.

"I suppose some of you believe that it was actually Curnow speaking—through Incledon?" he said bluntly.

The Reverend Edward Verney coughed uneasily, but no one spoke for a moment. Incledon stared at the vacant chair with troubled eyes.

"It seems incredible and—and—uncanny," said Parkinson, "but I must say, as far as I am concerned, that your theory, Greer, ingenious as it is, hardly ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by H. J. Mowat.

There was no further attempt at interruption.—Page 739.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plains everything. However, I think that it would not be half a bad idea to get in the tea and coffee. Personally, I am quite ready for it, and I rather expect the rest of you are, too!"

It was out of no disrespect to the Reverend Edward Verney that he was not asked to reply to the rather desultory criticism to which his paper had been subjected. Nor did the amiable cleric think of mentioning the point. He was no more in the mood for speaking than the others were for listening.

The tea and coffee formed part of an established ritual. One or two of the original Bystanders had been earnest temperance reformers, and, out of deference to them, intoxicants had been tabooed, but it was each host's duty to provide light refreshment at the end of the discussion. What was more, he had to serve it in person. No mere wife or maid servant was allowed to come beyond the door of the room. Thus was possible ostentatiousness on the part of the more well-to-do checked, and Incledon, in his modest lodgings, was on equal terms with the owner of a villa and a staff of servants.

The genial steam of the hot beverages and the pleasant clatter of china thawed the atmosphere, and tongues became loosened.

"A most interesting evening, however much our opinions may differ as to the explanation of our young friend's curious feat," observed the curate, beaming benignly through his *pince-nez*—"most interesting!"

"Incledon, you ought to set up as a professional medium," said Raydon lightly. "Money in it, you know!"

But Greer would have none of that vein of persiflage.

"Scientific explanation obvious," he mumbled, his mouth full of cake.

"That is easy to say but not so easy to prove," asserted Incledon, who was rapidly recovering himself under the influence of tea and buttered scones. "I am inclined to agree with Pantire. 'There are more things in heaven and——'"

"Consider yourself fined!" interrupted Raydon. "That and 'the thin end of the wedge' are barred, as you know full well."

"Well, anyhow, I think Greer's theory is all foozle!" retorted Incledon defiantly. The epithet "hysterical" rather rankled.

Greer had cleared his mouth of cake and started forward, with hardened jaw, when Parkinson hastily stepped into the threatened breach.

"I think we should take the opportunity of drinking to poor Curnow's memory," said he. "Now, gentlemen!"

They all rose and, silently, followed their host's suggestion.

Parkinson alone remained standing, with wide-open eyes.

"Listen!" he exclaimed in an awed whisper.

Amid the silence they heard the faint notes of a piano, as though a player was running lightly over the treble keys, just a ripple of minor melody, brief, tuneful, and sad. It ceased almost with the same.

Parkinson's face had paled slightly.

"It is in the next room," he said, still in a husky whisper, "and my wife is away! There is no one else in the house who plays! Yet you all heard!"

An icy chill ran up each man's spine. Greer, his eyes shining, rose determinedly.

"Parkinson, I am going into the next room, with your permission. The chances are that it is rats or mice, or something of the sort."

Without awaiting a reply, he strode from the room, and the heavy curtains dropped behind him.

Parkinson, after a moment's hesitation, made as though to follow. He was naturally somewhat annoyed at Greer's thus taking matters into his own hands.

"There is no light there," said he. "He'll fall over——"

His words were cut short by a muffled cry from the adjoining room. It was unrecognizable as Greer's voice, yet no one doubted but that it was he. It sounded like the choking gasp of a man suddenly plunged into ice-cold water.

"Come, all of you!" cried Parkinson.

The blinds of the drawing-room were up and a clear moon shone in. It revealed Greer half-crouching, half-kneeling by the threshold. He was gripping the back of a couch with one hand, and the other arm was raised as though to ward off something. He was trembling violently and his words came in short gasps.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I—I—take away—my God!" he whispered incoherently.

Parkinson reached out an arm and switched on the electric light. The room was empty save for Greer and the white-faced group by the door. The piano, toward which all eyes turned, was open, and on the stand was the score of some musical comedy. The window was closed and keyed. All else was as usual.

They lifted Greer and got him back into the other room. There they sat him in a chair. His face was ghastly and his eyes were still full of terror. He refused brandy and solely by exercise of will-power recovered something of his self-possession.

"I am a fool!" he said weakly. "Nerves—nerves! I—I think I had better go home. I am shaken—shaken. Parkinson, you will excuse——"

He rose to his feet somewhat unsteadily. No one asked him what it was that he had seen.

The curate stepped forward.

"I think some one should go with him," said he. "I pass his house. If you don't mind, I shall be very pleased——"

"Yes, yes," said Parkinson. "By all means. I can telephone for a taxi."

"No," interposed Greer. "I would prefer to walk. I am quite well—only shaken—that's it, shaken."

He spoke in a hurried, nervous monotone, as though afraid of the sound of his own voice, and he was evidently anxious to be gone. They helped him to don his overcoat, for he was still trembling, and they had even to put on his hat for him.

"I wish you would let me 'phone for a cab," said Parkinson anxiously, but his suggestion met with an obstinate refusal, and the two men left the house together.

Parkinson came back, after he had seen them off, to find the remainder of his guests on their feet, with the exception of Saundry, who sat at the table writing.

"I believe you said Mrs. Parkinson was away," said Pantire. "That means you will be alone in the house when we go—alone, barring the servants."

Parkinson poured himself out a small quantity of the stimulant which Greer had declined and drank it off.

"I'm not afraid," said he, "if that is what you mean. Besides," he added with a grave smile, "look!"

The terrier had come into the room and had curled himself contentedly in his former position.

"Yes," said Pantire thoughtfully. "I dare say you are right."

Parkinson turned abruptly to Saundry.

"What is your opinion, Saundry? Is Greer right, and have our senses been playing tricks with us, or—or is it something else—the real thing? You old newspaper hands do not readily take things for granted, we know, and I, for one, would like to hear your view."

The secretary looked up, then he turned around the book in which he had been writing so that all might read.

"That is my opinion," said he quietly.

The book was the one containing a record of the doings of the circle. There were neatly ruled columns for the subjects discussed, the date, place of meeting, and so on. At the foot of each page was a space for the names of those present. Saundry had just finished entering the latter for that evening, and the last name he had written was "Anthony Curnow."

Pantire nodded.

"Yes," said he, "I do not think there is one amongst us who will dispute that entry."

"Greer!" put in Incledon.

"Greer, least of all," said Pantire grimly. "Though, if I know the man, he will never tell us what he saw."

Half an hour later Parkinson stood alone beside the vacant chair. The dog still slumbered tranquilly in front of the dying fire.

"Gip, old chap," said Parkinson softly, "there is nobody here but you and me now, is there?"

The terrier raised one ear and blinked lazily at the sound of his master's voice, then resettled himself to sleep.

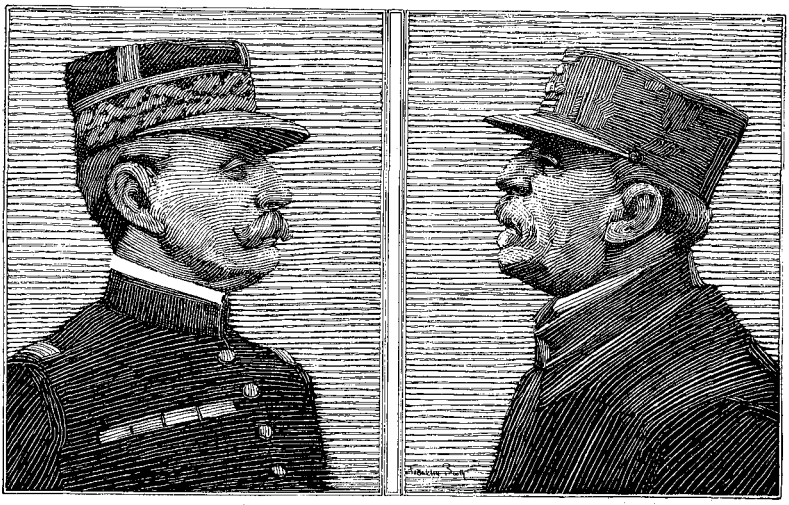
Parkinson nodded contentedly.

"That's all right," said he. "You'll not be disturbed again."

He turned out the lamp and left the room.

A tiny flame leaped up from the embers, to vanish instantaneously, and the wind sighed without, but the dog slept on.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



General Foch. General de Castelnau.

TWO COLLABORATORS OF GENERAL JOFFRE

GENERAL DE CASTELNAU AND GENERAL FOCH

BY CAPTAIN X

I. GENERAL DE CASTELNAU

IN the early days of September, 1914, and simultaneously with the battle of the Marne, the Germans made a formidable attempt to get the better of our army in Lorraine. They were determined, at no matter what price, to seize Nancy. The Kaiser came in person to Dieuze. Near by, on the frontier, a glittering regiment of white cuirassiers stood in readiness; he intended to place himself at their head and make Nancy the scene of one of those preannounced spectacular entries which, throughout this war, the God of battles has consistently denied him.

With Nancy as a centre, and taking a radius of twenty to twenty-five kilometres, an arc traced from the banks of the Moselle, near Pont-à-Mousson, to those of the Meurthe, near Dombasle, would correspond approximately with the heights of the Grand-Couronné. This is the name given to an almost unbroken line of considerable hills which form a huge half-circle round Nancy from the Meurthe to the Moselle. These heights command striking glimpses of distant landscape. On a clear day the cathedral of Metz is clearly visible: so also is the Côte de Delme, which the Germans have strongly fortified and made into one of the important points of their lines of defense. At the foot of the hills meanders the Seille, a little tributary of the Moselle. This stream forms the frontier.

The Germans, impatient for a decision, threw themselves recklessly against the Grand-Couronné. Their attacks upon the hill of Ste.-Geneviève on the north and upon the Grand-Mont d'Amance at the centre were particularly violent. Entire battalions of men were sacrificed without a thought. Indeed, at that moment of the war this was the customary German method. Secure in the belief that the war would be a matter of weeks or, at most, of months, they felt no need to economize

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the lives of their soldiers. But, in spite of these unsparing efforts, the Grand-Couronné stood firm. The great Mont d'Amance alone received more than twenty thousand shells without material injury. The French troops holding the foot of the slopes had to defend the valley through which the main road to Nancy runs. The fate of the capital of Lorraine was in their hands. These troops were proof against every attack. They fought to the extreme limit of human endurance. The Germans, exhausted and disheartened, were forced to let go their hold and beat a retreat. Nancy was saved. On the night before their departure the enemy attempted a cruel, cowardly, and typically Teutonic revenge upon the city they had failed to seize. Some forty shells were dropped on Nancy from one of their long-distance batteries; but only the suburbs of the town were reached.

The splendid resistance offered by the army of Lorraine contributed directly to the victory of the Marne, and enabled us to reap the full fruit of our success. Had the army of Lorraine been shaken, had Nancy fallen, the very pivot of all our forces might have been imperilled.

In fact, the more one considers the battle of the Marne, the more clearly it shows itself as a gigantic unity, a perfectly contrived whole, where all the elements were dovetailed into each other, without the smallest gap between, where each of the great actors called upon the stage fulfilled to the exact letter the part he had to play.

The commander of the army of Lorraine, and the soul of this magnificent resistance, was General de Castelnau, one of the close collaborators of General Joffre. Hardly was the contest over and calm restored to this portion of the line when General de Castelnau was suddenly sent to a new and hotly contested section of the battle-front. After the retreat of the Marne the first effort of the Germans was a turning movement against our left wing. Violent engagements took place in the neighborhood of Péronne and Amiens: each of the opposing armies tended to shift their forces from east to west. Here, as elsewhere, the German attacks came to the same result. They were entirely repulsed.

General de Castelnau, who had led a single army to the most brilliant success, and under conditions of the utmost difficulty, was promoted by General Joffre to the command of a group of armies. In this capacity he exercised the high control of our great offensive in Champagne in September, 1915. Here, once more, he added a new achievement to his former successes. Not long afterward, when General Joffre was appointed commander-in-chief of all the armies of France, on the Balkan front as well as the French, General de Castelnau was made the chief of his General Staff. He thus finds himself the *généralissime's* right-hand man, sharing in every moment of his work.

General de Castelnau was born at St.-Affrique in the Aveyron. Somewhat short in stature, but well proportioned, thick-set, and solidly built, with a bronzed complexion, quick gestures, and a frank, alert expression, he is a vigorous offshoot of a race which unites southern vivacity with the sturdiness of a mountain stock: a race of hot blood and cold brain. The rough soil of the table-lands of Languedoc and Gascony has, in fact, produced a notable line of warriors. Typical of them is Montluc, a man with whom General de Castelnau presents more than one point of likeness. Montluc, too, was hard: hard on others, but harder still on himself, ardent in the cause of his service, possessed of an unfailing imagination, a fluent and vivid gift of language, distinguished for his prowess in the field, and no less for his power to recount the story of that prowess to the delight of his contemporaries and of posterity. The "Commentaries" of Montluc are certainly among the books to which, in the course of this war, many Frenchmen, and many who are not French, must most willingly have returned. It is good to repeat the proud and splendid words with which those "Commentaries" open: "As there are certain lands wherein some fruits do copiously abound, that elsewhere rarely flourish, so also, in infinite number, does our Gascony customarily bear great and valiant captains as a fruit proper and natural to itself." Languedoc's fruitfulness in military leaders was far from exhausting itself in Montluc. In the wars of the empire alone, Murat, Bessières,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marbot—all men of Gascon birth—stand in the very foreground of the picture.

General de Castelnau's family had long been settled in the Rouergue, at the foot of the Causses. His father, a lawyer of great ability, well-known and greatly esteemed in those parts, was for many years the mayor of St.-Affrique. He had three sons: the eldest entered the Polytechnic School and is now a brilliant engineer; the second followed his father's profession and became deputy for the Aveyron; the third, who chose the profession of arms, is Édouard de Castelnau, our general. He was born in 1851 and is now sixty-four years of age.

We have here a perfect type of old French bourgeois family. In it, to the full, are seen the finest and strongest qualities of our race: its sense of duty, its love of industry, its spirit of sacrifice. General de Castelnau is the father of ten children. Since the beginning of the war three have been killed—two in the earliest months of the fighting, the third at the time of the French offensive of last September. In spite of these heavy losses he has pursued his great task without allowing himself a single moment's distraction from the great cause intrusted to him. Families like these—and they are more numerous than foreigners usually suppose—form the backbone of our nation: it is they who have done most to save France.

The foreigner, however intelligent and discerning, has seldom any opportunity of becoming acquainted with people of this type. It is not only the idle and unobservant tourist who comes to spend a few weeks in Paris, treating it as the best watering-place in the world, and seeking, rigorously and exclusively, for just those distractions and those impressions which a watering-place can give, to whom families of this kind are unknown. Even those who come frequently to France, or establish themselves there, have the utmost difficulty in obtaining a deeper insight into French life than Paris society gives. Paris society is in no sense typical of France; and in a great crisis, such as war, it is another France that is suddenly disclosed—the true France, unknown and unsuspected. It is no wonder that many who have never known this France are amazed at the sudden revelation.

Édouard de Castelnau began his education in the Jesuit college of his native town. At the age of eighteen he passed into the military school of St.-Cyr, where French cavalry and infantry officers receive their training. This was in 1869. A year later the Franco-German War broke out. The young men of St.-Cyr, whether of senior or junior standing, were immediately given commissions as second lieutenants and distributed among the regiments. Second Lieutenant de Castelnau served through the whole of this disastrous campaign. It was a terrible first experience of life, which could not but leave its impress on the minds of the young men who underwent it.

In spite of all the deficiencies in our military preparations, our troops came, no less than three or four times, within an inch—nay, within a hair's breadth—of routing the German armies. Then, as always, the moral and military qualities of the race were wonderful. It was the higher command which was inadequate. Under different leaders this or that disastrous defeat would, without a doubt, have been changed into a brilliant victory, and Prussia would ultimately have been beaten. Unhappily our leaders were what they were, and Germany came out of the war a victorious and immensely aggrandized power.

Young de Castelnau, in the course of this campaign, was promoted, first to the rank of lieutenant, and then to that of captain. For him, as for all who served with him, there was only one task: to set about reorganizing the military power which had been shattered in this disaster and to give France an army.

On this patriotic labor, this national reconstruction, all Castelnau's efforts were henceforth concentrated. His military life had begun with an unsuccessful war with Germany; it is crowned by another German war from which we have every assurance of coming out victorious. The interval between these two wars—a period of forty-four years of hard study and hard thinking—was devoted by him, and by our other chiefs, to one single problem—that of fitting our army for a conflict which each one of them, in spite of all the illusions of pacifists and politicians, knew in his heart to be inevitable. Forty-four years concentrated upon a sin-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gle purpose gives a wonderfully harmonious unity—*tenor vitæ*, the Romans called it—to a human life. And a great and deeply satisfying reward for their efforts and their labors has come to the men who, like Joffre and Castelnau, have had but one thought all their lives—to prepare the army of France for victory.

Castelnau mounted the successive grades of a military career and at each stage received the recognition due to him. He passed into the École de Guerre, was promoted to a divisional staff, to the staff of an army corps, and thence to the Great General Staff, from time to time, at each of these stages, putting in his periods of command with the troops.

It was in 1906 that he became general, and from that moment his rise was very rapid. When, in 1913, General Joffre was designated as commander-in-chief of the armies in the field in case of war, he lost no time in calling General de Castelnau to his side as chief of staff. The confidence which General Joffre reposes in him is unbounded. The two great chiefs have for long been accustomed to work together and with one accord, and in continuous collaboration they studied one by one all the difficult problems of a future war. This collaboration, begun and continued in times of peace, was to become closer still upon the field of battle, where it has come to fruition. After eighteen months of war we find General de Castelnau acting as second to the *généralissime*, living and working beside him, and placing his whole intelligence and his whole activity at the service of his great chief.

II. GENERAL FOCH

At the end of August, 1914, our great retreat was in progress. It was the eve of the battle of the Marne. The tenth division was retreating from the northeast of Charleville, on the Belgian frontier, in the direction of Rethel and Reims, covering the left wing of the fourth army. This retreat, however, did not prevent it from dealing some heavy thrusts at the enemy. On August 28, near Signy l'Abbaye, it overthrew an entire corps of Saxons forming part of Von Husen's army, and, in spite of a heavy inferiority in numbers, won an incontestable victory in the field. Nevertheless, in obedience to general orders, it became necessary in the middle of the night to turn and continue the retreat. But our soldiers retained a very clear consciousness of having just beaten the Germans; and, in spite of this backward movement, their tone and confidence were unimpaired.

Some days later at Bertoncourt, near Rethel, they once more got the better of the German invader. Two battalions of colonial infantry stormed this village at the point of the bayonet. The Saxons who occupied it had descended to the unspeakable foul play of hiding behind a screen of civilians, to shield themselves from the rifle-fire of our troops. This fact is attested in official documents by a hundred depositions each more crushing than the last.

On the 30th August—it was a morning of dog-day heat—a general was walking to and fro in front of the Hôtel de Ville in the market-place of Attigny on the Aisne, a small town a little above Rethel. His manner was abrupt and jerky; his air was anxious, his expression grave. From time to time a staff-officer would arrive bringing him information and presenting him with reports. He would snatch each paper that was brought to him, cast a rapid eye over it, and resume his walk. A number of German prisoners were marched past, marshalled by our soldiers with fixed bayonets. They were a wretched band, bare-headed, dishevelled, panting, covered with dust and sweat. The general hardly turned his eyes in their direction. The road and the market-place were packed with an agitated throng. Batteries, munition sections, endless convoys, succeeded one another without a pause. The neighboring guns grew louder and louder, as if the battle were drawing nearer. A regiment passed. One of the men noticed the general and nudged his companion: "Look at the boss," he said. "I shouldn't care to tackle him to-day."

"The boss" (*le patron*) was General Foch. He had just assumed command of a new army, expressly created for his control.

The placing of Foch's army in the centre of our line, and of Manoury's army near Paris, were two master-strokes of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

General Joffre, admirably carried out by his subordinates—two strokes in which our whole victory on the Marne was already implied. The German menace in Belgium was becoming every moment graver and more pronounced; our left army and the British force were giving way. A new and rapid distribution of our forces was imperative. Some of our army corps were therefore passed from east to west. In the Paris sector an army under the command of General Manoury was created behind the intrenched camp, ready at a given moment to hurl itself on von Kluck and threaten to envelope his troops. Similarly, in the centre, between our fourth and fifth armies, a new army was formed and intrusted to General Foch, who, in Lorraine, had brilliantly distinguished himself in command of one of our finest corps—the 20th, of Nancy.

Events were not slow in proving the wisdom and insight of the measures taken by General Joffre in the full agitation of retreat. A few days later the retreat was at an end and the battle of the Marne had begun.

The Germans recognized the deadly threat upon their left, where von Kluck, sharply attacked by Manoury, was compelled to expose himself to two fronts at a time. They attempted to get out of the danger by a vigorous offensive directed on our centre. The Prussian Guard, and other of their crack corps, made a violent attack in the neighborhood of Fère Champenoise and the marshes of St.-Gond. It was at this point that General Foch was situated. So spirited was the onslaught of the Germans that they succeeded in shaking part of Foch's troops. His entire right was driven back to the south of Fère Champenoise. His army no longer lined up horizontally with our general front; it had become a vertical line, an elbow. Happily, the divisions on his left held firm. At Mondement, at the southern extremity of the marshes of St.-Gond, they clung to their positions and offered a dogged and heroic resistance.

But, though the right of this army gave way, the general in command of it, Foch, did not give way an instant. Energy, tenacity, resistance are his conspicuous qualities. Victory is above all things a question of will; and it was by sheer force of will that victory was destined to be wrested from the enemy's hands. The general communicated his confidence to all around him. The word of command was to hold on; to hold on whatever happened and at whatever price. And this was not enough. He achieved far more: he attacked. He accomplished a *tour de force*, almost a miracle: with an army three-fourths defeated he passed to the offensive.

A general who had been placed under Foch's command came to report that his men were tired out: his troops were at the end of their tether. The rebuff was sharp: "Tired out!" replied the general. "So are the Germans. You are to attack."

Yet there was a moment, during the last two days of the great battle, when General Foch's position was highly critical. One of his army corps and a reserve division were beaten back beyond Fère Champenoise. On his left, which up to now had held firm, the Germans after a terrible attack succeeded in occupying the Château de Mondement. At nightfall, on the evening of the 8th, the great plain, seen from the height of the cliff of Broyes, presented a prodigious spectacle—a veritable vision of the Apocalypse. Cloud upon cloud of gleaming red and bronze rolled over it; the last rays of the sun lit up the storms of dust raised by the guns and by the great host of horse and foot; the bursting shells flashed incessantly; and over the whole scene rose the flames of mighty conflagrations. The Germans had only to reach a little beyond Mondement to become immediate masters of the entire cliff, from the summit of which their heavy artillery could blast our forces in the plain unhindered and turn our retreat into a rout. General Foch demanded a final effort of heroism from his sorely tried army, and the army answered to his call. The Château of Mondement, which the Germans had just seized, was retaken by our troops after three successive attacks. The last of these, more violent than the rest, was made at nightfall with the help of two guns daringly moved up to within four hundred yards in order to shell the defenders of the place. At the most critical moment of the conflict General Foch improvised and executed an amazingly skilful manœuvre to which our final victory was due. The Germans had driven themselves into our army like a wedge; their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

front took the form of an elbow. General Foch was inspired to turn to our own advantage a position which appeared wholly favorable to the enemy. He slipped one of his divisions abruptly from left to right, in such a way as to throw it suddenly upon the German flank. The movement took the enemy by surprise. On a smaller scale it was the same skilful manœuvre as that by which General Joffre threw Manoury's army on the flank of Von Kluck. In each case the result was admirable. The two manœuvres were the deciding cause of the German retreat and won us the victory of the Marne.

Every frontal attack which the Germans had attempted had completely failed. They were gravely menaced on their flank, their troops were totally exhausted, their munitions at an end. This was the situation which faced the German General Staff. They recognized that to go on was to run the risk of a complete disaster. The Kaiser in person signed with his own hand the memorable order to retreat. France and its capital were saved.

To this brilliant end General Foch had largely contributed. General Joffre recognized the fact a few days later, in the congratulations which his *ordre du jour* offered to his brilliant collaborator.

Three weeks passed. The Germans, having failed to take Paris or destroy the French army, now tried to outflank us on their right. They pushed their forces farther and farther toward Amiens and Arras. But their stroke was parried; and they found us ready with an answer. Our army corps were moved from right to left and from east to west. These two strategic movements, or "oquades," on the French and German sides developed parallel to one another. The Germans were as incapable here as they had been elsewhere of making the least advance or gain. The two armies extended their fronts more and more to the north. They climbed toward Lille and the Yser. This is the phase which has been called "the race for the sea." And when at length the North Sea was reached at Nieuport the two adversaries must needs come to a halt.

Just before this the Germans, through their crushing superiority in heavy artillery, were enabled to seize Antwerp. The little Belgian army made a fortunate escape toward Ghent and Furnes. They were enabled to do this by the heroic resistance of the French naval brigade under the command of Admiral Ronarc'h, which, step by step, contested the enemy's advance. The English army began to move northward toward Ypres from the positions on the banks of the Aisne which it had occupied since the battle of the Marne. The Germans thereupon decided to make a terrific effort to overturn the English army, the Belgian army, and the French troops which lay between them. This was the signal for the battle of the Yser.

The violence of that battle and the fury of the German assaults can never be described. The Kaiser, after failing to take Paris, must have his revenge, and the revenge must be dazzling. He decided that at any cost Calais must be his. Now was the moment when all Germany abandoned itself to a hatred for England that amounted to frenzy. Lissauer had just composed, in hatred of England, that amazing and monstrous song, destined surely to remain in human history as a typical example of the degree of aberration and criminal folly to which a self-infatuated people can attain.

Those who ruled the counsels of Germany were convinced that if Calais could be reached their strength in submarines would enable them to establish a close blockade against England, isolate her, and hold her at their mercy. The Kaiser, wishing to inflame the fury of his troops and to obtain from them a superhuman effort of courage and energy, came in person to take part in the attack which he believed would prove decisive. He established himself at Roulers; he passed his troops in review and exalted their enthusiasm. The Germans, who desired to break through at whatever cost, attacked in great masses, as though with the stroke of a club. On one day they threw no less than seven divisions, one upon the other, against the French and English lines. The English, left to themselves, must have bent before this terrific onslaught. It was absolutely necessary to support them. Some of our best army corps were abruptly taken from certain parts of our front, sent in rapid succession by rail, and thrown upon the Yser. It was a human dike raised to stay the German inundation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These strategic movements, far superior in scale to anything imagined before the present war, were carried out with great rapidity and perfect order. Yet one need only cast an eye on the map to realize that this concentration of forces upon the Yser involved far greater difficulties on our side than on the enemy's. The front from the North Sea to the Vosges makes almost a right angle, running north and south to Compiègne, and afterward east and west. The Germans are within the angle; we outside it. It follows that they are more readily able than ourselves to send rapid reinforcements to one or other of their wings.

In the first days of October General Foch, who directed his army in the centre of the general line, had been transferred to our left wing and given a far more important command. All our armies of the north were placed at his orders. He had, moreover, the delicate task of achieving a complete unity and co-ordination of effort with the English and Belgian armies. He was, in short, the commander-in-chief of all the troops which resisted the German onslaught on the Yser: a heavy task which was once again to yield him a brilliant success.

The battle opened. The Germans called up continual reserves and forced the pace of their attack. But General Foch's confidence remained unbroken: it communicated itself to all who came near him. As each battalion arrived it was thrown into the furnace. Not a day, not an hour, could be lost. Every gap had to be filled, and reinforcements flung incessantly to strengthen our tottering line.

The whole flat region between the Yser and the sea is typical of the Low Countries: water, water encroaching and submerging, is everywhere. Scratch the soil and water appears. It is a fat and fertile country, saturated and oozing with humidity, blankly monotonous to look upon. Before the war a dense population crowded this rich land of Flanders. How much more crowded was it then, when through every village and hamlet the stream of Belgian refugees had overflowed in thousands! And where should room be found for all these army corps of French soldiers arriving one after the other, ceaselessly? It was lucky that these men and their officers were the easiest and most good-natured in the world. And after all, the human race is capable of infinite compression.

Our troops did not limit themselves to the defensive. From time to time they passed to the counter-attack with great spirit. They attempted to seize the Château of Dixmude to gain space for the bridge-head which we hold at that point. It was a dark and gloomy winter's day, such as is frequent in that region, with a thick mist and a depressing sooty sky. Quite near us this foggy atmosphere was cleft by the forked fire of bursting shells, for here at the bridge of Dixmude the Germans were scarcely a thousand yards away.

From Nieuport to Thann, from the North Sea to the Vosges, many cities have been destroyed in the course of this war. But Dixmude endured the heaviest bombardment that a town can suffer. There is not a house unstruck, not a road that has not been pitted by shells. And what pits they are! One of them measured eight yards in diameter, and three and a half yards in depth. A carriage and horses, a whole section of infantry, could be hidden in it. Indescribably melancholy, in the dismal winter twilight, are the roads and squares of the little town where the tempest of war has raged. It is an empty city, overtaken by death.

When one thinks of the battle of the Yser, the violence of the attacks which the Germans renewed week after week, their unceasing efforts, their reckless sacrifice of human life, one wonders how any resistance was possible. Our battalions were hardly out of the train before they were thrown into the thick of the fighting; the country was unknown to them; their trenches, hastily contrived, were far from perfect; night and day they struggled in the mud. Yet, in spite of all, they held firm. At every point the German thrust was checked.

The same qualities of endurance and tenacity, the same heroism which won for us the battle of the Marne, secured for General Foch and the excellent troops he commanded this successful issue on the Yser. General Foch's attitude during these hard days must have recalled to many some words which he spoke at the École de Guerre with all the emphasis of a vigorous faith. He quoted a phrase of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Joseph de Maistre: "A lost battle is a battle one believes oneself to have lost; in a material sense no battle can be lost." And he added: "A battle, then, can only be lost morally. But, if so, it is also morally that a battle is won." One might add to this aphorism another: A battle won is a battle in which you refuse to acknowledge defeat.

The conduct of General Foch on the Yser and in the region of Fère Champenoise corresponded exactly with his professions in the École de Guerre. For Foch, before putting the art of war into practise on the field of battle, had already taught it in his lectures and published works. His is the deeply interesting case of a famous professor of strategy called by the turn of events to give his theories and his teaching a living application. It is worth while to examine how this came about. How, and in what circumstances, were the theories fitted to the facts?

General Foch was born in 1851, the son of a civil servant at Tarbes. He is thus an exact contemporary of General de Castelnau and General Joffre. As soon as he entered college his teacher in mathematics declared: "His genius is for geometry; he has the makings of a polytechnician." And, in fact, General Foch, making good this prediction, entered the École Polytechnique, from which, in due course, he graduated as an artilleryman. While holding the rank of lieutenant-colonel, he was appointed professor in strategy and general tactics at the École de Guerre. Ten years later, after holding commands in various arms, he was made director of this same school.

He has condensed the drift of his teaching into two now celebrated books, "The Principles of War" and "The Conduct of War." Here may be found his whole theory of war illustrated with a prodigal abundance of facts and instances. He starts with the principle that it is an absolute mistake, in war, to take nothing but the material factors into account. Over and above the "earthly" element of military art remains what Napoleon called the "divine" element. Hence war is not an exact science, but a terrific and passionate drama where man with his moral and physical faculties is cast for the principal part.

Instruction in war is, however, necessary, because for most men the realities of the battle-field are not favorable to inspiration. Most often they have a paralyzing effect. Under fire it is all one can do to carry out what one has learned, to act up to the knowledge which a long and difficult training has built up. The smallest success in military action presupposes long preparation in thought and study. Genius is not universal, and in its absence a general can rise to the height of his task only by method and by science. The function of the long military education is to give officers the right *reflex actions* on the field of battle. But these are only to be acquired by sustained and constant effort.

"Modern war," says General Foch, "is a national war." The end it sets itself is not the conquest or maintenance of a province but the defense or propagation of principles: spiritual ends and philosophical ideas. It brings into play the feelings and passions of every soldier. When Bonaparte in his famous proclamation to the army of Italy based his appeal on those passions he inaugurated a new era in war.

On the subject of the intellectual discipline of commanders General Foch has written several pages which rank among the best that the ideal of military duty has ever inspired. "In war, except for the commander-in-chief, every officer is a subordinate. Every one of them, in seeking to command must seek to obey. But obedience is a difficult art. Many circumstances—to say nothing of the enemy—interfere with the execution of the order received. To conquer these circumstances demands a mental discipline that is intelligent and alert. A commander, then, should first and foremost be a man of character, but he should also be capable of the comprehension and resource necessary for obedience. . . . Discipline involves a mental activity—an activity of reflection: it is not a matter of immobility, like the silence of the ranks. Discipline, in a commander, does not mean merely the execution of orders within convenient, just, rational, or even possible limits. It means a frank entry into the thoughts and intentions of whoever is in supreme command, and the adoption of every possible means to satisfy them. Discipline does not mean a silent acquiescence that limits itself to whatever can be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

undertaken without compromising oneself; it is not the art of avoiding responsibilities. It is the art of acting in the spirit of a given order, and calls us, to that end, to find in our intelligence a means of executing the order, and in our character the energy to take the necessary risks."

General Foch illustrates these definitions by the case of General de Failly, who on the 4th and 6th of August, 1870, was either unable or unwilling to carry out his orders to go first to Bitche and then to Reichshoffen, with the result that he failed to take part in the battle where the army of Alsace was overwhelmed, and where his presence would assuredly have changed the issue. And General Foch continues: "At a time like ours, which believes itself able to neglect ideal elements, which pretends to live realistically, rationally, positively, and to avoid abstractions, when everything is reduced to terms of science and to a more or less ingeniously contrived empiricism, we are left with but one resource against error and disaster. That resource—and it is both sure and fertile in results—lies in abandoning ourselves to the service of two abstractions of a moral order, duty and discipline. And this service, if it is to lead to success, must be backed up by science and good sense." Such are the governing ideas of General Foch.

In daily life the general is a man of few words. He speaks with mathematical conciseness, and his conversation is always full of vigor. Cold, calm, and self-possessed, he is conspicuous for just the qualities which the English most prize. Add to these his close knowledge of the English army, along with his keen sense of the national temperament and character, and we shall easily comprehend the influence he exerts over every Englishman who comes in contact with him. To this influence is due in large measure the perfect understanding and cohesion which has existed between the French and English armies from the very beginning of the war. It was, indeed, far from being the simplest of tasks to insure this cohesion. Great delicacy and tact were obviously called for. General Foch, by the force of character which every Englishman recognizes in him, achieved it without the smallest difficulty.

Superficially, at any rate, the trench warfare in which the two armies have now been so long rooted is very different from the kind of war that General Foch has written of and taught. It was open to the Germans, after the battle of the Marne, to continue the free-moving warfare from which alone rapid and decisive results can be obtained. They preferred to dig themselves in. This course, it is true, has enabled them thus far to hold firm. But by this course, it is no less true, they are renouncing the possibility of beating us, of putting us once for all out of action. Trench warfare for them was not, and can never be, more than a *pis-aller*. The enemy well know that this state of siege, by its very nature, and in proportion to its length, must necessarily work out to their disadvantage, since Germany, cut off as it is from all use of the sea, plays the part of the besieged, while France and England are the besiegers. Consequently, the mere fact that the Germans have chosen or accepted this kind of war upon the western front is in itself an admission of impotence and defeat.

Moreover, whether we fight in trenches or in the open, it is still by the moral qualities of the belligerents that victory will finally be decided. From this point of view we have no cause for uneasiness, for the moral superiority is ours. And here the confidence of General Foch in the ultimate issue is unequalled. To him, as to General de Castelnau, the war has brought heavy private sorrows. His son and his son-in-law were killed in the earliest months. He has said nothing of his own grief, but has given an example to all by redoubling his efforts and his perseverance.

In this war battles, which used to be a matter of hours or of days, are now prolonged to months and years. Many onlookers are so struck by the paradox of this slow development that they are tempted to disbelieve in any final decision or rupture of the equilibrium. But we, who live among the actors in the drama, have, on the contrary, a mathematical certainty that the rupture will come and that it will come in our favor, and that on an enfeebled Germany the Allies by a common effort will one day deliver their united stroke.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PAGAN'S PRAYER

By Juliet Whiton

So much to know, so little time to learn,
Before the woven thread of life be cut;
So many thoughts of ages gone, to read,
So many visions of the years to come—
And all the great wide world to wander in——

O gods of heaven, and Clotho, Atropos,
Grant me a while to linger on this earth;
To seek the golden treasures of the past,
To dream of unknown wonders yet to be,
To feel the sweet approach of coming day,
To see the purple shadows on the hills,
And hear the nightingale begin her song—
And then, one day, to leave the summer shores,
And sail across the western sunset sea
To find the land of unfulfilled desires,
Where all I read, has been, and all I dreamed of, is;
Where from the mighty altars of the gods
The pleasant incense curls in wavering smoke,
And all the glories of an older world
Are melted into everlasting peace.

THE GOLD-HUNTERS

By Charles J. Lisle

Illustration by Frank E. Schoonover

MY wife and I live out in an Idaho mining-camp. It is a very real wilderness that surrounds her; forty miles to the nearest woman neighbor, shut in for at least four months of every year from every opportunity to go or come.

To be sure, it isn't exactly pioneering in the terms of a century ago. We have our piano, our library, our babies, and many of the other comforts of "home." Electric lights from the little waterfall a few rods away; electric appliances for every available household duty; a huge open fireplace and huge fir logs to glow in its molten heart; climbing and even hot-house roses and other flowers and a delightful little garden; money enough to buy all the creature comforts of life that can be transported so far.

No man can fully read a woman's heart; and I, sympathetic and appreciative as I try to be, can never know how much of a deprivation it is for my wife to be away from the companionship of her sex. It would indeed be a strange "career" for any college woman to choose, to go so far outside of her former walks of life to be the companion of a struggling miner in the crudest part of the crude West! Maybe I have done her a very great wrong in so ordering my life that the spectre of duty can even seem to call her to this sacrifice.

And yet I am sure that she has at least some returns. None can dream deeper, sweeter dreams than a woman; none can so appreciate the wilderness in its silent or solitary grandeur. If to be successful is to get the best thoughts and deeds out of life, to express oneself the truest, one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might find that even here—as my wife surely does!

To listen to the murmur of the pines that never quite drone off to sleep; to hear the constant roar of the distant river and the noisy, boyish clatter of the brook as it tumbles off the cliff near by; to climb the gaunt, old granite hills, peopled only by the wilderness folk wearing feathers or fur; from the heights to see the maze of mountain, river, forest, and snowy crags stretched out like a mighty scroll; to follow the progress of the miners, who, ant-like, are burrowing deep into the mountain core for buried treasure; to visualize one's dream of the army of gold-hunting men, the procession of hopes and fears that have passed through this once-famous boom camp, and on to—Who knows where? This is but a part of the drama of the wilderness, the stage-settings that would grip the soul of many a woman; they are the settings for the prospector's life and aspirations.

What a glorious gold-hunter a good woman would be, in spirit if not in body, with this spiritual inspiration! For it is the spirit that goes gold-hunting in the great hills! Only the conventions of society, and her physical limitations, could have kept armies of women from the prospector's life, with its sordid present but its deathless prophetic gleam of a brighter beyond!

However, in her particular case to merely see all these spiritual allurements; to have the respect and platonic love of all the men who ever come our way—grizzled old miners with the hearts of children—to have an adoring audience and body-guard of red-shirted cavaliers, who translate her every word or thought into desire to serve her as truly as did the knights of King Arthur's time—these may bring, to my wife, even in the wilderness that calls for action, a deep content that Providence has given her womanhood and a niche to fill with her own helpful and appreciative spirit. This is her prospector's gold, but in the home instead of in the mines!

I am not really a miner—only the prosaic business manager for a struggling mine corporation that believes unfalteringly in its destiny. The real mine superintendent is a bearded giant of a man—steel-blue of eye, mighty of thew and courage, a veritable John Ridd of a later day. He has come close to the allotted threescore-and-ten span of ordinary life; but one might doubt if his life is even half spent—that frame, that upstanding look and unquenchable, kindling eye! He has prospected for almost fifty years. I do not know whether he ever loved a woman; if he did, it would be with the power of a storm at sea, with the unquestioning faith of the little child. He adores my wife—and his mind is as clean and pure as that of a child.

But I do know that he loves—not a woman, but his art! The art of the gold-hunter! The deathless passion of the one who knows what he desires and in his consuming desire is full content. My wife, I doubt not, is but the impersonal materialization of his dream of gold; a dream that could hardly take other form than a lovely, spiritual woman. He is the embodiment of the most wonderful story our romantic West has ever known—The Gold-Hunter and His Phantom Bride of Gold.

The poet who wrote that

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast"

must have known and marvelled in his awe at the old Grand Army gold-hunter I found in one Idaho mine. For an eternity of hope is only a few minutes' breathing spell for him and his kind!

For almost thirty years he has served as watchman for the old King of the Hills mine at Sawtooth City, almost on the roof of the continent. He watches—and watches—and watches forever! He is monarch of the wilderness of tunnels and shafts and upraises, with their decaying timbers and their fabled rich ledges of ore. Regularly comes a check for his services; from gray-haired women who for thirty years have believed, ever still with the hot heart of youth, in the value of the ore deposits. The hope of the mother in her darling son whose present waywardness is but the darkness just before the dawn of his greatness is of the same eternal character as the steadfastness of the ancient guardian and his daintier backers.

And so, while the outside world babbles of European wars, of radiograms, of wire-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

less telephony, of a score of incredible new scientific marvels—this blue-coated old man who offered his life to back his belief that the dream of freedom was real, and his dainty women employers and friends who believe with the faith of all good women in the ultimate triumph of their hopes and dreams—they know that the paltry thirty years they have waited is but a speck on the space of time, that their dreams will be and remain true, and their eternal hope shall be justified. The gold-hunter's sublime faith!

When you go to the bank and get, if you can or will, a handful of shining gold pieces, you should say a prayer for the souls of the sinful dead, and for the unfortunates, alive or dead; and a pæan of joy for those whom it may have made glad. For in a handful of gold coins, the deathless metal that never loses its identity through fire and revolution and decay, you will find gold that tells of every human passion in its loveliest, strongest, vilest form.

There is no record of the gold produced from the early bonanza mine camps of the West. No one could more than conjecture the amount. But Alder Gulch in Montana; Last Chance Gulch, where the city of Helena now stands; and some of the smaller but even richer bars on the upper Missouri probably produced half a billion dollars in gold in the '60's and early '70's.

Florence Basin in Idaho, a territory approximately twenty miles square, produced hardly less than one hundred and fifty million dollars in gold from its discovery in 1861 to 1880. The Elk City Basin produced at least one-half as much. And the Boise Basin country, with the now almost forgotten "cities" of Placerville, Idaho City, Oroville, and others, could be proven to have sent out close to four hundred million dollars in gold, if the Wells-Fargo Express Company records in the old company vaults in San Francisco could be brought into court to be sworn.

And in any handful of gold coins you would almost certainly get gold from every one of these camps! What a tale of vanished cities, of terrible outlawry, of morality that lost its grip on the sunset side of the great continental divide, of deprivation, of heroism, of sublime faith and love—all these, and more, that gold could tell! Melted over and over, going into bright new coinage after a long, perhaps sordid, perhaps glorious service to mankind, these coins represent every mine, every prospect, every golden "hope that springs eternal"—as eternal as the unperishing metal itself.

The true gold-miner and prospector serves almost as jealous a mistress as the artist who must dedicate his all to his art or lose his love and his artistic life and die. A family can hardly live on the gold-hunter's wage! No family ties could well withstand the thraldom that enchains the devotee. No wife, however devoted, however otherwise helpless and so bound by necessity or convention, can follow the true prospector in his wilderness path.

If the span of thirty years for the gnarled old watchman, or his gentler but not less steadfast waiting employers, is but a brief incident in the game of gold, it is negligible in the life of the active prospector!

It was only a few years ago, when I was visiting in Montana, that I met one of the "real" genus prospector. He lived through the hard winter—God knows how—nursing his rheumatism and his hunger and his almost eighty years of age, and a decrepit old pack-horse, through the forty-below zero and the five-foot drifts of the long, dreary winter. You would say he was an absolute wreck, physical, mental; that he lived on only because he was too dead to forget to breathe. But when the ice began to go out of the streams, and the bare rocks to peer out from the snowy wastes, and the grass to show green under the snow, he expanded like a brown bulb that produces the beautiful lilies of spring.

"Mister, I have been rich half a dozen times, an' I ain't been as keerful as I ort. But I'm goin' to strike it richer this year than ever—I jest know it! Thar's a patch of ground back in the hills that's a wonder—an' I need a leetle grub-stake for to open it up. It'll make us rich—Son, you hear that?—Rich! Ef you want to, here's where you kin take a chance that can't lose. The old man'll win yet!"

And the octogenarian miner, married to his hope of the gold that he believes he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will find, got his grub-stake—as, I doubt not, he has done every year since from some one who marvels at his boyish enthusiasm and recuperation. He never found his elusive Golconda; if he had, he would have sought me to the ends of the earth to divide according to his promise—for these men's word is as sacred as the word of your mother or mine. And I do not believe he is dead; indeed, I doubt whether he ever dies—at least until his dream is fulfilled! Like the Wandering Jew—though gladly, lovingly bound by his hope and not by his dreadful doom—he must go on, eternal in his hope!

I had a friend, a "bunkie," an officer in the Filipino war. We tramped a thousand miles of tropical jungle together; ate from the same slender commissary; slept together under the same burning Southern Cross; shivered under the same torrential rains; combed the bushes for the same knife-throwing foe. He was a miner, a mystic, with his golden dreams; I, a prosaic person to whom the gods had not given the gift of imagination. I had a sweetheart at home—a loving girl, such an one as have been the mothers and the saviors of our race. I dreamed of love and the home and the beautiful children who should crown our age.

But he—he dreamed of the gold at the rainbow's foot; of the joy of the discovery; of the triumph of victory—and that was, and is, his only love! Not sordid—no; he, and every one of his kind, would give away his last cent and live forever in penury. But—the dream! Gold, like virtue or love, to be wooed from the hidden depths!

When we returned to the States, I took the first train for my sweetheart's home—and he took the first pack-horse for the wilderness to woo his goddess of gold!

I have my family of beautiful girls and stalwart sons; and my sweetheart, less young but more saintly in her womanly maturity—and we are more than content!

And my friend—he, too, is content! He lives in a log cabin, miles from any neighbor; his only companions his dog, his pack-horse, his hammer and drills—and his golden dreams! For no man has in his heart room for both wife and family and his goddess Gold. He will never marry, though he lives a century. No prospector can be untrue to his hopes and dreams!

There is a fine brand of courage in these old gold-hunters. Usually when a prospector sets out he leaves word somewhere that he expects to return "about" a certain specified time. And then he plunges into the wilderness. There are a thousand things that can happen to a man alone. One old man, seventy-nine years old, set out early last winter to do his annual assessment before the first of the new year. He did not return at the specified time. Winter set in; a howling, blizzardy winter, with six feet of snow. Finally, the friends got a chance to hunt for him, between storms. They found him—with a leg broken for sixteen days; a huge rock had caved in on him, in the tunnel. By superhuman effort he got free and crawled to his cabin—he blasted the rock off himself, at a terrible risk! At the cabin he put splints on the broken leg and settled down to wait for—for either friends or starvation. Luckily the friends found him first! The doctor was not able to better the backwoods bone-setting job; the broken limb mended so that he recovered with scarce a limp—and he goes on prospecting as ever.

The uncanny gathering of vultures to the lethal feast is understandable and commonplace beside the flocking in of miners to a district reputed to contain gold. Not so very long ago, in one of the deserted old mining-camps that had gone down from four thousand miners to four hundred sheep-herders, farmers, and stockmen—and "waiters"—some one was reputed to have found rich ore on the barren hillside overlooking the town. It is not impossible, though highly improbable, that gold ever existed there; the "float" on which the find was based may have been dropped there by a playful coyote, or fallen off from an overladen pack-mule in the early days—or it may all have been a huge practical joke on the part of the alleged finder. Anyhow, it was enough to revive the slumbering ardor of the gold-hunters. From every gulch, from every stock ranch, from every hunter's cabin poured forth a horde of bewhiskered, keen-eyed old prospectors. You would hardly have believed there

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover.

Yet some of those alfalfa-whiskered miners will never doubt that some day their dream will come true—right there!—Page 758.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were so many whiskers outside the menagerie or the cartoonist's pictured farm village. They staked out every foot of the steep hillside, and eagerly lapped over on to the valleys and to the adjoining hills for miles and miles. It was another South Sea Bubble, so far as returns go—yet hundreds of these old men believe that this, their latest golden dream, will come true. And they will still believe, though in some other place they might actually realize all their desires and in reason know that this one was false!

The land laws of the United States specifically reserve minerals from title granted for purely agricultural purposes. One who discovers gold or other valuable mineral on his farm land will be on the safe side if he goes at once and files on the mineral, under the mining laws; it may save him many an uneasy hour. Where patent has not yet been issued, the agricultural filing isn't worth a burnt match as against a mining claim. Strangers can come in and make checker-board filings all over one's grain-fields, or meadow, or the posy bed and garden and orchard—and the farmer cannot help it. The crop may be his if he can protect it—but the miner has the mineral! And those grizzled old gold-hunters would have slight compunction in taking a man's home if it seemed to be gold land! They would follow the gleam wherever it might lead.

It happened late in 1914 that at one place along the Snake River some one spread the news of the discovery of gold in a well-settled farming district. Some of the river lands had been worked years before, by hydraulic process, for placer gold; but there was never enough of the precious metal to pay interest on the investment, let alone wages and the original cost. This new discoverer—whether a scientist or a faker is still in debate—professed to have found the source of the hypothetical gold in the rock under the two-hundred-foot flow of igneous lava that covered the plains above the river canyon. He showed a small bottle of glistening sand and an assayer's report on a sample of rock that told of fabulous values.

Did the miners come? They did. In swarms and singly they descended on to those smiling meadows. They filed on every inch of land for miles around. Overnight they had builded banks and theatres and railroads and factories and joy-houses of every hue from this new realization of their golden dreams.

To be sure, it was a little premature, this hope of fortune. Cold assays showed that the best rock any one else could find carried only twenty cents per ton in gold—a negligible trace, to say the least! You can find almost that much in concrete or brick! No one else found the shining nuggets! The tented city faded away like the mirage in the morning sun. Yet some of those alfalfa-whiskered miners will never doubt that some day their dream will come true—right there!

One interesting little side-light on this last gold stampede is the peach orchard that an enterprising orchardist planted on the ground once worked over for placer gold. Years before, the miners had laboriously dug about fifteen cents' worth of gold out of the farm, after a year's siege with rocker and hydraulic giant, and had left the place as too barren and worthless to fill maps with. The fruit man, with his trained eye on the fertile soil and the temperature chart, filed on the land for a farm; levelled the unsightly placer mounds, brought on some spring water for irrigation, and planted the place to peaches. He has raised as high as seven hundred dollars' worth of peaches an acre a year—more real money than all the gold-miners in the county ever dug out of the soil! There actually is gold in that fertile valley—and in a thousand others like it all through the West where the prospector has his range. But he wouldn't ever recognize it with a "peach" annex!

There are two dear old men of my acquaintance, miners for almost half a century, who finally took a semi-vacation from the pursuit of gold and filed on a little mountain ranch apiece, where they putter around raising enough vegetables and stock to keep them mining the rest of the year. There was not quite enough water for both in the little creek through their farms, so they fought; one day they met out in the scraggly timber, and blazed away at each other with their cannon-like old army rifles, from behind stumps and logs and banks of earth and clumps of bushes, until all their ammuni-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion was gone. Luckily, their eyesight was failing, so that their weapons and their aim proved less deadly than their desires. Later, they went to law about a calf; but they never law about the serious things of life—like irrigation water or mining claims—they shoot to kill for these! The hard life of the hills makes it a little matter to give or take one's life if necessary to carry out one's desire.

I do not know whether the learned psychologist could tell "why," but the seasoned campaigner can foretell with unfailing accuracy that the next real mining stampede will always occur in the dead of winter, and a long ways off. The Klondike boom, the Thunder Mountain stampede, came in the winter; so did the Goldfield rush, and the Cripple Creek, and the last big one at Jarbidge. The Buffalo Hump boom kept six thousand men tied up at one little Idaho town for more than half of an especially hard winter, waiting to get in to the "mines." There is gold in all these great camps—tons and trainloads of it. But like a rock thrown into a quiet pool, its ripples widening the farther it travels from the source, so the gold rumor travels. No one may realize just how far that ripple has travelled or how big a rock caused it! Thunder Mountain was one hundred and fifty miles from civilization, in a trackless wilderness; and the snow on the mountain passes was ten feet deep; the mercury ran cowering to cover at forty degrees below zero, and food was worth a dollar a pound—ideal conditions for the stampede that followed! Ten thousand men rushed frantically into the instantaneously famous camp. The aggregate heroism and self-denial would have made Sparta and the Pilgrim Fathers and the Revolutionary patriots seem like quitters before they had even begun!

The number of those who against all reason dream of the golden days that are to be, of the mining prosperity that is in store for them, is almost beyond computation. In one county in Idaho, more than twenty-one thousand mining claims had been filed up to several years ago; several subsequent minor stampedes must have increased that number very largely. A quartz claim is six hundred by one thousand five hundred feet, or less; a placer claim is twenty acres. These filings would have covered every acre of an average Eastern county. Each claim requires one hundred dollars' worth of work a year; on the more promising properties—and to the prospector every claim is a delight, as is every child to the faithful mother—several times that much may be expended. One might guess, not altogether at random, that these claims have cost at least two hundred dollars apiece—the prospect claims—outside of all the really big mines that may have expended millions.

Throughout the whole gold-mining West, enough money has been spent in fruitless prospecting to pay the national debt; enough labor to build the Mississippi waterway and several Panama Canals; enough privation endured to bankrupt a world's sympathy—had they been endured in Poland or Ireland or Belgium; enough human love rusted and unused and lost to have brought about the millennium.

But hope beckons—and they go! No sacrifice is too great for the heart that has faith in the Golden Age!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A GREEN MOUNTAIN GARDEN

By Sarah N. Cleghorn

ILLUSTRATION BY MARION POWERS

WHERE gnarled lilacs hedge from view
  The hemlock mountain's crest,
A tiny marble path leads through
  This garden of the West;
This O so briefly blooming bower
Of every quaint and hardy flower.

The lemon-fragrant lily-beds
  Are thronging thick with bees;
In vain the flowering currant spreads
  Her spices to the breeze;
In vain she waves her honeyed net
By marigold and mignonette.

They seem to curtsey in the dusk,
  The currant and the quince,
Commingling scents of clove and musk,
  And early cowslip tints
With hazy dim Pompeian red,
Like leaves embalmed of roses dead.

The hollyhocks find where they grow
  A mirror at their feet:
The moss-hung cistern far below
  Reflects them, stiff and sweet
Hooped olden ladies gazing down
Each on her frilled and fluted gown.

Sweet clover thickets quite enclose
  Within a grassy square,
A tiny tree, a golden rose
  That feeds on fragrant air,
Compound of pink and bergamot,
Sweet-william and forget-me-not.

Last by this pansy-bordered way
  This twilight corner turn,
Kept dim and moist as woods in May
  By giant brake and fern;
Tall warders from the sun and breeze,
They keep the garden's novices.

The wind-flower trembling on her leaf,
  The bell-wort drooping frail,
White trillium hiding in her sheaf,
  And mountain violet pale;—
While these can flower with each young year
The woodland gods are brooding near.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From a drawing by Marion Powers.

Where gnarled lilacs hedge from view
The hemlock mountain's crest,
A tiny marble path leads through
This garden of the West.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION

By Gerald Chittenden

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

RAYNOR has a way of saying things that drives them in above the barb. I never can decide whether the faculty is the cause or the result of his dynamic magnetism.

"Efficiency," he maintained, "is not merely the only good excuse for living. It's the only satisfactory definition of life."

"I hate the word," I answered.

"I know you do, confound you! You're always talking about the human element."

"Have you found any way to eliminate the human element?" I asked. If Raynor were really as hard as he would like to have people think he is, I should not like him as I do.

"From a purely business proposition—yes." His whole taut body strained in the endeavor to make that nonsense convincing. As usual, he nearly succeeded.

I laughed.

"When you are as old as I am—" I began.

"Oh, damn!" ejaculated Raynor. He snapped himself out of his chair and left me alone with the editorial page of the *Evening Post*. A light-ship is not so lonely as the editorial page of the *Evening Post*.

Most people were surprised when Raynor, a month or so afterward, bought a farm. Not only bought it, but went to live on it. He had talked the matter over with me—or rather announced his intentions, as his habit was. But he was rather more speculative and rather less positive about his decision than was usual with him.

"You see," he said, "I have been in the works long enough to know that I am as efficient as the average. But the works are run with the least possible waste of effort or material—the least possible—and there's no scope for the individual."

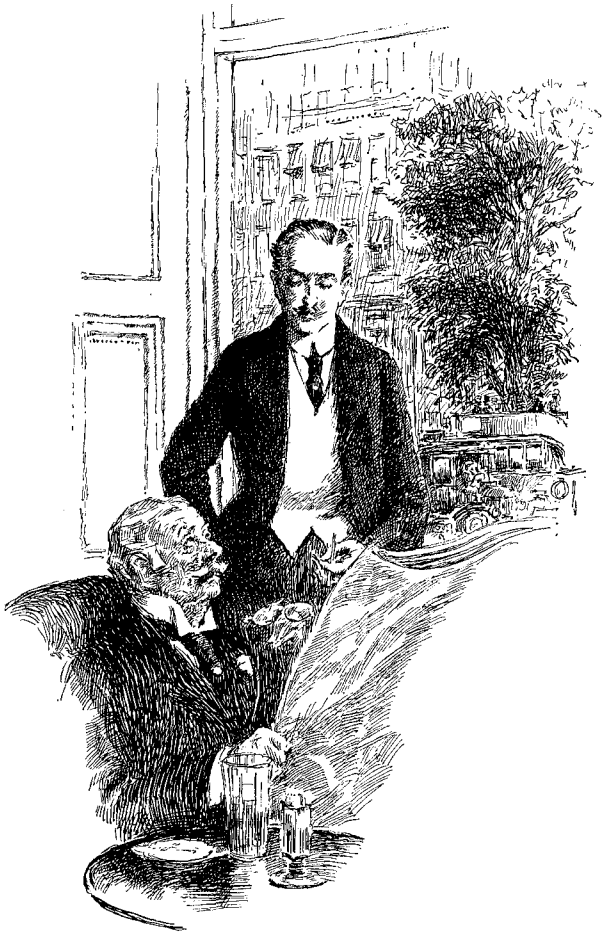
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You have risen pretty rapidly," I ventured.

"Yes. I've had luck. But I don't want to spend many years of my life working for some one else. I want money, and that's not the way to get it."

and four years in a fertilizer factory ought to help some."

"It ought. I suppose you know a good deal about the chemistry of soils and that sort of thing. Can do your own analysis, perhaps?"



"Efficiency," he maintained, "is not merely the only good excuse for living. It's the only satisfactory definition of life."—Page 762.

"But why the farm?" I asked.

"Because there's money in farming. Lots of it, if you do it right."

"It's the fashion to say that. But how many rich farmers do you know?"

"Not many. One or two, though. And it isn't as if I was green at the business. I was raised on a farm, you know,

"Yes," said Raynor. "But that's only part of it."

I looked out of the window, at Fifth Avenue, crowded now from house front to house front with the various mob of three in the afternoon. I grow weary of that treadmill view—increasingly weary, and very often deeply depressed by it. They

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all hurry so intensely, quite as though they were sure of their goals—as if they had but to reach Thirty-second Street or Sixty-ninth Street to lay their hands on happiness. I am of the crowd myself, and hurry as fast and as blindly as any of them, and think as little as any of them, or as much. I cannot get clear of the crowd; even the club window, where I consider it most, is but an eddy of it. "Bound upon the wheel," as my old friend, the Lama, is so fond of saying, and hurrying on from life to life, or from hell to hell, for aught I know. I am of it, for good or ill, and cannot break free. Perhaps I don't want to badly enough. Sometimes, it seems to me a tide, flooding once a day, and ebbing once, and accomplishing nothing for all the pother of its flow and ebb; sometimes, it seems a treadmill. Tide or treadmill, I am sure that efficiency is neither its governor nor its goal.

"I think you've struck your solution," I said to Raynor. "There's no purpose in all this—" I waved my hand at the window. "No goal, except Thirty-second Street or Sixty-ninth Street. Better a farm, where you stand some chance of seeing yourself without looking in the glass."

Raynor snorted like a horse.

"Rot!" he said. "I'm not going to the country to get 'close to Nature's mighty heart.' Or close to my own, for that matter." He had not meant to add the last remark. He looked over at me quickly, hoping that I had not noticed it. "I'm going to make money out of farming—to prove it can be done by efficient management. These people"—he, in his turn, waved at the window—"these people need a lesson."

He smiled that electric smile of his. He and I think along the same lines when we look at the Avenue, but he wants to reform it, and thinks he can, whereas I, though I may want to, know I can't. When he said it needed a lesson, I thought best to humor him lest he try to give me one. He does, occasionally, even now, though the tenor of his teaching has changed.

"Where is your farm?" I sighed.

"Litchfield." He was eager at once. It was an abandoned farm; they always are. There were three hundred acres of it, and another three hundred which marched with it, and which he was going to buy when he could afford to do so. He had got it cheap, and the former owners had made no extra charge for the rocks in the pastures.

"It's good land," he affirmed, "or will be when it's properly fertilized. I've analyzed thirty samples of it. And the very fact that it's all run down will give a greater scope for efficiency in bringing it back."

I was almost as tired of "scope" as I was of "efficiency." They seemed to trot together, like a well-matched pair of unpleasant horses.

"What are you going to raise?" I sighed, knowing of old the question that excites the new farmer to madness.

He had that all planned. I forget what it was—he talked in terms of salads and soups for a long while. It seems to me that he said there were millions in onions. I suppose there are, if you can manage to put onions in millions. But eventually there were to be thousands of apple-trees and hundreds of hogs. It seemed that there was a certain benevolent reciprocity between hogs and apples, if you made your orchards hog-tight.

"When I buy the other three hundred acres," he concluded, "I'll turn it into a dairy-farm." He lit a cigarette and looked efficient. "Oh, it can be done, if you go about it scientifically. I own the farm clear of mortgage, and I've got enough money left to start the thing right. Machinery and all that."

"Is it pretty country?" I asked. "I don't know Litchfield."

"I don't know whether it's pretty or not," he answered brazenly.

"I should think you'd have considered that, if you were going to make your home there."

He looked at me in despair.

"Home?" he said. "Home? What I'm after is a good business proposition."

I apologized.

He moved to Litchfield that August, to get things in shape for the spring campaign, he said. After that I saw comparatively little of him, for he did not come to town for the winter; he was not that kind of a farmer. Far from it; he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was thorough enough in all conscience, as he had always been, and enormously pleased with his investment. When I went to spend a week with him the next summer I could see why.

He had a house by that time—one of those buildings you might call a bungalow, if you happened to like the name. The land fell sharply away from it to the north and to the south, and the hills piled up, one behind the other, till the tints of them fused and were one with the tints of the sky. It was a green summer; there had been no lack of rain, and there was none of that poverty-stricken brown that marks a drought in New England.

"The country is beautiful," I said.

"Yes," Raynor inadvertently agreed. "It is beautiful. Always, at all seasons." He shook himself out of his inefficient admiration for unproductive things. "Now, in this corner," he went on, "I've planted——"

I forget what it was he had planted; onions, probably. In a little while I went over to the club and played a round or two of golf with a retired and reformed banker. At the nineteenth hole we discussed art, I remember; landscapes in particular. He had a few canvases at his house—New England stuff—would I care to look at them some time? He was as fanatical about them as Raynor was about his vegetables.

Raynor came for me in a powerful

A shop opened near the Grand Central with "Sabine Farm Products" painted on its window.—Page 766.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

motor, which shone like a new patent-leather shoe.

"Poor business to let your varnish crack," said Raynor as he monkeyed with the self-starter.

There was something the matter with the tail of the machine—a sort of elephantiasis, I thought. Raynor explained it almost at once, however. The motor was a sort of a traction engine when it was working. Apparently, it took off its play shoes when it got down to business; Raynor showed me its working boots hanging up in his model garage.

"To haul produce to the station and freight back," he said. "There's mighty little produce yet, of course, but there's a lot of freight."

I went often to Litchfield after that, for I liked the country and was interested in Raynor as well as in the banker's landscapes. Each year the peach-trees on the northern slope and the apple-trees on the southern—there was some reason for planting them that way, of course—were a foot or so higher, and presently I began to see "Sabine Farm Peaches" on the menus at Delmonico's and the club. That was good advertising, and the peaches cost a quarter apiece, so they must have been good. The apples followed them in time, and sausages followed the apples, and milk and butter followed the sausages. All the products were branded. Raynor was more often in the city; very soon a shop opened near the Grand Central with "Sabine Farm Products" painted on its window. Inside, it looked like an architect's vision of a heavenly bathroom, and all the products were so confoundedly sanitary that you had to break into them with a sterile crowbar. But they were riotously profitable; there was no need to ask Raynor how he was getting on.

"You have certainly hit your calling," I remarked to him once.

"It looks like it," he replied. "But you can make money out of anything, if you run it right. It isn't just farming. It's eff——"

I stopped him in time. "Don't," I said. "I know that word." He grinned. "And you can do all this," I said enviously, "and still live in the country."

"The country's all right," he admitted, "and the business is all right. It pays about ten per cent. In two years more I'll come and live in the city, and just go to Litchfield once or twice a month to see my manager."

"Can you trust him that far?"

"Yes, indeed. He gets a share of the profits instead of a salary."

"Good scheme, that. Efficiency again, I suppose. But I thought you liked living up at Litchfield."

"I don't hate it. But New York's the place to live, for nine months in the year."

"And the other three?"

"Anywhere. Not at Litchfield especially."

"You have no sentiment about the place, then?"

"Sentiment?" Raynor laughed. "You're incorrigible. Have you any sentiment for your office desk?"

"There's a difference," I objected. "I don't live in my office desk."

"No real difference. Look here. The farm means as much to me, sentimentally, as your desk means to you, and no more. I make my money there—that's all."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed. "You've lived there—how many years is it now?"

"Seven."

"You can't live in a place seven years without loving it or hating it. And you've said you don't hate it."

"Too profitable to hate."

"Would you sell it if you got a good offer?"

"Certainly, if the offer was good enough. If it ever begins to go down-hill, I'll sell on the spot."

I doubted that, though I didn't say so. I recalled the hills that ringed his sleek fields, and the streams that watered them, and the orchards in spring and the maples in autumn; I thought of all the labor that he had spent upon the place and the dream which he had made to come true on it, and wondered how long he could stand the city if he ever came to live there. He was sincere enough in his worship of efficiency, but I felt that there must be a hole in his chilly armor somewhere or other.

There was a hole in his efficiency, at least, or else he had been so successful that the gods grew jealous. Every one remembers the collapse of the L. B. & C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Wolcott Adams

"Now, in this corner," he went on, "I've planted—" I forget what it was he had planted; onions, probably.—Page 765.

and the misery that it caused; Raynor had put all his money in it, and when the bottom dropped out of it he had only his farm left. He might have saved something from the wreck, but just at the wrong moment the scale started in his apple orchards, and, to secure money with which to fight it, he had to sell his holdings in L. B. & C. at the very bottom of the market. He might as well have held on to them; the scale spread, and his trees died on his hands.

That excellent man, Job, is more of a type than an individual; his misadventures with Satan are a fairly common experience. Perhaps, at times, Satan does go about upon the earth and walk up and down in it; certain it is that he, or some equally malign and efficient power, gave his undivided attention to the case of Raynor. Hog cholera and the hoof-and-mouth disease followed the scale, and when, after some months of heart-breakingly futile effort, he found time to reckon

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I don't think I'll sell."—Page 769.

up his losses, he had but a third of all his cattle and hogs left and not a tenth of his trees.

"If you can find a customer for the farm," he said to me, "please hog-tie him and send him to me."

It didn't seem likely that any one would want to buy just then, and I told him so. He looked rather relieved than otherwise. When the wreck was about at its most complete stage, however, a demijohn-shaped client of mine came to me with his mouth watering with land-hunger.

"Not a big place, y'un'stan'," he said, after describing his symptoms at length. "Just a thousand acres or so—a good gepman's place, y'un'stan'."

"A farm?" I suggested.

"Oh, I wouldn' mind a farm. That could be fixed, I guess. Change it into a deer park, like what they have in England, and a peasant preserve—I mean a pheasant preserve."

"Would six hundred acres do?"

"Do for a starter. Where is it?"

I told him, and told him the price. It

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was a high price—about three times what the place was worth in its present condition. But knowing that he had a wife, I set it at two hundred thousand dollars, and showed him Raynor's name in the stud-book. I mean, the Social Register. He was pleased, and seemed inclined to go into the matter; I took the next train for Litchfield.

Raynor heard the news in silence.

"What do you suppose he'd do with Comstock?" he asked abstractedly. Comstock was his superintendent.

"God knows," I answered. "Could Comstock be persuaded to wear gaiters, play gamekeeper, and call him 'me lud'?"

"He's that kind, is he?" Raynor smiled. "I'd like to see Comstock in a gamekeeper's velveteen—and I'd like to see the man who tried to make him wear it. What did you say Crœsus looked like?"

"Like Crœsus. He spells it Creaseus. He tumbles home from his belt to the top of his head—one straight line."

"I might sell the farm," said Raynor slowly. "But I'll be hanged if I sell Comstock. He's a cracking good man, and, besides that, he had all the hard luck that was coming to him before he came to me." Raynor clasped his hands about one knee as he sat on the veranda steps, and narrowed his eyes at the distant hills—his hills. "Comstock likes it here," he added.

"And you?" I couldn't resist the query.

"Does Crœsus like the country?" asked Raynor, paying no attention to my question.

"No, but he thinks he ought to."

"That means a brick Italian villa and a swimming-pool and a billiard-room and a gang of flunkeys. He'd call it a shooting lodge. Or would he call it a farm?"

"Something Farms, probably."

"And he'd buy his milk."

Raynor was silent for a long time, letting his eyes wander over the place which he had made. It was late September; there was a touch of crimson and buff in the trees, and the long light lay on the intervale below—gold on emerald. A cow with a full udder lowed at the gate of the lane; a little wind hurried through the orchard. Raynor's collie rose, stretched, looked at Raynor, and went off to see what he could do for the cow. Comstock appeared, paused with a drawled "Evenin'," and followed the collie. And Raynor looked across at me with the expression of a small boy caught in the jam closet.

"I don't think I'll sell," he said.

THE SOUND OF RAIN

By Madison Cawein

Upon the heath the winds are laid; and starkly
The thistles stand; their gaunt heads stiffly massing,
Unmoving, stone-like, save when some one passing
Stirs with his cloak their stalks that rustle darkly.

And Heaven and Earth are grayly one another's;
Mist-bound in one; the twain no more divided;
As when two friends having, in grief, confided,
Each one forgets his sorrow in the other's.

Now to and fro the thistle's plumes are driven;
And with the rush of rain the hush is riven—
Like a loud answer to a look replying.

One hears the wild rain whirling, and the thistle,
Wind-whipped and torn, thin in the tempest whistle,
And grief unutterable fills the breast with sighing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE author of a recent essay on the herd instinct in mankind said a great many interesting things. Also, probably because they were not necessary to his purpose, he left some interesting things unsaid. For instance, in discussing fidelity to the lesser herd, he omitted to speak of sex loyalty. Nor did he mention the fact that in women the herd instinct is far weaker than in men; the result, naturally, of women's long isolation from all but the smallest subdivision of the herd.

Women and the Herd Instinct

As between men and women, leaving out, of course, the matter of love, men instinctively and quite unconsciously stand by each other. Their attitude is, often enough, amusing, but they don't see anything humorous in it. Even the small boy of a family, who turns to his mother for sympathy and help when it is an affair of cuts and bruises, addresses his serious conversation to the man of the house and is definitely on his side. Women, however, are, as a class, perhaps oftener reproached with a lack of loyalty to each other than with any other fault.

Woman has at times been compared, odiously, to the cat. Our essayist tells us that "the cat has no herd. She has always 'walked alone'"; while the dog's "delightful friendliness and sympathy are of course due to his herd habits." I note, in passing, that he uses the feminine pronoun for the cat and the masculine for the dog. It is his only feminine allusion. It may be, indeed, that the cat and the woman are rather inclined to look at things from the personal point of view. At least, that is often affirmed of the woman. But much harder things are said of them both. Woman and cat are alike accused of treachery. Treachery to whom? The cat does not betray her kittens, nor the woman her own little herd; and even the wider instinct is inimical to alien herds.

Of course some one is going to remind us of the great women's movements of modern times, and also of the way in which women of all times have been swept along by the mob instinct and have joined in mob violence. Well, as to the mobs, one never said that women had no herd instinct whatever, and we all know that they are emotional. They may join a mob for some reason of personal grievance; the children may lack bread, or even cake. Or they may go along with it from sheer love of excitement, and the hysterical element in them will do the rest. As to the ordered associations of women, such as the suffrage movement, those have nothing to say to herd instinct. They are deliberate and more or less reasoned. The women hang together for a purpose.

On the other hand, a woman, like a man, has an instinctive love of country; but with a difference. Her country means to her permanence, safety, dear associations, all those conditions which conduce to the well-being of a family. In times of national crisis there may well be a conflict between loyalty to her country and love of her family. Merely as an instinct her patriotism is narrower than a man's. All the more, then, when it nobly prevails over those personal affections which have been all in all to her, does it become the finest of emotions. For if her patriotism is thus made conscious and deliberate, what heroism is hers when, unlamenting and high-hearted, she sends her dearest to face the horrors of war!

NOT long since I was called upon to be one of the chaperons at a college dancing-party given in a dormitory by some one hundred or more young women. More than a decade had gone by since as a student I had danced at similar gatherings, and it was with much reminiscent pleasure that I greeted the young people as they came up to meet the patronesses who, in conformity with present social usages, stood in line for introduction to the young women and their young men guests. It seemed to me as they came and went, each with a pleasant word, that they were a little more grown-up than we as college students had been, and that they had more of self-possession and of poise than we—but it is hard to remember.

The Passing of the Wall-Flower

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When the dancing began, the strains of the hidden orchestra, the graceful dancers, and the merry laugh of some girl as she whirled past made me forget the years, my responsible position, and even my young son whom I had left asleep at home. I had thought before going to the party that as a chaperon I would look out for the possible "wall-flower"—as the girl used to be called who was left without a partner for a dance—and that I would endeavor to make the time seem less long and embarrassing for her by my attention. I awoke to my responsibility before many numbers of the programme had been danced, to realize that there were no "wall-flowers" at this party. Occasionally a young woman with her partner would sit out a dance, but none were to be seen alone, looking forlornly yet bravely into space, hoping that from somewhere a rescuer would appear to relieve the awful strain.

To one of the young women who joined us during an interval between dances I spoke of my remarkable discovery—the absence of the "wall-flower." Her puzzled expression told me that she did not understand. When I had explained my meaning she said that such a situation was now impossible. "Our programmes are all made out before the party."

"And how are they made out when, as to-night, you young women entertain?"

"Why, we girls do it ourselves."

Astonishing! Girls to make out dancing-programmes! Never in all my dancing-days had I chosen a partner!

It would seem that organization, which is such an important factor in the life of the world to-day, is creeping even into the dancing-parties of our young people. Valuable as it is in its place, has it not its limitations and abuses? It is thrust upon us in the organized rooting at the college games and in the cheering in student assemblies. No longer is there spontaneity or freedom in applause. Not until the "yell-leader" gives the sign may any enthusiasm be shown, and then it is *en masse*. He who forgets and gives expression to his feeling without being told to do so, is jeered at and put to shame.

I sometimes feel that lack of individuality in thinking is following in the wake of this spirit of organization. The student who is unique, different, original, is often said, in college vernacular, not to be "on the boat." Is it now desirable that all be "on the same boat"?

It was most uncomfortable to be a "wall-flower"—I speak from experience—but after all was it not the uncertainty, the possibility of having a better time than one had anticipated, or the enjoyment as a conquest or as a triumph of the assiduous attention of an unscheduled admirer that made the old-time dancing-party so thrilling an occasion? Are we not giving up some of the pleasant inconveniences of life for the more smooth and orderly conveniences, and are we not thereby the losers? Personally, I enjoy pneumatic checks on my doors, the electric buzzer fastened to the dining-table, and the electric button which does such service in lighting the house, and I would not be without them; but these are external conveniences. When feelings of joy or of sorrow, of enthusiasm or of disapproval, or relations with others, are considered, I am not willing to have life so organized, so machine-made, that it borders on the automatic.

As a matter of fact, perhaps human beings can never be brought even by their own convenient devices to such disaster. Heaven forbid! I saw, to be sure, no patent signs of vanishing joy and zest in the young people at the party. All seemed happy enough, so far as I could tell. Perhaps—at least let us hope so—as a compensation for the modern invention that aroused my misgivings the pleasure of the average dancer to-day is greater than that of the average one of the older time when the ecstasy of the belle of the ball had to be weighed and balanced with the discomfort of her less fortunate sister, "the wall-flower."

"Up Garret"—a Tradition?

I HAVE devoted this pleasant morning to the uncongenial task of inspecting and cleaning out a certain glory-hole known to my household as "the garage storeroom," and dust and ashes is my portion accordingly. "Ashes" is figurative, of course, standing for extreme fatigue and depression, but "dust" is literal. Grubby and cobwebby to a degree was that storeroom, and the most discouraging part of the job was that the grime was not the honorable grime of antiquity. Never were things dusty and dingy in a more uninteresting, modern way. And as I finished the unsavory task, and negotiated a bath at the uncanonical hour of 3 P. M., I began to wonder, and have been wondering ever since: "Why is this sort of cleaning-up day so prosaic, when hours spent in a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New England garret make for the romance of the past? Is there no poetry to be found in a modern storeroom? And if not, who, or what, is to blame?"

I really would like to know how much of the "up-garret" sentiment is due to the tradition of spinning-wheels, brass-nailed horsehair trunks, powder-horns, samplers, and all the rest of the sacred junk. In my grandfather's old house in a sleepy Maine village the garret was a delightful place, and the mantle of dusty cobwebs that one acquired there was like an investiture of romance. A strict regard for the verities makes me admit that some of the attic treasures had been carried down to the living-room by an appreciative younger generation, but that is just the point—the garret, even when bereft of spinning-wheel and samplers and hoard of fading daguerreotypes, was a charming spot, in which one tasted all the flavor of a gracious past. Now, why can't I feel that way to-day about my garage storeroom? Perhaps the brilliant California sunshine is to blame—fifth-reader poetry has taught us that musings among "grandma's attic treasures" ought to have for accompaniment the soothing sound of rain upon the roof. By the way, it should be a gambrel roof, and a "Spanish style" garage is flat; so is it the fault of the architecture? Or have I just waked up to the fact that junk, unhallowed by the sacred garret tradition, is just plain junk, dusty, prosaic, and uninspiring?

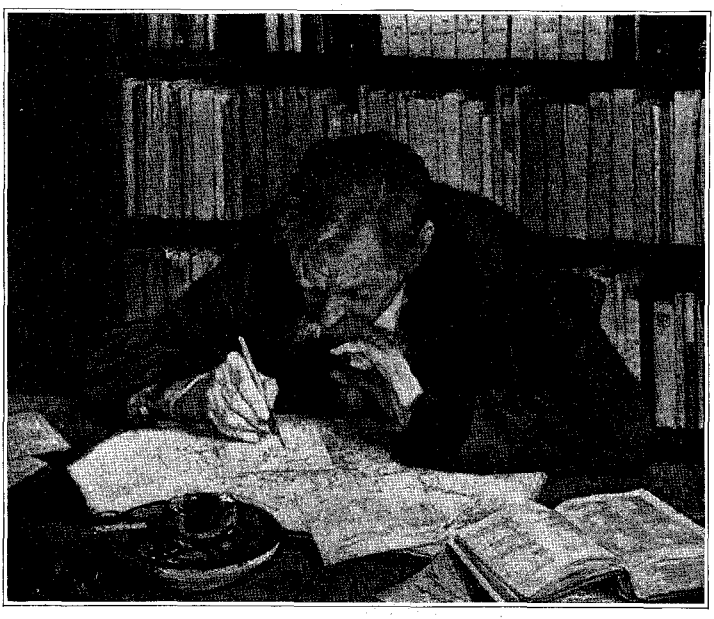
The cleaning-out process that has led up to all these unsettling questions has made for a certain amount of uncluttered floor space in the storeroom. The Salvation Army is a very present help in such periods of *Sturm und Drang;* so is the second-hand man; so is Ramon the gardener, who is obliging enough to have three small children of that convenient age that sees a toy in any piece of wreckage. But, even when all is given and gotten, there still remains that dreadful collection of things that are too good to give away and not good enough to "have around." The modern side of me which approves of the process of elimination is, alas! worsted by the inherited garret instinct—I never can realize that when an article of no value is not in active use its room is better than its company. That ugly bedroom set, discarded last year when I bought the French cane-panelled one, should have been carried off by the second-hand man, yet there it stays in the storeroom, mute and hideous tribute to my magpie tendencies. A four-poster cradle, gathering cobwebs in grandmother's garret, is a tender bit of sentiment; a "golden-oak" double bed, growing gray with dust in a room over a garage, is merely a grotesque piece of furniture. These humorous golf pictures, dating from the time when somebody subscribed to an outing magazine and acquired them as a premium—how absurd it is to keep them, just as if they were rare old prints, treasure-trove from some dusty corner under sloping attic eaves! And why am I cheating the ash-pile of this photograph album with its portraits of the archaic eighties? How grotesque and absurd they are, these "Paris panels" of aunts and cousins in bustled jerseys, those highly glazed studies of naked infants emerging from shells and wash-basins! How they suffer in comparison with the daguerreotypes that we found in the old Maine garret, now promoted to a place of honor on the drawing-room mantelpiece!

But, just for the sake of argument, let us suppose that by some feat of magic all the despised junk which I gaze on so coldly to-day could suddenly be consigned to a New England garret, and that grandma's attic treasures could find themselves in this California storeroom, as yet unhallowed by any tradition of the past. I wonder if the glamour and the disillusionment would change places too. Would the "golden-oak" bed and bureau seem quaint and temperamental to the sentimentalist gazing at them in the fading light of a November New England afternoon? Would the golfing lithographs be something for the garret explorer to pore over with a smile and a sigh? And the real antiques, transplanted from that little Maine village to this alien California—would their new environment rob them of their erstwhile glamour and charm? I might inspect them (who knows?) with hostility, just because they take up a great deal of space, and gather an appalling amount of California dust. I wonder—I wonder!

And wondering, I prefer to keep my illusions. Let me still think, O patron saint of reveries, that the modern "garage storeroom" is tiresome prose, but that the old New England garret is the poetry of tender and exquisite memories.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIELD OF ART



Émile Verhaeren.
In the Luxembourg, Paris.

THÉO VAN RYSSELBERGHE

SOMETHING over three decades ago—it was, to be precise, in 1884—there banded together in Brussels a group of men whose influence upon Continental taste shortly became the most potent and fruitful of its generation. The Société des XX, as it was called, owing to the obvious detail that its numbers were limited to twenty, was the first body of men to apply the principles of the new art to specific purpose. Inspired on the one hand by the decorative regeneration initiated by William Morris and Walter Crane in England, and on the other by that refreshing clarity of vision which was the watchword of the French Impressionist school, the Société des XX made its existence felt throughout Europe. It was the first artistic organization to recognize the significance of Rodin, the earliest to extend the hospitality of its galleries to the great plastic exponent of labor, Constantin Meunier, and it was through its exhibitions that such characteristic painters as Henri de Braekeleer and Xavier Mellery became known to the general public. The original group included, among others, Félicien Rops, Fernand Khnopff, Henri de Groux, James Ensor, Jan Toorop, and the efficient secretary, Octave Maus. Finch, the Anglo-Belgian potter, was also a member, and subsequent recruits numbered the architect and professor of decorative design, Henri van de Velde, George Lemmen, and the sculptor, Minne. Each man was in his way a virile, independent personality, yet together they possessed marked affinity of aim and purpose and their displays were small, highly selective, and notable for their effective installation.

Prominent among the founders of the Société des XX was Théo van Rysselberghe, who, although then but two-and-twenty years of age, had already gained for himself a position in the art circles of the Belgian capital. If the decorative and in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dustrial activities of the group seemed to find their epitome in Henri van de Velde, and plastic aspiration its embodiment in the appealing figures of Georges Minne, it is impossible not to recognize in Van Rysselberghe the most accomplished Belgian painter of the younger school. He is indeed one of the most versatile and attractive of living artists. It is he who combines most convincingly Gallic freshness of tone with a sound and satisfying sense of construction. To those who may be familiar with Van Rysselberghe as a decorative painter only, it should be of interest to know that the earlier years of his career were devoted mainly to portraiture, and it is to the human face and form that he now and again reverts with added truth and authority.

Portrait of a young girl.
In the Mayrish collection.

Born in Ghent in 1862, the young man first studied at the academy of his native city, and later at the Royal Brussels Academy. His début was made at the Brussels Salon of 1881, on which occasion he was represented by the "Portrait of an Old Woman," a canvas reflecting the modified tonality and sense of social commiseration which were so characteristic of the art of Bastien-Lepage. Van Rysselberghe, however, was not destined to dedicate his talents to that sociological conception of art which had proved the undoing of his predecessors, the titanic Wiertz, and poor, half-famished Charles de Groux. His nature was more finely attuned and his eye more sensitive to various stimuli. By happy chance he was enabled to visit Spain with Constantin Meunier when the latter, still devoting his energies to painting, was sent by the government to copy Kempeneer's "Descent from the Cross" in the Seville cathedral. At Madrid he paid the customary tribute to Velasquez in the form of a version of little Baltasar Cárlos on his prancing pony, but what proved of most benefit was a trip to Morocco where he revelled in the sparkling colors and cloudless skies which inspired Fortuny and countless artists before and since.

On his return Van Rysselberghe joined the colony composed of Émile Verhaeren, Wytsman, Schlobach, Dario de Regoyos, etc., then located at Knocke-sur-mer. He bade fair to become a sincere and prosaic realist but was fortunately saved from such a fate through seeing, at an exhibition of the Société des XX in 1885, a stimulating selection of canvases by Renoir, Manet, Degas, and other masters of the French Impressionist school. It was a period when things were moving rapidly in the art world, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Félix Le Dantec. Émile Verhaeren. Félix Fénéon. Francis Vielé-Griffin. H. Edm. Cross. André Gide. Henri Ghéon. Maurice Maeterlinck.

The Lecture.

In the Museum at Ghen

close upon the heels of the Impressionists followed the Neo-Impressionists, who, headed by Seurat and Signac, took Brussels by storm in 1887. Here it was that Van Rysselberghe experienced the chief æsthetic reaction of his career. He had subconsciously felt that the art of the Impressionists was evanescent, was lacking in solidity of structure. He was, moreover, sufficiently young and responsive to grasp the full significance of the Neo-Impressionist programme. The frank division of tones appealed to him as a working formula, and from this time onward he became an ardent exponent of what has been aptly described as Pointillism. It is to the credit of the young Belgian that he was by no means superficial in his adoption of the new method. Even his earliest canvases show more assimilation than imitation. He did not copy the Frenchmen, but set about applying their discoveries to scenes and subjects of his own choosing.

For some years the young Belgian devoted himself to portraiture, the climax of his achievement in this field being the large group entitled "La Lecture," now in the Museum of Ghent, the city of his birth. There are numerous individual studies for this work, among which may be noted the striking sketch of the central figure, the poet Verhaeren, which hangs in the Luxembourg. No amount of separate detail can, however, offer an adequate idea of the singular unity, and community, of feeling which distinguish the larger composition. The ardent, combative, half-mystical, and half-socialistic singer of "Les Flamandes," "Les Moines," "Les Blés mouvants," and "Les Campagnes hallucinées" is here seated at the head of a table reading aloud, while grouped about are Maeterlinck, André Gide, Cross, Fénéon, Francis Vielé-Griffin, and other *verslibrists* and admirers of the great Belgian, who is by many considered the foremost living poet. The picture is not only a precious human document, it is a work of unquestioned artistic merit. Al-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

though broken in surface, there is no lack of individual characterization or firmness of construction, while the books and papers scattered about the table and flowers upon the mantel are indicated with ease and surety. It would indeed be difficult to mention a canvas wherein the new in art, and the spirit of poetic and personal freedom so dear to the subjects themselves have been more consistently expressed.

Unlike certain of his fellow painters Van Rysselberghe is an insatiate traveller. He constantly seeks inspiration in foreign countries and has sojourned at different intervals in Italy, France, Germany, Russia, and elsewhere. In 1898 he settled in Paris, in the rue Laugier, which has since proved his permanent home. It was toward the Salon des Indépendants that he naturally gravitated, and even before he came to live in the French capital he had exhibited with this body of inspiring radicals who have done so much to liberate painting from the sterility of academic routine.

There could, during this period, be no question concerning the position which the young Belgian was rapidly conquering for himself. The museums of Brussels, Paris, Weimar, Munich, etc., purchased important canvases from his brush, and he succeeded in enlisting the support of numerous distinguished private patrons. Although he had reached the point where so many artists choose the way of mere facile duplication, yet a certain integrity of temper coupled with an always avid æsthetic curiosity saved him from any such fate. He again went to Italy, on this occasion to Naples and Taormina, and a season or so later we find him painting along the French coast and among the Channel Isles. The fruits of these pilgrimages, which were subsequently seen at the Munich Glaspalast, the Berlin Secession, and the always memorable Venice International Expositions further served to establish the Belgian in popular favor.

It was, however, at the Venice Exposition of 1914, that Van Rysselberghe appeared at his best. As usual the Belgians occupied their attractive pavilion designed by Léon Sneyers and decorated by Émile Fabry with incidental sculpture by Georges Minne and Isidore de Rudder. Although for several seasons this original structure has proved one of the features of the biennial displays in the Giardini pubblici, it never held a more characteristic exhibition of Belgian art than during the fateful summer of 1914. Collective representation was on this occasion accorded Léon Frédéric, Eugène Laermans, James Ensor, and Alfred Delaunois, while to this ensemble Van Rysselberghe contributed the brightness and breadth of a score of well-chosen canvases. Portraits and figure compositions alternated with landscapes and flower studies, the whole being replete with personality and the charm of pure, stimulating color.

Seen beside that of his countrymen, the work of Van Rysselberghe takes on fresh significance. He is more cosmopolitan and more advanced in his outlook than any of them. Facile and responsive, though not lacking in serious purpose, he gives Belgian painting a distinction which it would not otherwise enjoy. Frédéric is touching in his simple, peasant poignancy. Laermans takes us back to a world of primitive emotion and sharply bitten character, but Van Rysselberghe frankly belongs to the realm of beauty. His art is not saddened by social pity nor is it full of fervid imaginative force. There is about it something idyllic and almost pagan. It celebrates light, color, and the perennial symmetry of the human figure.

When, at the last exhibition of the National Portrait Society at the Grosvenor Gallery, a group of his canvases was placed on view, the work of the talented Belgian proved something of a revelation to the British public. Although not entirely unknown in England, there had of late been scant opportunity of gauging his progress. It is a pleasure to note that appreciation was sincere and spontaneous. There is, indeed, every reason why this work should appeal to Anglo-Saxons, among which, despite an ever-increasing racial admixture, we may still happily count ourselves. The chromatic brilliancy which the canvases of Van Rysselberghe reflect is a legacy of the French Impressionists. There is something traditionally Flemish, Rubensian if you like, in the solidity of the forms. And there is, above all, in the grasp of character and sense of personality, a human sympathy which appropriately belongs to a compatriot of Verhaeren, Maeterlinck, Constantin Meunier, and Charles de Groux.

CHRISTIAN BRINTON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE UNITED STATES AND GERMANY

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

Financial Editor of the New York *Evening Post*

THE year 1915 ended, as everybody familiar with finance and industry remembers, in a burst of enthusiasm over the country's economic outlook. A survey of the whole industrial field seemed to offer nothing but reassurance for the future. The Stock Exchange, up to the last hour of the last day of the old year, gave its testimony to the same effect. There was, apparently, only one cloud in the near horizon. It appeared in different shape to different observers. European critics wrote with some bitterness of our country's seeming absorption in material prosperity while the Old World was in the agonies of a life-and-death struggle. It was not wholly clear what they expected the American community to do as an alternative. But presently certain of our own public men began to speak angrily: first, of our government's failure to break off relations at once with Germany after the *Lusitania* episode; next, of the Washington Administration's neglect to protest formally against the invasion of Belgium.

The Rock Ahead in the Financial Sea

The last of these criticisms did not greatly impress the public mind—perhaps because one of the two most conspicuous denouncers of our government for its silence on the violation of Belgium had himself publicly acquiesced in the policy of governmental silence in September, 1914, while the other, although then a member of the Senate Foreign Relations committee, had never hinted at a governmental protest. The criticism of our prolonged exchange of notes with the shifty German Foreign Office carried more weight, because it manifestly voiced a wide-spread feeling in the American community. But back of these two expressions of opinion—to which our people, not inexperienced in the tactics of presidential years, assigned the due proportion of political motive—stood a body of conservative judgment which held the position that, circumstances being what they were, German-American relations were at least a rock ahead in the seemingly smooth financial sea.

IT was that consideration which directed particular attention to the sudden and sweeping decline of prices on the Stock Exchange with which the present year began, and which continued intermittently during many weeks. No distinct change for the worse had occurred in the economic situation to account for this movement. It is true that the early outlook for the coming American harvest promised a much smaller wheat crop than in 1915 or 1914—perhaps a yield of 750,000,000 bushels as against last year's 1,000,000,000. But a harvest of 750,000,000 would considerably exceed the wheat crop of any year before 1913. It is also true that our import of gold from Europe, which had reached the prodigious sum of $451,000,000 in 1915, suddenly ceased.

The Decline in Stocks

That resulted from Lombard Street's successful effort to regulate the foreign exchanges. Payment by London of its accruing obligations in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this country through the proceeds of loans raised in New York, and through sale of English holdings of our stocks and bonds, had relieved the pressure on the sterling market.

Such a change removed a very real source of uneasiness as to London's position; but one result of the arresting of new gold supplies, at a time when our own bank loans were still increasing, was to bring the excess of New York bank reserves, over the legally required percentage to deposits, to the lowest figure since the new banking system was introduced in November, 1914. Last September that excess, as a result of the gold importation, reached the huge figure of $224,000,000; in April of this year it fell below $99,000,000. But even with that reduction the "surplus reserve" remained the largest in twenty-one years; indeed, it was never exceeded in our banking history, except for a few weeks in the after-panic accumulation of idle money during 1894.

The process, in fact, represented rather return to a normal status than weakening of the bank position; the money market itself was not in the slightest degree affected. In the meantime, moreover, the country's iron-and-steel production, during March of the present year, rose to a figure 4 per cent beyond any previous monthly figure. During the same month, exchange of bank checks in the whole United States similarly broke the record. In February the country's merchandise export trade exceeded by $50,000,000 any former month, and its surplus of exports over imports reached a height $28,000,000 beyond all precedent. Exports in March were even larger. Weekly and monthly railway earnings bore similar witness to the conditions of the day, the receipts in excess of operating expenses for the whole United States running, in February, 68 per cent above 1915, and far surpassing the month's best showing in the past.

IT may be that the crest of the high wave will presently be passed in these directions, as it has already been passed in our harvests and gold imports and surplus bank reserves. But, as I have shown, such reaction may simply mean restoration of a normal and wholesome position. Since, then, nothing had occurred in American prosperity to create uneasiness, the natural inference from the prolonged and violent decline on the Stock Exchange was that far-sighted financiers saw something ahead which might of itself alter the situation for the worse.

The New Activity of Submarines

If this was actually the meaning of the fall in prices which began with the opening week of January, it is another proof of the uncanny prescience of financial markets. For in February the German Government suddenly announced a new programme of submarine activities which bade fair to sweep away all the assurances and pledges of last year. An effort to commit our Congress to indirect acquiescence in that new programme was defeated in both House and Senate. By March a series of the most indiscriminate attacks without notice was begun by German submarines on enemy and neutral merchant ships.

On March 24 the unarmed Channel steamer *Sussex*, with twenty-five American citizens on board, was attacked without notice. The singularly stupid denial by the German Foreign Office was swept aside by tangible proofs, and on April 19 came the message to Berlin that "unless the Imperial Government should now immediately declare and effect an abandonment of its present methods of submarine warfare against passenger and freight carrying vessels, the Government of the United States can have

(Continued on page 56, *following*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FINANCIAL WORLD

(Continued from page 778)

no choice but to sever diplomatic relations with the German Empire altogether." Here was a series of events which gave reason for this country to review, not only its political but its economic position, and to ask how each would be affected, in the possible contingency of a breach with the German Empire.

History Repeats Itself

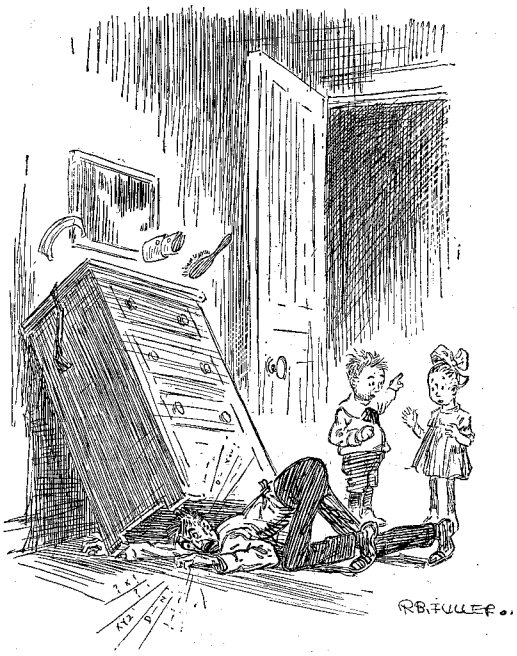
IT is by this time repeating an old story to recall the succession of analogies which this war has produced with a score of almost forgotten incidents of the wars of a century or more ago—incidents which, in the intervening period, have been almost incomprehensible to readers of history, and whose recurrence, a hundred years afterward, was certainly never imagined by the intervening generations. At the very beginning of the war was duplicated that episode which has so often seemed incredible, and which even the historians describe as a "barbarous decree"—Napoleon's seizure and imprisonment, for a dozen years after his declaration of war in 1803, of ten thousand English tourists and residents in France. The struggle of the small neutral states of Europe, after 1805, between the upper and nether millstone of the powerful belligerents reads like a chapter from last year's history of Bulgaria and Rumania. Nelson's bombardment of Copenhagen and its fleet in 1809, at an hour when Denmark was not at war with either side, but merely balancing between alliance with the English or the French, can nowadays be better understood by those who have watched the recent predicament of Greece.

"Pitt's subsidies" have reappeared on an immensely expanded scale in the $1,500,000,000 advanced for war purposes by England to her allies in the single twelvemonth ending last March. Since July, 1914, the world has again, for the first time in more than a hundred years, seen captured cities in the heart of Europe deliberately given to the flames, citizens held for hostage, tribute imposed on non-resisting towns occupied by the enemy—occurrences which were supposed, with the civilized world's formal adoption of a humane code of international relations, to have been relegated to the limbo of other centuries. Even the chapter in the story of Napoleonic Paris, at which later generations have smiled—the hysterical outcry over the "English lies" to which were ascribed unpleasant facts about the war—has been reproduced to an admiring world by twentieth-century Berlin.

Our Dispute with England in 1812

BUT in no respect has the parallel been more startling than in this great collision over the rights of neutral ships; which has repeated, step by step, the story of the "Orders in Council," the "Berlin Decree," and the "paper blockades" of the Napoleonic conflict. During the past year we have been living over again, with a remorseless coincidence of causes, and yet with the most impressive contrast of circumstance, the long episode which led up to our War of 1812. It would be apart from the scope of this article to review in detail the sequence of events in that episode. The historical parallel lies partly in the fact of two European antagonists, in the earlier period, interfering with our commerce in order to injure one another, and in the further fact that both of them on that occasion, like one of them in the present in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BOBBY.—Now, Nellie, you git right out o' here—you ain't old enough to listen to father hunting for his collar-button.

"Ah've jes' bin readin' in de papers 'bout our not havin' enuff fightin' ships."

"Dat so? Wa-al, it's too bad—an' ah've bin made to un'erstan' dat we've got two ob de bes' oceans in de worl' to sail 'em on, too."

Knobs— not Mere Ridges

The knobs stick out from 'Nobby' Tread Tires far enough to protect the tread from nails, sharp stones and glass.

The knobs are big enough and are so scientifically placed that they add still more resiliency to an already marvelously resilient tire.

The knobs on these "Aristocrats of the Road" hold the ground with a tenacity that says "I will" with every revolution of the wheel.

All this because the knobs on 'Nobby' Treads are vigorous, protruding knobs—not mere ridges on a tire.

'Nobby' Tread Tires are the largest selling very high grade anti-skids in the world.

Ask any United States Tire Dealer for your copy of the booklet on "Judging Tires"

United States Tire Company

'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Usco'
'Royal Cord' 'Plain'
"INDIVIDUALIZED TIRES"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stance, conditioned their own suspension of unlawful attacks upon our vessels on our government's inducing the other belligerent to stop blockading its European enemy—a proposal of which President Madison bitterly remarked to Congress that it was tantamount to "asserting an obligation on a neutral power to require one belligerent to encourage by its internal regulations the trade of another belligerent."

Yet then, as now, this country's final attitude toward the European powers was determined by the manner in which this defiance of our rights was put in practise. To suppose that our declaration of war in 1812 was provoked merely by the declaring of an arbitrary embargo on our European export trade by England is to misread history entirely. Exasperating as that interference was, taken by itself, it was not a particle more irritating than the conduct of France, whose "continuous seizure of all the vessels which came within the grasp of the French custom-house" was set forth in Congress without a word of dispute, as late as 1811. What drove the United States to war with England the next year, and not with France, was the ruthlessness with which the Orders in Council were executed: the defiance of our own port authorities by English war-ships, the firing on an American merchant vessel by an English frigate almost in sight of Hampton Roads, because her captain refused to submit, then and there, to search.

Our people have judged similarly as between the two belligerent powers which have interfered with the ocean trade of 1916. Even the English navy of 1807 and 1810 never sank a merchant ship without warning, or crept up secretly to drown hundreds of passengers, non-combatants, men and women, neutral and enemy alike, on a peaceful passenger vessel. Our quarrel with England in 1812 was brought to a head by her navy's arrogant vio-

(Continued on page 58)

The Solid Reasons For Our Record

Sometimes we are asked how the record of this House is possible—34 years without loss to any investor. The reasons, in brief, are these—the *care* with which we select and purchase bond issues, the *thoroughness* of the safeguards with which we surround them, and the *vigilant watchfulness* with which we protect our clients' interests.

We limit ourselves to a class of securities which experience has shown to be *safe*, namely, First Mortgage Serial Real Estate Bonds. Each bond issue is a first mortgage on a new and modern building and land located in a stable and growing neighborhood of a prosperous city, where land values are increasing.

Under the *Straus Plan* of safeguarding these loans, about 5% of the bonds mature and are paid off each year, so that the margin of safety is constantly growing.

We limit our loans to those properties yielding an income sufficient to meet the interest on the bonds, retire about one-twentieth of the whole number of bonds each year, and leave an ample surplus. Moreover, borrowers, in most cases, are required to deposit with us each month one-twelfth of the amount of principal and interest charges coming due during the year, which assures the prompt payment of interest and principal in cash the day they are due.

We have prepared literature explaining in detail the merits of the *Straus Plan*, and the soundness of the bonds issued thereunder, in denominations of $1,000 and $500, yielding 5½%. This literature will aid you in solving your investment problem.

Write today for Booklet No. F-678

S. W. STRAUS & CO.

ESTABLISHED 1882 INCORPORATED

STRAUS BUILDING 150 BROADWAY

CHICAGO NEW YORK

DETROIT-MINNEAPOLIS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STREET BOND HOUSE

OAKLAND STREET IMPROVEMENT BOND CO

Tax Free 7% First Lien

BONDS

ISSUED BY

Cities of California

FOR THE

Improvement of Streets

First Lien on real estate assessed for 5 to 10 times the bonds, taking precedence over mortgages, judgments, and all private liens; *superior to mortgages as a lien* and as to the amount of real estate security; issued under a State Act, and validity approved by best legal authority.

Offered in amounts of $100, $500, $1000, and upwards. Principal payable January, 1919 to 1925; interest payable January and July.

Write for Circular S. 5, and prices

Oakland Street Improvement Bond Co.

Syndicate Building, Oakland, California

OAKLAND STREET IMPROVEMENT BOND CO

THE STREET BOND HOUSE

We know of a low-priced security in a company destined to become

THE "FORD" IN ITS FIELD

in points of output, operating efficiency, and supplying the public with a reasonably priced product in great demand.

This security will shortly give an investment yield of over 10% on its present selling price.

Write for full particulars.

C. R. BERGMANN & CO.

Investment Securities

66 BROADWAY NEW YORK

Farm Mortgages with TWO-FOLD Security

Mortgages issued under the Belcher Plan have a TWO-FOLD Security: (1) land conservatively valued at more than twice the amount of mortgage; (2) our positive guarantee of payment of both interest and principal. 6% Interest; Central Texas Farm Lands as security. Let us explain the **BELCHER** Plan to you.

W. C. BELCHER LAND MORTGAGE CO.

Incorporated 1885 Fort Worth, Texas

(Continued from page 57)

lation of our rights. Our reckoning with Germany in 1916 has been based, not only on a similar offense, but on the inhumanity, wickedness, and cynical cruelty which accompanied that violation.

THAT these circumstances were driving the neutral United States toward a situation in which, so far as concerned the offending European belligerent, no recourse might be left but that of 1812, has long been recognized. That this country was not willingly drawn in that direction every one knew. The sympathies of our people, it is true, declared themselves unmistakably, from the moment when Germany invaded and outraged Belgium. But their wish and expectation that the United States would keep out of the European war up to the end of it was equally unmistakable. When, however, the President was at last forced by Germany to his declaration of April 19, serious people were instantly confronted with the resultant possibilities of the economic as well as the political future.

In case of a Diplomatic Break

Beyond the facts, first that, owing to the English blockade of Germany, we now have little or no direct trade with her to be broken off (in the whole of 1915 our exchange of goods with Germany was only $56,700,000, as against $536,100,000 in 1913), and second that, even in case of actual war, no physical opportunity existed for collision between the fleets or armies of ourselves and Germany, there was little to indicate what would follow. From a military point of view, we have always been unprepared at the beginning of our wars. Purely from an economic point of view, our "preparedness" has almost as invariably turned out to be the country's immense resources and financial power.

To the second of these statements, the War of 1812 was an exception. We fought the ruling sea power, for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one thing, and were therefore subject to invasion. But, more than that, our foreign trade, on which the country's prosperity then mainly depended, had already been pretty much ruined, years before the declaration of war, by the blockade decrees of the European powers, supplemented by our own senseless law prohibiting all commercial intercourse with them. In 1807 the United States exported $108,343,000 worth of merchandise and imported $138,500,000; but the very next year the "Orders in Council" and the "Berlin Decree" had brought exports down to $22,430,000, and imports to $56,990,000. Business of our Atlantic seaboard towns was paralyzed by 1809, when 100,000 men were estimated to have been suddenly thrown out of work; trade and agriculture entered on a season of profound depression. We entered the War of 1812 not only with inadequate military resources, but with crippled industry and a public revenue nearly cut in two. The economic as well as the political outcome was disastrous.

The Civil War began with our finance and industry on the high road to genuine recovery. Readjustment following the panic of 1857 was virtually completed, the business position fundamentally sound. That fact had much to do with the nation's economic resisting power when the actual conflict came. The Spanish War broke out at a still more propitious moment for the country's industrial capacity.

Liquidation after 1893 had been thorough and far-reaching; genuine revival had begun, and we had just passed through one of those seasons in which, by a freak of nature, harvest disaster in the rest of the world is accompanied by an unprecedented agricultural surplus in the United States, with a resultant unprecedented merchandise export trade and import of gold. The uncertainties of the War of 1898 hardly shook the economic

(Continued on page 60)

United Light and Railways Company

Eleven well established Public Utility Companies serving 53 growing communities.

Present estimated population over half a million.

We recommend for investment the

First and Refunding 5% Bonds

of this Company, which precede junior securities the present market value of which amounts to more than $11,000,000.

Yielding over 6%

Descriptive Circular S. B.–38 on request

N. W. Halsey & Co.

New York, Boston, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, San Francisco, St. Louis

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.

(Established 1865)

10 So. La Salle St., Chicago

Offer Investors

First Mortgage Securities upon established, profitable properties for long or short terms and large or small amounts.

Maximum safety that accompanies careful investigation and outright purchase of all securities.

Attractive Yield from 5% to 6%.

Experience of over fifty years in supplying conservative investors.

Variety in various parts of the United States and Canada.

Service in continuously safeguarding every investment and collecting interest and principal.

Advice in the proper investment of special funds.

(***Circulars on Request***)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRACTICALLY every form of insurance but life insurance can be obtained through the capable and trustworthy agents who represent the

INSURANCE SERVICE OF THE TWO HARTFORDS

We shall be glad to send you the name of a reliable Hartford Agent in your vicinity

Hartford Fire Insurance Co.
Hartford Accident & Indemnity Co.
Hartford, Conn.

Oregon Washington Idaho Farm Mortgages
made with our own funds after rigid examination; on diversified, highly productive Pac. N. W. farms only. These sound securities (farm values 3 for 1) net you 6%
Write for List and Booklet **CRONAN** MORTGAGE COMPANY 905-12 Spalding Bldg., Portland, Ore.

Alexander Dana Noyes

Financial editor of the New York *Evening Post*, a writer of books on finance, and a man of judgment in daily contact with every phase of the market, contributes to

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

each month an important article under the title of

The Financial World

He writes in language that the layman can understand, and his opinions command the respect of the highest financial authorities. These articles are making SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE an important factor to the financial interests of the country.

(Continued from page 59)

structure of the country. Even the $200,000,000 war loan was nearly seven times oversubscribed, and was allotted to 320,000 separate applicants. The forward movement of prosperity was resumed the instant it was seen that the apprehended military and political dangers from the war were no longer imminent.

THIS episode has its bearing on the potentialities of the present situation. Our economic position far surpasses in strength and soundness that of 1898 or 1861, and the belief of the community certainly is that breach of relations with Germany could not, in the existing circumstances, result even in such armed collision as that of the Spanish War. These are considerations which play a part in averting serious economic shock.

The "Unexpected Turns" in War

But to what extent such reassuring judgment would be maintained, with diplomatic relations actually broken, is not so simple a question. Few even of the lesser wars in history have been free from unexpected turns which might have altered the whole complexion of things. The Spanish War had its moment of uncertainty when the conduct of Admiral Diederich in Manila Bay brought severe though momentary tension into German-American relations. The *Trent* affair and the *Alabama* controversy threatened, at two separate periods of the War of Secession, to turn a civil conflict into a foreign war. It was the declaration of no less an oracle than the London *Times*, in 1814, writing in the very week of Napoleon's abdication and of returning peace in Europe, that "as we firmly urged the principle of 'No peace with Bonaparte,' so we must in like manner maintain the doctrine of 'No peace with James Madison.'" The Liverpool ministry thought otherwise, as the Palmerston ministry did in 1861 and 1863, and peace with the United States was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

signed. But here were again the chances of history.

Such facts as these, familiar to all intelligent readers of history, have been the basis for the belief that a diplomatic rupture would at least arrest that intangible underlying influence known as financial confidence. In their broadest field and in their long-range view, the calculations of finance are based on possibilities—precisely as the French and German people's hoarding of money on an extensive scale began, not in July, 1914, but in July, 1911, when Germany's quarrelsome attitude toward France in the Morocco negotiations showed to the world, if not what must be the result, at least what might be.

Yet that very illustration gives force to the reminder that our own great financial and industrial revival of last year began almost exactly at the moment when political misgiving should logically have been uppermost—that is to say, at the time of Germany's proclamation of the "war zone," in February, and that it reached its highest point months after the sinking of the *Lusitania*. During all that interval, it was impossible to say which was the strongest motive for the feeling of confidence—belief that the German Government would yield to the protests against her naval practises, belief that our own government would in no case go to war, or belief that if it were to do so, the results could not seriously derange our economic position.

Perplexities of the Markets

IN speculative markets, the publication of the President's note of April 19 to Germany was immediately followed by a decline in the price of wheat and of shares of munition-manufacturing companies. This expressed, perhaps, the markets' perplexity and confusion as to how an actual diplomatic rupture would affect the status of either branch of exports. The immediate judgment of

(Continued on page 62)

Investing With an Eye On the Melon Patch

¶ Many corporations have adopted the policy of quietly allowing extra profits to accumulate, or else put them back into the business, to the enhancement of investment values. Thus a melon patch is cultivated for the enjoyment of stockholders.

¶ From time to time the accumulated profits are distributed in the shape of extra dividends. Or the added values are capitalized in new stock, which is divided among the shareholders in proportion to their holdings.

¶ Right now there are several big corporations which will shortly distribute stock dividends of from 50% to 200% to their stockholders.

¶ A pamphlet on the subject of stock bonuses and subscription rights will be sent free to those requesting it, together with circular naming the corporations that are about to pay stock dividends. Ask for **17-SC**, including booklet explaining

"The Twenty Payment Plan"

SLATTERY & CO
Investment Securities
(Established 1908)
40 Exchange Place **New York**

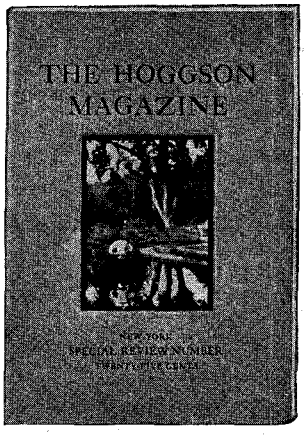
Good Investments in
Public Utility
Preferred Stocks
yielding 5% to 8%
and enhancement possibilities of
Common Stocks
Outlined in our
CURRENT LETTER "S"
Copy sent on request
Williams, Troth & Coleman
Investment Securities
60 WALL ST., NEW YORK
Direct Wire to Columbus Market

Our Business
is to select and to make the best
Farm Mortgages

Send for Our Booklet
it gives our methods in detail and shows why our clients have never had a loss.

George M. Forman & Co.
(Founded 1885) 11 So. La Salle Street, CHICAGO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



King Solomon's Temple

¶ King Solomon, with all his wisdom, was unequal to the task of building the House of the Lord, so he asked Hiram, King of Tyre, to send him a man who could relieve him of the responsibility. ¶ It was in this way that Hiram of Abu, versed in all the arts and crafts, thereupon became the directing hand, or, as we would say, the Contracting Designer of Solomon's most important work. ¶ Building problems are much the same now as they were in King Solomon's time, even more involved perhaps. ¶ Therefore it is interesting to know that there is an organization prepared to assume the entire responsibility for a complete building operation under one contract for all work at a cost that is limited and guaranteed in advance. ¶ The story of this unique organization, splendid articles on country homes, city residences and gardens, appear in the new and attractive Hoggson Magazine, which we will be pleased to send you on receipt of twenty-five cents. One dollar per year.

The HOGGSON MAGAZINE

Published in the interest of harmony, efficiency and economy in building.

485 Fifth Avenue, New York

(Continued from page 61)

the money market was apparently based on different grounds.

For instance: that traditional economic peril at a time of international collision—sudden withdrawal of the mass of foreign capital invested in a country—would apparently be circumscribed in a peculiar way. The United States has already, since the war began, paid back on a wholly unprecedented scale the foreign capital invested in our securities; and the so-called "floating capital," sent to our markets for safe-keeping since the autumn of 1914, would at least be confronted with the very practical question, to what other market it should now be transferred. With the banking centres and the foreign exchange markets of belligerent Europe in their present situation; with even the neutral European states never wholly free from the possibility of sudden armed invasion, and with the United States at least physically out of reach of the European conflict—that question would not be so readily answered.

Whether or not these formidable uncertainties will reach practical solution before the European war is over, they have been an element in the calculations of finance since the war began, and will not improbably continue to be so. From the financial point of view, the numerous diplomatic pledges, restricting submarine warfare to the lines prescribed by humanity and international law, have been so repeatedly overridden by submarine commanders that prediction is always qualified.

When the note of May 5th from the German Foreign Office renewed the pledges, an immediate rise on the Stock Exchange expressed Wall Street's relief; but the larger financial interests frankly recognized that the element of uncertainty remained. As a rule, such recognition was accompanied by no profound misgiving in regard to the financial future. This was itself testimony to the strength of the country's economic position.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED